

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, AND FOR THE RIGHT AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

VOL. IV. NO. 30.

J. J. BURKE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 2, 1891.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

A BIG BLAZE.

The Entire Roger's Block
A Heap of Smouldering Ruins.

C. O. FOLTZ' STORE AND THE
NEWS OFFICE ENTIRELY
WIPED OUT.

THE LOSS WILL AGGREGATE \$30,000.

The prophetic warning uttered two years ago by the News, that unless steps were taken to provide this village with some mode of fire protection, its people would awaken some morning to find a good portion, if not all of it, a smouldering ruin, has borne fruit. To day what was once the fairest portion of the village is nothing but a pile of twisted iron, shattered foundation walls and smouldering cinders, with not a whole timber left to show where once stood the finest block of buildings in the village.

On Monday last as the people of our village were assembled at their homes enjoying their mid-day meal the terror laden cry of FIRE! FIRE! was heard, and with blanched faces and trembling limbs men, women and children rushed from their homes into the streets, terror stricken for the moment, for full well they knew what that awful cry meant to Antioch, where the slightest vestige of fire protection did not exist.

No pen can fully describe the awfulness of the scene. Men rushing here and there shouting to each other, women and children standing speechless and with whitened faces, not knowing but that their own fair homes lay in the track of the devouring monster, and the ever increasing cry of FIRE! FIRE! FOLTZ' store is on fire! made a picture that will not soon be forgotten.

Not until this latter cry of "Foltz' store is on fire!" was given did the people fully realize what was before them, and a rush was made for the immense building in question. So rapidly did the fire spread that people living but three blocks away reached the building in time only to see the flames burst forth from a back room and envelope the entire lower story in flame.

It was at once realized how futile would be an attempt to save the building, with the means at hand and the efforts of all present were turned towards saving the books and stock in the store, if possible. But the fire had already gained too much headway to permit of more than the books of clothing and shoes being saved. When it is considered that in the storage room where the fire started, there was located at the time a number of barrels of petroleum which quickly exploded, throwing their contents in a seething mass all over that portion of the building, and sending forth a dense volume of fire and smoke, of which almost a single breath would suffocate the strongest man, it is to be wondered that even the books were saved.

Situated thirty feet west of the burning building was another double building two stories high, one half of the lower story being occupied as a furniture store by M. A. Howard, and the other half as a lady's furnishing store and living rooms by Mrs. Turner. The upper story over the furniture store was used as a dining hall and parlor and was connected by an elevated passage way with the large hall over the Foltz building, while in the other

half of the upper story was located the News office.

Directly south of the Foltz building was the residence of W. B. Rogers, the owner of the buildings thus far described. As the flames gained headway they spread rapidly to this building, and but little time elapsed ere it too was a seething mass of flame, giving the occupants barely time to get out the articles of most value, so quickly did it burn. In the buildings west of the fire almost superhuman efforts were being made to save the contents and so diligently did the crowd work that almost everything of value was removed from the furniture store ere the flames reached it.

The lady's furnishing store fared much worse, while from the News office very little of value was taken as the flames soon spread through an open passage way, leading from the dining room on the east, and cut off all further entrance to the building. Only a few cases of type badly broken into, and a small amount of stock was saved, while two presses, the newspaper and job press, all the office furniture and fixtures, the greater portion of the type belonging to the plant and nearly all of the stock went down with the building.

From here the flames spread across the street, demolishing a building belonging to Mr. Myron Emmons, and occupied by Christopher Larson as a dwelling house, giving the latter barely time to get his furniture out. Had there been an efficient fire protection the flames could have been checked here, but as it was they rapidly spread from the News office to the two buildings directly west of it belonging to Mr. A. Chinn—the grocery store of Montgomery & Story being located in one of the buildings and the meat market of Arthur Edgars in the other. The loss to the first named firm was not very great, while that sustained by Edgars will be considerable greater as he had a large quantity of ice stored in the building.

The united efforts of all present were now used to save the adjoining dwelling houses but it would have been labor wasted had not the wind shifted to a more westerly direction and thus prevented a further spread of the fire. To this change in the wind and to the fact that a heavy shower of rain fell during the forenoon is due the preservation of our village. Had the buildings been thoroughly dry our limited means of protection could not have saved the place from total destruction. It would be hard to give an accurate showing of the loss on the burned buildings at the present writing but various estimates place it at about \$50,000 with an insurance of a little over one third that amount.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
GENERAL LAND OFFICE.

Washington, D. C. Feb. 27, 1891.

Public notice is hereby given under section 2455, Rev. Stats. and the decision of the Honorable Acting Secretary of the Interior of September 6, 1890, that Nett's Island in Pistakee Lake, section 4, township 45, north range 9 east 3d P. M. Illinois, containing 2371 acres will be offered at public sale to the highest bidder at the General Land Office Washington D. C. on Wednesday, April 15, 1891, at eleven o'clock A. M.

The offering will be made subject to the rights of John Nett's (the applicant for the survey of the Island, to remove such of his improvements on the land as can be severed from the realty, and to any other rights on his part that on further investigation should be protected by the Government.

Lewis A. Groff,
Commissioner and ex-officio Register and Receiver, Act of March 3, 1877.

Annual Town Meeting.

Notice is hereby given that the annual town meeting of the Town of Antioch will be held at the house of L. J. Simons in the village of Antioch, on Tuesday the 7th day of April, 1891, for the purpose of electing one Supervisor, one Town Clerk, one Assessor, and one Commissioner of Highways, and for the transaction of any other business that in the pursuance of law may come before said meeting. The polls of said election will be open at 8 o'clock a. m. and continue open until 7 o'clock p. m. of the same day. Dated at Antioch this 26th day of March 1891.

HARMON BOCK, Town Clerk.

Publishers' Notice.

Although temporarily without an office we shall continue the publication of the News and are prepared to attend to all orders for job work, having procured a press for that purpose which will be on hand by the time this paper reaches our readers.

Election tickets, etc., we will print at home at our residence. Our friends who know themselves indebted to us on job or advertising accounts will confer a favor by a prompt settlement, as we are arranging to open an office here as soon as possible and need all money due. Truly,

J. J. BURKE, Editor.
Antioch, April 1st.

DR. SCHLEIMANN'S PALACE.

The Remarkable Home in Athens in Which Classical Greek was the Language.

I have visited many royal palaces, but Dr. Henry Schliemann's home in Athens surpassed them all in the beauty of its appointments and the loveliness of its embellishments, says a writer in the Chicago News. It is situated in the midst of a large garden, where in summer statues of Grecian gods and goddesses gleam through foliage of tropical richness. But my visit was in midwinter, and the streets of the fair city was covered with snow. The tinkling of sleigh bells seemed more in harmony with the scene than the soft notes of Apollo's lute.

Dr. Schliemann's marble palace is one of the most fashionable streets of Athens, and as I walked through the streets leading to it I saw no Greek girls who recalled Byron's beautiful "Maid of Athens," nor any Athenian women who resembled those proud dames of ancient times whose dark hair was adorned with the golden grasshopper as an announcement that they had "sprung from the soil." As I approached Dr. Schliemann's I was struck by the life-size marble statues of Grecian poets, philosophers, and heroes that embellish the roof of the stately pile. The door of the palace was opened by a tall footman who spoke French with a strong accent. Handing him my card I was invited to enter the library, which, with the exception of the Vatican library, is the most beautiful I have ever seen.

The walls of the stately apartment were hung with exquisite pictures representing classical subjects, and the corners were adorned with graceful statues. The dark bookcases were crowded by marble busts of Grecian poets and philosophers. The library was rich in classical literature, in which Greek, of course, predominated, for Dr. Schliemann was an enthusiast about ancient Greece—the language of Plato and Alcibiades being the language of his house. He made his butler take the classical name of Pelops and his cook that of Jocaste.

Dr. Schliemann's wife is a Greek, beautiful and intelligent, but not a patrician, for she is the daughter of a shopkeeper of Athens. In this respect she is of the same social position as her husband, for he was originally a shop boy in Hamburg, and made his fortune in the indigo trade. He was nearly 70 years old at the time of my visit to Athens, but with all the physical vigor of 50. His wife was just about half his age, but wonderfully congenial and sympathetic.

Senator Berry's Ladder Romance.

Senator Berry, of Arkansas, who is serving his second term, says a Washington letter, was a poor boy and as ignorant as he was poor. In young manhood he made an earnest effort to rub off the rough corners by hard study, and, through pluck and enterprise, laid the foundation of future prosperity. He was forced to steal the woman he loved from a second-story window in the night, but the father-in-law would never let him enter his home through all the years that he was a teacher, lawyer, legislator and judge; but when he became governor of Arkansas, he wrote as follows: "My daughter was a better judge of men than I. Forgive me, and during your administration, whenever you want to slip away from the campaign to enjoy a brief respite from the cares of state, I do not invite, but beg, you to make my country house your home."

WHITE HOUSE HORSES.

THE PRESIDENTS WHO KNOW A GOOD ANIMAL.

Jackson's Thoroughbreds—The Horses of Later Days Also Have Had a Love for the Heat of Thoroughbred Horse Flesh.

There have been on the whole more fine horses in the stables of the president of the United States during the century than horsemen generally think. President Washington was an excellent judge of a horse, as he had a right to be, inasmuch of the belt of country in which he was born and grew to manhood began very early in the life of the colony to import the very best sons and daughters of the Godolphin and Darley Arabian, the two horses to which the greatest racers in this country and in Europe trace their origin.

So it is natural that Washington, having been brought up under such auspices, should have been extremely particular in regard to the horses which he used in his coach. His famous gray war charger was a dapple gray, fifteen hands high, any of the finest form, symmetry and finish. Good judges of the horse now admit that he was the best Arabian ever imported to this country.

As evidence of Washington's remarkable knowledge of the qualities that contributed the making of a good horse it is related that at the siege of Boston his attention was attracted to the superiority of the steeds that composed the cavalry from the valley of the Connecticut. Calling "Light Horse" Harry Lee into his counsel, Captain Lindsey was promptly sent by them to the Connecticut valley to purchase a horse, and he was subsequently taken to Virginia, where he became known as the Lindsey Arabian. The horse General Putnam rode when he galloped down the steep declivity of 100 steps and escaped from the British was a full brother of Washington's charger.

President Jefferson, with more republican simplicity than the first president used for his coach the strong but ordinary Virginia horses that were bred at that period in the mountain region of Albemarle. They were not exactly plugs, as cold-blooded horses are sometimes called, but were fat, sleek and cumbersome in their gait, and safe for the ladies of the family, for Mr. Jefferson being a Virginia gentleman, scorned the effeminate practice of riding in a coach in his journeys to and from Richmond, Philadelphia, and later to Washington. His famous saddle-horse, Archy, was a son of the famous Sir Archy, and when Mr. Jefferson rode through the mud on Pennsylvania avenue en route to the capitol to attend his inauguration as president, and throw the reins of his steed over the fence railings as he dismounted, it was the son of his favorite sire that bore him.

The Adamsons, father and son, cared little for horses of any kind. The Puritans and their descendants were not fond of racing. Rather, they despised it as a worldly falling, and, therefore, gave the monopoly of it to the descendants of the cavaliers. On the other hand, that popular son of New England, Franklin Pierce, not only loved a good horse, but he bred several good ones. His menage while president was stocked with some of the best descendants of the Justin Morgan and Bishop's Hambletonian that could be procured in New England.

President Andrew Jackson had a profound contempt for a horse that was not thoroughbred. Poor as he was when he bade his old Irish mother good-by at the cabin door in the swamps of North Carolina, and swinging himself into the saddle, turned the head of his horse toward Tennessee to seek his fortune, he rode from the maternal homestead a well-bred horse, and throughout his life would mount none other.

President Zachary Taylor was, next to Washington and Jackson, the best judge of a horse that ever held the office. General Taylor rode only entire thoroughbreds in the army. His favorite saddle horses in the Mexican war and during his brief incumbency of the White House was a white thoroughbred stallion named "Old Whitley," an animal of great beauty, which was bred in Kentucky.

When President Lincoln became a resident of the white house there was purchased for him in central New York a pair of very stylish black carriage horses, the reputed price being \$3,000. Mr. Lincoln did not possess the proverbial Southern love for good horses, and was an indifferent judge of them. The black team were of the tough Morgan breed and lasted him as long as he lived. He seldom rode on horseback during the term of his administration, although he was used to the saddle. He was an awkward-looking equestrian on account of his long limbs and bowed posture.

President Grant brought to the white house several fast trotting horses. His favorite saddle beast was a half-bred Spanish horse, called "Jeff Davis," which had been captured from the plantation of Joe Davis during the campaign in Mississippi. His carriage team were lofty bays of thoroughbred and trotting blood. A span of ponies were subsequently added to the menage

for the children. President Grant was a good reinsman and when on a good piece of road was not averse to testing the speed of his horses and that of other who tried to pass him.

The horses President Hayes used during his incumbency were ordinary animals, without any particular merits as to breeding.

Garfield was a good rider, and very fond of riding at high speed on a high-spirited horse. He had some good ones.

President Arthur loved horses, and while he did not claim to be an expert in horsemanship, he knew a good horse when he saw it. The White House stables were never so full of horses, except perhaps in Grant's time, as during Arthur's.

President Cleveland brought with him to the White House a very stylish team of seal browns of considerable bone and substance. They were high-headed, and during the four years they were Mr. Cleveland's property their necks were never constrained by the use of cheek reins.

President Harrison, as the grandson of a Virginian from the tidewater section of the state, naturally had an inherent love for a well-bred and a well-developed horse. His grandfather, President William Henry Harrison, admired the thorough-bred, but on parade where martial music stirred their blood, and on the field of battle, he thought them to excitable, and, therefore, preferred the half or three-quarters bred horse as being safer and more tractable. President Benjamin Harrison brought with him to Washington three horses, and admirable specimens they are of the breeds they represent.

A DOZEN DEADHEADS.

How They Were Gotten into the Circus Without Pay.

People were willing to pay almost any price for tickets of admission to the last republican convention, and yet it was the easiest place in the world to get into. If one only had the requisite check. One man, and no very big one, either, but just one of the common herd, took a plain note-head and wrote "Chief doorkeeper republican convention: You will pass B. F. Jones and E. T. Smith," and merely signed his name to the order. It was good, and still the writer had no more right to make such a request than a tin soldier.

When a gentleman had related the above incident some one remarked that it might be easy to gain admission to a convention by the aid of check, but one couldn't work a circus that way.

"That's where you are wrong," said a third person; "I am well aware that check is a commodity the circus man has usually a large stock of, but I saw it most successfully used against him one day. It was circus day down on the lake front; the ordinary large crowd was there, standing around listening to the music and looting generally; the small boys were there waiting for any possible chance of 'gettin' in.' A man went up to a group of anxious urchins. 'Want to go in, boys?' said he.

"'Yes; bet yer life we do,' came in chorus from the lads. They marched up in front of the door-tender. 'Count these boys,' said the man, and the guardsman of the great moral exhibition checked the lads off with his finger as they rushed by him and scattered on the inside.

"One, two, three," counted the doorkeeper, and finally announced 'even'.

"'All right,' said the man; 'all right; that's all,' and he turned away. 'Hold on there,' said the circus man; 'are you going to pay for these boys?'

"'Pay for 'em,' said the stranger; 'well, I guess not; I said nothing about paying for 'em; I just wanted to know how many there were; you circus men are good at figures, and I ain't; all I asked you to do was to count them. Much obliged.' And away he went, astonishment at the surprising check preventing the doorkeeper from making any further effort to stop him. Oh, yes; the circus can be worked."

A Monster Block of Granite.

The Rockland (Me.) Opinion claims that the granite shaft quarried by the Bodwell Granite company, in Vinalhaven, is the largest mass of stone ever quarried upon the face of the earth, and that if erected it will be the highest, largest and heaviest single piece of stone now standing, or that ever stood, so far as there is any record.

It considerably exceeds in length any of the Egyptian obelisks, the tallest of which was brought to Alexandria from Heliopolis by Emperor Constantine and subsequently taken to Rome, where it now stands. This gigantic monument of faded grandeur, as it now stands, is 105 feet high. The Vinalhaven shaft will be 115 feet high, 10 feet square at the base and weighs 850 tons. It is understood that if Gen. Grant's remains are removed to Washington, Maine will offer the Vinalhaven shaft as her share towards a monster monument to the great commander.

Arctic Ice.

There is very little ebb or flow of tide in the Arctic, but occasionally there are very strong currents. All winter there is a general flow of tide and lee toward the south, while in summer this flow is northward.

CARMEN SYLVA.

She is Reported to Be an Interesting Conversationalist.

Carmen Sylva, queen of Roumania, adds to her talent for reading aloud the talent for talking. It has been said that any one having the honor of a long conversation with her would wish to take down in shorthand, or by the aid of a phonograph, every word the queen said. This is so even when the subject is the subject. But when poetry or literature is the subject, then indeed she becomes the brightest and most animated of the company. The first work from her pen which was given to the world was "Les Pensées d'une Reine," which came out in Paris. Next appeared "Sturme," a collection of poems, published in Bonn, which was followed by a volume of "Felesch Legends," more fancifully styled "From Carmen Sylva's Realm." One pleasing trait may be noted apropos of these royal essays in literature: her majesty declined to exploit the queen in the interests of the writer or to make a hit by means of her position.

Her *Pensées* are frequently of striking originality and full of common sense. Here are a few examples:

"If a woman is bad, the man is the cause of it."

About "The Wife:"

"Among savages the woman is a beast of burden, among Turks an article of luxury, among Europeans both."

"A woman should possess great virtue, for it often happens that she has to provide enough for both herself and her husband."

Of love Carmen Sylva says:

"True love knows nothing of forgiveness, for if one forgives one loves no longer."

The jealousy of those who love us is a flattery.

Husband and wife should never cease to make love to each other a little.

Here are a few more general reflections:

True happiness is duty. It takes hundreds of sweet smelling leaves to make a rose, and hundreds of pure joys to complete our happiness.

How unhappy must that man be who attempts twice to take his own life.

A too exacting housewife is in continual despair. One would often be glad to find a little less scrubbing and more repose in the home.

If two intellectual women cannot succeed in making anything out of a man, then there is nothing in him.

Carmen Sylva begins her literary work before it is day. She disturbs no one, neither his majesty nor even a maid. She lights her own lamp, and works till the sun brings more light. She is very cordial to her friends, who are made to feel thoroughly at home. While the king has a fondness for wearing his uniform when at Kastell Pelesch, the queen likes to be in walking costume or the pretty Roumanian peasant dress. Every day when the queen used to go to her sanctum amid the trees, the children of the work people engaged on the building of the palace were accustomed to run forward and kiss the royal hand. On one occasion one of her youthful friends was missing. She was found suffering from diphtheria in her parents' cottage, and the queen who loves children, nursed the little one until it died in her arms. She had the misfortune to lose her own and only son. It was the sorrow of her life, but instead of dulling its usefulness with any settled selfish melancholy, the loss was the beginning of a chapter of increased activity. Ever since the queen has been more thoughtful for those in trouble and more indefatigable in her efforts for education and on behalf of the women of Roumania, who certainly stand in need of all the help and encouragement they can get.

Mr. Chugwater Asks.

Mrs. Chugwater, arrayed in her best gown, was sitting for her photograph. "Your expression—pardon me—is a little too severe," said the photographer, looking at her over his camera. "Relax the features a trifle. A little more please. Wait a moment."

He came back, made a slight change in the adjustment of the head rest, then stood off and inspected the result. "Now, then. Ready. Bog pardon—the expression is still a little too stern. Relax the features a little. A little more, please. Direct your gaze at the card on this upright post and wink as often as you feel like it. All ready. One moment again—pardon me—the expression is still too severe. Relax the—"

"Samantha!" roared Mr. Chugwater, coming out from behind the screen and glaring at her savagely, "smile, damn you! Smile!"

Duty Before Pleasure.

Massachusetts woman—I suppose the women generally vote as their husbands do?

Wyoming woman—Oh, no; at least I don't. He is a Democrat and I am a Republican.

"And you don't quarrel?"

"No, indeed. It prevents quarrels, in fact. Whenever he starts in to grumbling about the biscuits I get him started on the tariff and he forgets the bread entirely."—Indianapolis Journal.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of The World.

Several Paris papers in reporting the death of Lawrence Barrett, the tragedian, spoke of him as "Madame Barrett." One paper said that Madame Barrett's husband was a captain in the Confederate army.

The coinage of silver dollars will cease July 1.

Complaint is made of the scarcity of sailors for the navy department.

Successful experiments have been made in England with the dynamite gun.

Elevator men of North Dakota are up in arms against the new elevator law.

It is reported that Postmaster-General Baikes, of England, will have to leave the government because of his attempts to crush the district messenger service.

Gen. John W. Foster, special envoy of the United States to Spain, is confident that he will succeed in negotiating a favorable reciprocity treaty.

Europe is once more disturbed by a war scare. The supposed alliance between France and Russia is taken as evidence of an intention on the part of these two powers to make a move against Germany. Austria and Italy being parties to the triple alliance would in that event come to the assistance of Germany, and it is thought that England could be brought into line to help the Kaiser.

Secretary Foster has given the State of Indiana uneasiness by notifying the sub-treasurer at Chicago not to pay the Indiana notes of the direct-tax refund. The Hoosier State was to receive almost \$1,000,000 and all the formalities had been gone through with for securing the money, but Secretary Foster found that there were several old claims of the government against Indiana and concluded that this was a good time to strike a balance. The claims against Indiana amount to about \$50,000 and until the State settles them it cannot have the \$1,000,000. The Secretary says that this action is in line with what will be done in the case of other States which are delinquent to the government. Vermont has been behind on some small debts for several years and now she will have to pay up or go without her share of the direct tax.

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The Union Pacific road has granted concessions to its dissatisfied employees which will insure their receiving better pay.

Michael Davitt declared that Mr. Parnell had no intention of resigning his seat in Parliament. He added that if Parnell did resign and offer himself as a candidate for re-election he would be defeated.

A banana train on the Illinois Central was wrecked near Kankakee, Ill., and thirteen cars of fruit were derailed. The loss is about \$20,000.

The Modock Democratic Tariff-Reform Club of Keokuk, Iowa, sent silver medals to Dr. Moore and Mr. Cockrell, the two Independent members of the Illinois Legislature who voted for Senator Palmer for United States Senator.

The will of Baroness Falmberg, making provision for a charitable institution at Lexington, Ky., has been upheld by the Kentucky courts after many years of litigation on the part of the Baroness' relatives.

Pittsburg has 1,000 cases of grip. Street car companies and large offices are affected.

In a two-day glove contest near Harrisburg, Pa., Jim Daly stood up before McAuliffe the required six rounds for a purse of \$1,000.

Details of a sensational episode at the Chicago Auditorium have just become public. A wealthy New Yorker, incited by jealousy and rage, attempted to murder his wife, but was prevented. He then took revenge by abducting their only child.

The failure of the Kansas Legislature to appropriate money for a State exhibit at the world's fair has led to a movement to raise by private subscription the funds requisite to give that State a creditable representation.

The Canadian Pacific company's iron steamer Batavia is aground in the Columbia river, near Tonawanda Point.

The Olympic club of New Orleans has offered a purse of \$5,000 to McAuliffe and Myer for a glove contest to take place in about six weeks. McAuliffe to answer within four days.

Ex-Senator Ingalls' interviews in the East regarding the Farmers' alliance are embarrassing Kansas Republicans, and they are gnashing their teeth at their former leader.

Pearl Starr, daughter of the notorious Belle Starr and reputed daughter of the equally notorious Cole Younger, in connection with a young man stole two fine horses from a farmer near St. Joe, twenty miles west of Gainesville, Texas. Officers are in pursuit.

In the Michigan Legislature the Doran bill to tax iron and copper products of the upper peninsula was defeated.

Theodore Thomas has been selected to be musical director and William L. Tomlins to be choral director of the world's fair. Western railroads claim to hold enough proxies to elect new world's fair directors, who will insure the location of exposition buildings on the lake front.

Silas Potter died at Boston. He aided largely in the cause of negro education in the South and in the establishment of schools and churches in the far West.

Gen. James A. Ekin, who was a member of the commission who tried Mrs. Barrett, died at his home at Louisville, Ky.

The bill making Labor day and Lincoln's birthday legal holidays passed the Illinois Senate—37 to 1.

At Hazelton, Pa., Millie Caprice a 16-year-old girl, shot herself through the heart with a revolver rather than marry an old man, the choice of her parents.

The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, who has been so loudly ill at New York for several days, still lies in a critical condition.

Dubin, Iowa, has 1,000 cases of the grip, Senator Allison being one of the victims.

Two miners were entombed near Ottawa, Ont., by an unexpected slide of rock within a shaft.

J. C. Van Allman of Olney, Ill., tax collector of the township, has been found to be short in his accounts to the extent of \$1,400.

Reports that Italians employed on the Pittsburgh, Ohio Valley & Cincinnati railroad are drilling under arms are fully verified.

An error was discovered in the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill passed near the close of the Fifty-first Congress, by which several valuable clerks in the public service were practically legislated out of employment.

A gas explosion in St. Joseph's Catholic church at Detroit, Mich., caused a panic in which many women were trampled and bruised and Mrs. Weithoff, 70 years old, was fatally hurt.

United States Consul Maloney, at St. Johns, N. F., announces that bait license for American vessels this season will be free.

John Mooney, a notorious burglar, has been arrested at Whiting, W. Va., for complicity in the robbery of the Prosper (Pa.) savings bank.

Inquiry shows that the lines of steamers plying between England and the continent make no charge for carrying royal passengers. Their royal highnesses serve as advertisements.

King Charles of Wurtemberg is making another onslaught on the socialists in his kingdom because the newspapers of that party have been reproaching him for his marital infidelities.

At Mason City, Iowa, Walter Filore, an orphan boy, died from the effects of beatings and other cruel treatment received at the hands of Peter McMahon. McMahon was arrested.

Capt. Charles Manley of Ann Arbor, Mich., has been appointed commander of the soldiers' home at Grand Rapids, Mich.

The young duke d'Orleans, son of the Bourbon pretender to the throne of France, is said to have visited Paris this week disguised as a valet in the service of Mme. Milos, the opera singer, with whom the young duke is very much in love.

The marine court which investigated the Utopia disaster at Gibraltar found Capt. McKean of the wrecked steamer guilty of errors of judgment.

Fred Douglass, Minister to Hayti, is dissatisfied because Admiral Gherard has been appointed special commissioner to conduct the negotiations for Mole St. Nicholas and says he will resign unless he is permitted to transact the business.

The total number of hogs packed in the west during the year ending March 1, was 17,713,000, against 19,745,000 the preceding year.

A fierce snowstorm in the Texas Panhandle will result, it is reported, in heavy losses to cattle men.

The governor of Iowa has appointed H. L. Mitchell, of Bloomfield, State Pharmacy Commissioner to succeed H. K. Snider.

In a collision near Rock Castle, Va., Fireman Mahone Sigfried was killed and Conductor Mosby was injured. Engineer Roberts was killed in a wreck near Sutton, Neb., and his fireman was hurt.

At Lyons, Kan., four miners were precipitated down a shaft 500 feet deep by an accident to the machinery. A heavy oak beam fell upon them from the top of the shaft. They were crushed into a shapeless mass.

Indiana bankers met at Indianapolis and formed a State association, electing Thomas W. Wollen, of Franklin, president.

It was announced that Russia will present President Carnot of France with the decoration of the grand cordon of the Order of St. Andrew. This was said to mean that a formal treaty of alliance between Russia and France had been concluded.

Eva Brannock, a faith curer at Pittsburg, is said to have just finished a fast of forty days, having during that time consumed nothing but water.

Helen H. Clark, an Indian girl teacher in the Carlisle Indian school, has been appointed special allotment agent by the United States government and has left for Montana to assume the duties of her office.

Planting mill employees propose to start a co-operative mill at Indianapolis with \$100,000 capital, of which amount \$5,000 has been subscribed.

Members of the Herrington family held a meeting at Mendville, Pa., to arrange to bring suit for the recovery of land upon which the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railway depot is situated in Chicago. The land belonged to James Herrington, Sr., and was sold by a son who forged his father's name.

At Ironton, Ohio, Albert and William Kell attacked Arthur Haney for having betrayed their sister. Albert Kell was fatally shot by Haney, who afterward surrendered to the police.

Warren Barrett, the oldest man in Minnesota, died at Glumtown, aged 102 years. He was born in Vermont in 1799.

The London News states that the Italian authorities will take active steps to favor America to give satisfaction for the mobbing of the Mafia prisoners.

At Wichita, Kan., J. C. Adams, who killed Capt. Couch, the Oklahoma boomer, was found guilty of murder in the first degree.

John Hawk, being awakened by a man trying to break into his house, near North Eaton, Ohio, seized a shotgun and killed the intruder.

The treasurer of the Sherman statue fund at New York was instructed to announce that \$14,750, or enough to complete the statue had been received.

During the year ending Feb. 18, 823 persons were inoculated for dog and cat bites at the Institute at New York.

Anderson, Green & Co., wholesale dealers in dry goods, notions, etc., at Nashville, Tenn., failed, with liabilities and assets of \$173,000 each.

It is now claimed that Hugh Miller, the Brooklyn incendiary, is insane.

Chilian insurgents captured Iquique after having bribed the Government troops to join for with them.

Commissioner Groff of the general land office has been notified that his resignation has been accepted.

Six people were dangerously injured in a wreck on the Louisville & Nashville road near Anchorage, fifteen miles from Louisville, Ky.

Charles City, Iowa, to which place it was recently voted by the board of trustees to move the German-English college in Galena, is unable to raise the bonus of \$30,000 which was offered. It is now thought that the college will go to Storm Lake, Iowa.

Hugh C. Miller, 23 years old, has been arrested for setting fire to numerous tenement houses in Brooklyn during the past six weeks. Being confronted with evidence of his guilt he made a full confession.

SHOT TWO ACTRESSES.

JEALOUSY CAUSES A DOUBLE MURDER AND SUICIDE.

Supposed Case of Poisoning at Omaha, Neb.—Mrs. Niederer's Murderer Still at Large.

A double murder and suicide occurred at the Casino variety theater at Spokane Falls, Washington. Charles Elliott, a faro-dealer, who was occupying a box near the stage, drew a pistol and fired several shots at the people on the stage. One bullet took effect in the left breast of Mabel Dehobian, killing her almost instantly. Another bullet lodged in the back of Carrie Smith, also a variety actress, inflicting a fatal wound. Elliott then placed the muzzle of his revolver in his mouth and blew his own brains out. His shots were intended for an actress named Lulu Durand, who was on the stage at the time, and of whom Elliott was insanely jealous.

SUPPOSED CASE OF POISONING.

Miss Emma Anderson of Omaha Dies Under Peculiar Circumstances.

Omaha, Neb., telegram: What is believed to be a case of attempted poisoning of the family of J. S. Haswell, a prominent politician, has just been discovered. Last Tuesday, while Haswell was away from home, five members of his household were taken suddenly sick after dinner, and next morning Emma Anderson, his housekeeper, died. The others are recovering.

A doctor called to see Miss Anderson and said she was suffering with the grip, but another physician declared the patient had been poisoned.

The matter was not reported to the authorities and nothing was known of it till today, after Haswell had left for St. Edward, S. C., with the remains of Miss Anderson. Haswell had tried to keep the matter quiet, but the probabilities are that the body will be exhumed and an inquest held. Haswell is divorced from his wife, and it is alleged the Anderson woman was the cause of the separation. It is claimed threats had been made that she would not die a natural death.

Mrs. Niederer's Murderer at Large.

A telegram says an inquest was held by Dr. Pearson over the body of Mrs. Niederer, who was murdered in her house about eight miles east of Mitchell, Indiana. Nearly all the neighbors were present, and from the evidence given no clue could be obtained to the murder. The verdict was that the wound in her head had caused death and that the party inflicting it was unknown to the jury. The murder could not have been committed for money, as nothing was missing about the house.

GEN. JOHNSTON'S FUNERAL.

It is Conducted Without Any Ostentatious Ceremonies.

The funeral services over the remains of the late Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, almost the last of the great commanders of the confederacy, took place in Washington, D. C.

By special request of the deceased the ceremonies were devoid of ostentation or unnecessary formality, and the simplicity



GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

of the service was in keeping with the character of the man. There was no display of uniforms or battle flags or military trappings, and as the family of the deceased had carried out the spirit of his injunction and declined the request of a number of confederate veteran associations to participate formally, there was nothing to distinguish the funeral from a private interment beyond the large attendance of distinguished persons.

There were no services at the residence of the deceased, but just before 11 o'clock the remains were taken quietly to St. John's Episcopal church, opposite Lafayette square, accompanied by the family and near friends.

CATTELMEN DISMAYED.

Notified That Their Stock Will Not Be Allowed to Graze on Oase Lands.

No small amount of excitement among cattlemen has been caused by the announcement that Government Agent Miles has sent marshals to the Oase Territory to notify the stockmen that they will not allow cattle to graze in that reservation.

Cattlemen have leased large tracts of grazing lands in the Oase Nation at a heavy expense, and for the last two weeks a small estimate places the number of cattle shipped there at 100,000 head. No one seems to know why the government has taken this action, and the cattlemen are at a loss as to what disposition to make of their large herds purchased with a view of grazing on these lands until fall.

Prairie Fire in Kansas.

A Kansas City dispatch says: A disastrous prairie fire occurred Tuesday night at here. A large number of farms were swept clean of fences, houses, and barns, and large numbers of cattle and horses perished. It is feared that lives were lost, as a strong wind was blowing.

To Pension Ex-Confederate Soldiers.

A recent dispatch from Little Rock, Arkansas, says that the bill to pension disabled Confederate soldiers and their indigent widows, and to appropriate \$10,000 for a soldiers' home at Little Rock, has passed both Houses of the Arkansas Legislature.

Office for an Indian Girl.

Helen P. Clark, an Indian girl who was a teacher at the Carlisle Indian school in Pennsylvania, has been appointed special allotment agent by the United States government. She left for Montana to assume the duties of her office.

TO ENLIST INDIAN SOLDIERS.

Orders to That Effect Issued from General Merritt's Headquarters.

Orders were issued from Gen. Merritt's headquarters in St. Louis to begin enlisting Indians in the regular army. In that department of the Missouri, Troop L, of the Fifth Cavalry and Company I, Twelfth Infantry, are to be composed wholly of Indians recruited from the Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Kiowas, and will be assigned to duty at Fort Sill. Troop L, Seventh Cavalry, and Company I, Seventh Infantry, recruited from the same tribes, are to be assigned to Oklahoma, and Company I, Thirtieth Infantry, filled from the same tribes and the Comanches, will be assigned to Fort Supply, T. T. for duty. The Indians are to be enlisted for five years and receive the same pay as the whites and negroes now in the service.

DROVE OUT THE RUM-SELLERS.

Bloomsville, Ohio, People Determined to Rid Themselves of a Nuisance.

Tiffin, Ohio, telegram: The temperance warfare at Bloomsville continues with additional riotous demonstrations. After the demolition of his saloon Tuesday night William Miller procured a new stock of liquors and established himself in other quarters. His place was again visited by a company of thirteen men and eleven women, who assaulted the proprietor and his bar-keeper, injuring the latter severely. They gave both of them half an hour to leave town on penalty of more severe treatment. Another member of the mob was the local Methodist minister. Miller came to this city, but announces his determination to return to Bloomsville, when further serious trouble will be unavoidable.

PLEASURE SEEKERS IN A WRECK.

Two Passengers Killed and Many Badly Injured in a Railroad Wreck.

A disastrous wreck occurred on the Ensley City dummy line in Birmingham, Ala. A train fell down an embankment ten feet high.

A. L. Brown and Bob Taylor, two negro passengers, were instantly killed. Alf Rigby, the engineer, was caught under the engine and horribly crushed. His sufferings are excruciating and death is momentarily expected. Mrs. Dr. Ramsey was badly crushed, and it is said her back was so injured that she will be an invalid for life. About ten negro passengers were hurt more or less. Two of them, it is said, will not recover. The engineer was trying to make up time, as he was behind the schedule.

BUILT A SALOON IN SECTIONS.

Novel Scheme of Iowa Liquor-Sellers to Evade the Law.

Peter McCaffrey and Jack Doyle, both of Hannum, Iowa, have a new scheme for evading the law. During the holidays they had constructed a saloon building in sections so that it could be taken apart and stored away. Recently the district court granted an injunction against the saloon, and the other night the proprietors took down their building and stored it away in a warehouse, so that when the sheriff of Webster county comes to serve the injunction he will find no saloon. During the trial of the injunction the saloon men hung one of the leading citizens in effigy.

Canadian Pacific Let Into New York.

New York telegram: The Canadian Pacific is now a full-fledged trunk line out of New York city. Mr. Van Horne, Chauncey Depew and H. Walter Webb have completed the deal by which the New York Central railroad lets the Canadian Pacific bring its freight and passenger trains in over the West Shore and the Central with as good facilities as the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad. The Canadian Pacific will come down from Brookville over the new bridge which is to be built at that point by way of the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg to Utica. After the main points of the agreement had been reached Mr. Van Horne declared the war at an end, and returned to Montreal on the night train.

Silver Found in Illinois.

Peoria, Ill., telegram: Philip Slattery, a farmer living nine miles from Peoria, discovered a rich lead of silver ore. He was digging a well and struck the vein of ore about thirty feet below the surface in a rock stratum. The vein is a rich one and an assayer pronounced it a fine quality of silver ore. Arrangements are being made in this city to develop the mine, and the well and adjoining property is carefully guarded.

Fifteen Carloads of Fire Water.

There was sent out from Peoria, Illinois, the largest shipment of spirits ever made, being the world's record. Thirty carloads, containing 1,000 barrels of spirits, containing \$2,400 taxable gallons. The tax collected by the government on this single shipment was \$74,241, and the entire day's business represented a deal of \$100,000. The goods went to New York, Cincinnati and Philadelphia.

Suicide of a Wealthy Nebraska Farmer.

OMAHA, March 31.—This morning William Milligan, a wealthy farmer near Stanton, shot himself three times in the head and neck, dying almost instantly. Financial troubles were the cause of the suicide.

Left the Town Without Water.

The stand pipe of the water works at Defiance, Ohio, collapsed and fell, wrecking the engine house and severely injuring several persons. The town is now without water.

Drowned in the Ohio Canal.

M. A. Pigot, inspector of boilers for Rohan Bros. works, St. Louis, was accidentally drowned in the Ohio canal at Akron, Ohio.

Negotiations with Hayti Fall.

Private advices seem to indicate that Admiral Gherard has failed in his mission to secure Mole St. Nicholas, Hayti, as a naval coaling station. It is a deep disappointment to him, for he has managed his part of the negotiations admirably.

Valuable Pine Lumber Burned.

Fire broke out on the lumber docks of Hovey & McCracken at Muskegon, Mich., and consumed 1,500,000 feet of white pine lumber. The loss is \$15,000, fully insured.

KILLED BY WHITE CAPS.

A KANSAS FARMER MURDERED IN HIS OWN HOUSE.

Shot Down by Masked Men for Stealing Wheat for Seed—Mysterious Murder Near Mitchell, Ind.

Topeka, Kan., telegram: Gov. Humphrey has offered a reward of \$500 for the arrest and conviction of each of the murderers of Thomas Duncan, a settler living in a Cheyenne county dug-out. The murder was committed March 16, but the letter of the prosecuting attorney to the governor gave the first details and confirmed the many stories of White Cap outrages which have recently come from the extreme northwestern part of the State.

For some weeks past there have been rumors in Topeka of White Cap punishments in the sparsely settled outlying counties of the State, but they have lacked official confirmation and no further attention was paid to them.

According to the present attorney's letter Duncan was accused of pilfering grain in small quantities from his neighbors in order to get a sufficient amount of seed to plant his spring crops. Two days before the killing occurred one of the neighbors positively identified Duncan as he was making his way from a grain bin.

The neighbors were informed and about 10 o'clock on the evening of March 16 a mob of about twenty men, with white-cap masks, rode up to Duncan's house and were met at the door by his wife. The victim had heard them coming and had crawled into a storage-room, lending from his soil house. The white caps started to raze the house, and Duncan announced that he would come out. He started to go into his yard, when fire was opened on him. One bullet pierced his heart and another his right side. The men rode off, leaving their victim lying across the threshold of his own house.

EIGHT LIVES LOST IN THE SEA.

Heroic Efforts of the Life-Savers Rewarded by Rescuing Ten Persons.

Norfolk, Va., telegram: The Norwegian bark Dictator, from Pensacola, Fla., to West Hartlepool, England, laden with pine lumber, with a crew of fifteen and the captain's young wife and little boy of 3 years, came ashore in a strong easterly gale four miles south of Cape Henry and two miles north of Virginia Beach hotel. The weather was so thick that the vessel was not seen until 9 o'clock, and then she was in the breakers, broadside on, within a quarter of a mile of the shore. The full crews from two life-saving stations, those of Cape Henry and Seaside, under command of Capt. Drinkwater, were promptly on hand and began firing lines to the ill-fated bark. The guns could not deliver the lines so far, though they were repeatedly fired.

The ship finally succeeded in getting a line ashore tied to a barrel, which the surf carried to the life-savers. The breeches buoy was quickly rigged and sent to the vessel, but unfortunately the bark's crew was ignorant of its use, and the rescue was delayed until Capt. Drinkwater of the life-saving crew wrote instructions, put them in a bottle, and sent it to the Dictator by the line connecting the vessel with the shore.

The men on board broke the bottle at once, as could be seen by glasses from the shore, and proceeded to carry out the directions. The first man was delivered ashore in eight minutes, and seven others were rescued. Four of them came ashore in life-belt, which was captured, but the men succeeded in reaching the shore in a half-dead condition. One man had his arm broken. The captain had urged his wife all during the day to take the buoy and come ashore, but she steadily refused, as she would not leave her husband and child, and only one could take the buoy at a time. The bark finally went to pieces and the seven that remained on her have been lost including the wife of the captain. The captain, just before the ship went to pieces sprang into the sea with his own strapped to his back and reached the shore alive, but the boy was lost, making a total of eight lives.

A CABINET MINISTER KILLED.

The Bulgarian Minister of Finance Shot Down.

At 8 o'clock in the evening, while Premier Stambouloff and Balcheff, Minister of Finance, of Bulgaria, who had been walking together, were about to enter their official residences, which adjoin each other, a man suddenly confronted them with a revolver, and fired three shots point blank at M. Balcheff, who fell dead. The assassin succeeded in making good his escape. A number of persons who witnessed the murder report that the assassin had three accomplices who assisted him to escape. No motive has been suggested for the murder of the minister of finance, but it is presumed that the conspirators may have intended to take the life of Premier Stambouloff, but that in the darkness of the evening they mistook M. Balcheff for the man they had marked as their victim.

TWO MYSTERIOUS DEATHS.

Ugly Rumors About the Sudden Demise of the French Brothers.

A Terre Haute, Ind., special says: Daniel and John French, two young farmers living five miles south of here, died within twelve hours of one another from some unknown cause. Both died soon after eating meals. The family did not call in a physician and the neighbors notified the coroner, who left at noon to investigate the cases. Both men were in excellent health and ugly rumors have already been put in circulation, hinting at poisoning by members of the family.

An Insane German Officer.

Berlin telegram: Lieutenant of the Infantry Blumme armed two soldiers of infantry in Naumburg, Germany, and ordered them to charge the unsuspecting citizens with drawn bayonets. Eight persons were mortally wounded. Blumme, who is the son of a general, was intoxicated. The authorities declare him to be temporarily insane.

Fruit and Tree Planters for Tree Planters.

A new book for practical tree planters. The Orange Jud Farmer says: "This little book is ably written and gives trustworthy information for everyone growing fruit of any sort or kind." Sent free by Stark Bros., Louisiana, Mo.

They Quarreled About a Dog.

In a quarrel over a dog at Milledgeville, Florida, Joe Tucker was shot through the head five times with a Winchester rifle by M. Emile and instantly killed.

HELPED TO KILL HIM.

Murdered Her Husband For Insurance Money.

4 Mrs. Frances Calkins, on trial at Goshen, Ind., with Frank Hendrix for the murder of her husband at Elkhart last April, has turned State's evidence and made a full confession of the crime. This, coupled with other strong evidence adduced by the prosecution, has made the case look almost hopeless for Hendrix, who still stoutly maintains his innocence.

The sensational features of the day, after all other evidence for the prosecution was in, was the release of Mrs. Calkins from custody in order that she might appear on the stand as a witness for the prosecution. Her story of the awful crime, by means of which she and Hendrix hoped to become joint owners of over \$5,000, was graphic and at times brought the audience up to a high pitch of excitement. It is as follows:

In February, 1890, Mrs. Calkins was then a widow (Mrs. Whipple), was living in a flat at Elkhart on the same floor on which Hendrix had his insurance office. Edward Calkins, an old man possessed of some money and property and tillor of the Labor Signal, State organ of the Knights of Labor, boarded with her. She and Hendrix became quite intimate and soon formed a plan which, if successful, would result in her marrying Calkins, his getting his life insured for \$5,000, willing his property to her and then being "removed."

Everything went well. Mrs. Whipple, who was a

FOR THE LADIES.

INTERESTING ITEMS FOR YOUNG AND OLD FEMININITY.

A Bit of Poetry.—The Decline of Marriage—Foundry Girls—Letting a Man Alone—Etc., Etc.

Oh, in her sable garments the widow looked a queen
For beauty in its sorrow is beauty's crown,
I ween;
The rosy pillar of her cheeks, in all their tender glow,
Was like a purple sunset upon a drift of snow;
And in her weeping eyes of blue such wild emotions lay—
Such depths of sadness, and shadows dim and gray—
That you would fancy she had lost—poor, hapless Leonard—
Not one dear lord and master, but twenty-five or more.
She ran to me—she rushed to me with all her youth and gold,
And in soft, pleading accents, she asked to be consoled.
There was, she gasped, a vacant place upon her heart's throne still.
That somebody, if he knew how, could take by storm and fill.

Well, I knew how, for grasping both her jeweled hands in mine,
I quaffed from those ripe lips of hers a vintage rich as wine!
And while I tore the widow's serge right off her queenly head,
And told her that a living spouse was better than a dead,
She leant upon my bosom in tremulous surprise,
And sorrow's shadows vanished from the blue depths of her eyes.

To-day the ragman purchased the sable weeds I sold,
And now I own the widow—the widow and her gold.
—Eugene Davis, in West Shore.

The Decline of Marriage.

It appears to be an admitted fact that there is a yearly increasing falling off in the number of marriages which take place among the prosperous and highly educated classes, both in this country and in Europe. It has always been noticeable that the poorer and least educated portions of society have been the readiest to launch upon the sea of matrimony and have raised the largest families. The decline in the number of marriages among the wealthier and more cultivated classes has been commonly attributed to the increased cost of living, and the demands of luxury, pride and ostentation, but there are those who think it attributable principally to newer conceptions of what marriage should be. It is no longer the alliance for commonplace objects of two persons of opposite sexes with few or no mental needs or susceptibilities in common, but the union of two beings whose intellects, feelings, tastes and sympathies have been assiduously trained to a high point of development and sensitiveness. The man or woman of the highest culture and refinement excludes from his or her matrimonial scope the individual of the other sex of undeveloped powers, imperfect sympathies and intellectual manners. A highly trained intellect and taste with multitudinous objects of thought, and a wide acquaintance in society, does not stand in need of the perpetual companionship which is an absolute necessity to many. To a self-contained character of this sort a truly congenial marriage is undoubtedly an untold blessing, but the conjugal state is not such an urgent necessity as to preclude deliberation, careful choice and some regard for consequences. A decline in hasty and ill-assorted marriages would prove a blessing to all grades of society and induce a much needed decline in divorces, which, for want of an international law, have grown to become quite too frequent for the public welfare.—The Home.

Foundry Girls.

According to reports received by the Workingwomen's society of New York, women have taken another step forward, and have gone in large numbers into an occupation which seems to be adapted only to men on account of the physical strength required, says the Commercial. They have actually gone into the great foundries at Pittsburgh, and today something like five hundred of them are "cuppling" nails and bolts—that is, putting heads on them. This is severe physical labor, and it takes a strong man to do the work. But the iron works find no difficulty in getting plenty of girls. Already the supply almost doubles the demand. This is the direct result: For the work mentioned men always received from \$14 to \$16 a week; the girls receive from \$4 to \$5 and are glad to get it. Now, men are practically thrown out of employment in a trade in which they used to earn living wages. It is the same old story.

But the idle men are enjoying a sweet little revenge. The girls who have taken their places are known everywhere in Pittsburgh as "the foundry girls." There is nothing shameful in this title, but it is considered shameful by other workingwomen in the Smoky City. "The foundry girl," it appears, can be recognized everywhere on account of slender-statured face, or for some other reason unknown outside of Pittsburgh—and the "sales-ladies" and "factory-ladies" cross the street when they see her a block off. They cannot bear the idea of "the foundry lady" being added to their social list.

Yet even the foundry woman is held to be higher in the social scale than the woman engaged in domestic service. "The saleslady," it seems, is distinctly friendly to the "factory lady." The "factory lady" turns up her nose at the foundry girl. And the foundry girl is hardly condescending to the servant or nurse girl. It appears that there are finer distinctions in social caste among the Pittsburgh workingwomen than among the millionaires of New York.

Easily Lost, But Never Found.

There was lost the other day one beautiful golden hour set about with sixty large diamonds, each diamond—minute—having about it sixty smaller ones—seconds. It will never be found again. This jewel disappeared between the hours of nine in the morning and nine at night, and no matter how great may be the reward offered, can never be recovered. How did you lose it? You stared idly out of the window for a few minutes. You didn't stop to give the thought, and you got the wrong shoe on the wrong foot, and lost some more minutes straightening them. You had a foolish argument with your little sister, and a few more went; and later in the day you tossed away a great many while you looked at a worthless novel. Then, just because you had nothing to do and wouldn't trouble yourself to find anything, you stared listlessly at the fire, and wondered how long the day was going to be. Then you wasted more time by annoying your mother and using up the minutes that, to her, were of such moment. Now the hour is gone. There is no use crying over it, but you can think this and you can make up your mind to this: the year is like a necklace, formed of perfect jewels. Each jewel a day, surrounded with those smaller ones—twenty-four of them—the hours, and one of these lost or thrown away, makes the necklace worthless. Conclude, therefore, to look after the smaller jewels, to make each one brilliant, and at the end of the year your chaplet will be worthy to decorate the century.—Ruth Ashmore, in Ladies' Home Journal.

An Opening for Ladies.

A writer in the Playmate suggests that in towns not provided with a good railroad restaurant, women might make money by putting up attractive lunches and selling them to the railway travelers. A neat little lunch basket lined with Japanese paper napkins, containing half a broiled chicken cut up, a few slices of homemade bread, some pickles, radishes and eggs, would certainly sell well. On the English trails, and indeed in some parts of this country, these lunch baskets are a great institution. They are made up with ham, beef or fowl, and are sold so reasonably, that hundreds are disposed of daily. Enticing houses on railroads are not the best in the world, with here and there notable exceptions, so any woman going into the lunch-basket or lunch-box business would probably make money from the start.

The Domestic Man.

A fond father blessed with a large family of children, who was very domestic in his tastes and who enjoys telling a good story on himself, said he went home earlier than usual one afternoon, business being dull, and late in the evening slipped up stairs to help the children to bed. Being absent some time, his wife went up to see what was going on. Upon opening the nursery door and looking round, she exclaimed, "Why, dear, what in the world are you doing?" "Why," said he, "I am putting the children to bed and hearing them say their prayers." "Yes," she said, "but this one is our neighbor's child, here all undressed." He had to redress it and send it home.—The Home.

Women the Main Stay.

Poultry breeders may "blow their horns" as much as they please; criticize this and that, and learnedly write about their experience, etc., but the fact still remains that the unassuming wife is the best "poultry-man," as a general rule. She keeps an eye on the poultry, and it is through her that the details so important to the success of the business, are attended to. And she seldom receives even a word of acknowledgment; the selfish, thoughtless "Lord of Creation" modestly takes all the credit.

"There are some things that ought to be otherwise."—Agricultural Epitome.

Sweet Education.

Raisins in rum and green grapes in cream are among the sweets that New York school girls pay one dollar a pound for. Assorted chocolates are the same price, but the fillings are most remarkable. A body never knows what is coming next until she has put her teeth in the brown cube. Then California fig, almond, apple, nougat, marshmallow, ginger, jolly, marmalade, maroon and nuts and creams in variety may be discovered in a single pound.

A Female Mechanic.

An English woman who came to this country a few years ago to live with her brother, was thrown out of a home by his death. A friend hearing that she had learned the carpenter's trade in a parish school in England, advised her to do repairing from house to house. She gladly accepted the advice, and did her work so well, she soon received \$2.50 per day in families, repairing broken furniture and doing odd jobs.—Living Church.

Wouldn't Run on the Avenue.

Young St. Louisan (walking on Chouteau avenue with pretty cousin) "I'm awfully warm, Mary! Let's take a bus."

A Theatrical Sensation.

Footlights—Have you seen Miss De Noodle in her new play?
Footlights—Yes, and I tell you it is great. She outstrips all her previous efforts.—West Shore.

THE CAMP FIRE.

OUR BRAVE OLD SOLDIERS IN WAR AND PEACE.

An Anecdote of General Sherman—Fast Torpedo Boats—Confederate Prisoners at the North—Etc.

At a joint Memorial meeting of all the Grand Army Posts of Toledo, O., in honor of Gen. W. T. Sherman, Past Commander-in-Chief John S. Kountz was the orator of the occasion. In the course of his address, which was a fine tribute to the memory of the departed hero, he related the following incident and anecdote connected with his own regiment, the 37th Ohio:

"I remember our arrival near Chattanooga and going into a concealed camp on the west side of the Tennessee, just opposite Chickamauga Creek, where Maj. Hipp, of my regiment, was placed in command of the detail which was to cross the river in small boats, and, if possible, secure a landing. Near midnight, Nov. 23, 1863, all was ready and the signal given to start; and when nearing the point where it was proposed to land, a rebel picket fire was discovered and our troops hurriedly landed and captured it. On returning to the other side, the darkness made it difficult for him to find our troops, and Maj. Hipp shouted for the Fifteenth Corps, when he was immediately answered in suppressed voices to keep still or he would be arrested. Having no time for explanation, becoming impatient, the Major cried out, 'Where in hell is Gen. Sherman?' The answer promptly came from the General himself, who was not more than 50 feet away. 'What do you want?' The Major answered, 'I want a brigade; the boats are in waiting.' The General at once asked, 'Did you make a landing?' Major Hipp answered, 'Yes, and captured the picket.' Gen. Sherman, who was on horseback, surrounded by his staff, was so elated that he took off his hat and cheered. I remember that after crossing to the south bank of the river our men throwing up earthworks, and how Gen. Sherman, who had crossed the river just behind us, told the boys to 'Pitch in; this is the last ditch.' The night's undertaking was grandly accomplished, and Gen. Sherman was perhaps the happiest man in Grant's army the morning of Nov. 24, 1863."

No figure in late years had become more familiar in New York than that of General Sherman. The simplicity, candor, and childlike kindness of his nature, his manly cordiality of manner, his ready sympathy and lively humor, and the great career of heroic achievement which lay behind all, made him a most interesting and memorable personality. His name is indissolubly associated with that of General Grant in the history of the civil war, and there is no more romantic and inspiring story in our national annals than that of the march to the sea.

The general was always welcome, not only because of his great renown and his illustrious services, but because of his personal charm. The papers have been full of conversations which recall his happy speeches, the constant flow of delightful anecdote, the pleasant dalliance of a great nature in repose. Edward Everett in his oration at the unveiling of the statue of Daniel Webster in Boston describes the Defender of the Constitution on the evening before the delivery of his most famous speech, the reply to Hayne, and on the next day at its delivery in the Senate. In the evening, says Everett, but in his most elaborate and consummately effective manner, he was like one of the barks he loved rocking and swaying on the gentle lap of the waves upon the shore. But the next day he was "a mighty admiral" in action on mid-ocean, with all his broadside thundering, his canvas strained, and his flags and pennants streaming.

Sherman, in his later day, as we have known him in New York, was the boat easily swinging on the tide, the lightning of battle sheathed, and the frowning tier on tier of guns invisible. It is perhaps not too much to say that the feeling with which in every company he was greeted was akin to love. It is good to think of him so, good that the last thought of a man whose name is honored and cherished by millions should be as kindly and gentle as it is admiring and grateful. So he would have had it, and would have asked us sweeter rosemary for remembrance.—Harper's Weekly.

Fast Torpedo Boats.

Of course all builders strive for the greatest speed, and each year has seen a boat built which is faster than any before. The palm of the highest speed seems to lie at present between an English boat built for France by Thornycroft—the *Courier*; and a German boat built for Italy by Schichau—the *Nibbio*. Each of these boats can run nearly twenty-seven knots an hour. A knot, you know, is a sea mile, which is one and one-seventh land miles, so these boats can make about thirty miles an hour, or about the average speed of a railroad passenger-train. Just think of a boat rushing through the water as fast as a train of cars runs over the land!

The next most important thing in a torpedo boat is quick turning; and for this purpose the largest Normand, Schichau, and Yarrow boats have two rudders, one in the usual place at the stern, and one under the bow. Mr. Thornycroft has another device. He puts two curved rudders near the stern and the propeller is between them, so that when the rudders are turned together, the water which the propeller is driving astern is turned a little to one side and helps to push around the boat.

The latest idea in torpedo boats is to have their launching tubes mounted on turn-tables on deck instead of being fixed in the bow. With this improvement a boat will not have to steam straight at her enemy, stop, launch its torpedo, and then turn to run away; but it can train its tube on the big ship as if the tube were a gun, and launch the torpedo while rushing past at full speed. This would be less dangerous for the torpedo boat, for it would not afford the men on the ship a good aim at her.—John M. Elliott, in St. Nicholas.

Hungry for Months.

As the months passed on a marked change was noticeable in the appearance of the men. They became depressed and listless, and unsuspected trails of disposition cropped to the surface. The parade-ground was dotted with gaunt, cadaverous men, with a far-away look in their eyes and with hunger and privation showing in every line of their emaciated bodies. It was beloved by many among us that this mode of treatment was enforced as a retaliatory measure, and this belief certainly received strong support when, looking across the bay, we saw a city whose waste alone would have supplied our wants. I have seen a hungry "Reb" plunge his hand into the swill-barrel of some mess, and letting the water drain through his fingers, greedily devour what chance had given him—if anything. Speaking for myself, and well aware of what I state, I assert that for months I was not free from the cravings of hunger. One-half of my loaf and the meat portion of my ration was eaten for dinner. I supped on the remaining piece of bread, and breakfasted with "Duke Humphrey." I sometimes dreamed of food, but cannot remember in my dreams ever to have eaten it, becoming, as it were, a sort of Johnson's Island Tantalus.

When we arrived on the island the rats were so numerous that they were common sights on the parade-ground. Later on they disappeared. Many of the prisoners ate them. If asked if I myself have ever eaten one I answer no, because to cook a rat properly (like Mrs. Glass's hare) you must first catch him. I have sat half frozen in our mess kitchen armed with a stick, spiked with a nail, but was never fortunate enough to secure the game. A dog would have served the purpose better, but the chances were that some hungry "Reb" would have eaten the dog.—The Century.

Tail Port Grog.

William Talbot, Co. D, 89th N. Y., having seen the statement by Comrade Leach, of the 12th W. Va., in which he says that Dandy's Brigade, Foster's Division, Gibbon's Corps, did not take Fort Gregg, the writer agrees with him; but when he says that the fort was taken by the 12th W. Va. and the 23d Ill., he makes a misstatement. And when he says that two brigades of Ord's command, as stated by Gen. Grant, could not be used around a small fort, he might make the marines believe it, but an old soldier never. He further states that all were ordered to halt by some fool when within ten rods of the fort, but the writer thinks the rebels compelled them to halt, as it was a little too hot for them. When he says that there was not another man of any command in the ditch around the fort, except the 12th W. Va. and 23d Ill., he makes a false statement, for the writer was there, with the rest of the First Brigade, First Division, Twenty-fourth Corps, commanded by Gen. Fairchild.—National Tribune.

A Correction.

D. W. Light, Co. M, 5th Ohio Cav., thinks Comrade Hobart has forgotten about Herbert's old fighting Fourth Division, as they did not go to Ballvar until August or September, 1863. The writer has a faint recollection of the troops going on the trip mentioned, but cannot figure out where the Third Brigade of the Fourth Division came in. He is right, however, about whipping Price at the Hatchie, but is a little off about the commanders, for Herbert commanded until the infantry charged down to the river, when Ord superseded him. The first and second battalions of the regiment was with Herbert's Division from the day before the battle until Grant started for Vicksburg the first time, and he fails to remember but two brigades being in the division, one commanded by Veatch and the other by Lauman, and if the comrade was in the Third Brigade the writer would like to know who the other brigade commander was.—National Tribune.

A Monument for Sherman.

New York business men are moving in the matter of erecting an equestrian statue to Gen. Sherman. They have considerable courage to do this in face of the way New Yorkers have acted with reference to the Grant monument. But it appears that this movement is mainly among wealthy men who were personal friends and admirers of Gen. Sherman, and they can readily make up among themselves the relatively small amount—\$35,000—which it is proposed to expend upon the statue. They will make an effort to have the monument dedicated on the anniversary of the death of Gen. Sherman, which will be pretty rapid work.—National Tribune.

An Eulogy.

Dr. W. H. Russell closes an interesting article on Admiral Porter and General Sherman in the Army and Navy Gazette with the following tribute to the latter: "Alert, cheerful and confident, he was prompt and stern in action, a charming companion, full of anecdotes and of humor—dry, if you please, but sound and sweet—proud of the profession to which he belonged and a model soldier and gentleman."

FASHION IN SCALPING.

SOME OF THE VARIETIES OF HAIR RAISING.

White Men and Indians Have Different Methods of Cutting Off Their Enemies' Locks—Cowards Never Mutilated by the Scalps, Who Hate Them.

It is the fall of 1878. The Cheyennes, dissatisfied with their place in the Indian Territory, have broken into small bands and are breaking for their old homes in the north. Two companies of United States cavalry are in pursuit, but the Indians outnumber the soldiers, and when the troops get too close they turn and fight like cornered wildcats. Every day the soldiers find fresh evidences of the ferocity of the savages they are pursuing. Every village along their path has been devastated. The mutilated bodies of men lie in the streets—four or five in every town. Finally the troops reached the village of the menomonic. There they find twenty-seven dead men and boys, almost the entire male population of the town. The Indians were less merciful to the women. A fate worse than death was theirs. Several of them are found naked and stark wandering the prairie. There are other marauding bands of Indians in the country, but the work of the Cheyennes is unmistakable. The bodies are not scalped. This is the Cheyenne's way of expressing contempt for those he kills. There is no glory in carrying the scalp of a man who will not fight. One of the articles of the faith of the sect that constitutes the population of the village is abhorrence of war and all manner of bloodshed. There was not a firearm in the village when the two hundred Indians swept through it. Further on the soldiers find a wounded horse lying on the prairie. Near him is a cowboy's hat, by it lie two or three empty rifle cartridges. There was a fight here. A hundred yards further on are more shells and the grass is spotted with blood. Fifty yards further they find the body of a cowboy. About him are more shells, pistol cartridges this time. The cowboy's long hair is gone. Here was an adversary whom there was some glory in killing. To the soldiers familiar with life and death on the plains there is no mystery about what they see on the prairie there.

The cowboy met the Indians and rode for his life away from them. But among all those who pursued some must have had horses swifter than the cowboy's pony. He tried to keep them back with his rifle, but the Cheyennes are not cowards. So the unequal race was run, the Indians firing as they pursued. They shot his horse and he tried to make a fort of the animal's body. Maybe he kept them off for a time—the empty shells would indicate as much. Then they began to circle out around him to take him from the rear. His fort was no longer tenable, and he ran again. Where the second shells and the blood-stained grass were found a bullet reached him, and he went down, still fighting. He must have recovered enough to make another effort. Another shot reached him as he dropped from exhaustion and he fought on to the end with his six-shooter. That is why they took his scalp. Just the hair on the top of the dead cowboy's head was gone. The scalping-knife cut around just below the line of the hair on the forehead. Then the knife circled his head, taking in that portion of the scalp where the hair divides behind. That is the way they scalp a white man.

Had their victim been a Sioux or a Kiowa they would not have taken so much. But a white man does not distinguish his scalplock. The scalplock consists of the axis of the scalp. Just that spot where the hair that you brush to the front and to the sides joins that which you brush back toward the neck. Nearly all the Indians take great trouble with the scalplock. They let the hair grow longer there than anywhere else and braid it as carefully as a Chinaman does his queue. Frequently they braid strings of buckskin or rabbit skin in with it and ornament it with bits of glass or bright metal. Death to one of these Indians, provided he does not lose his scalplock, means mutilation. He is never dishonored while this wisp of hair is still attached to his skull.

In the earlier days of Indian fighting a whole tribe would hold a dance of rejoicing if they found their dead after a battle unscalped. Some of the western tribes have a belief that accounts for the consideration with which the scalplock is regarded. It is that the spirit of the dead Indian is lifted up to the happy hunting-grounds by his scalplock, and that without this appendage he can never reach the Indian paradise. So these Indians will do anything to prevent their scalps from ornamenting the belt or tepee of an enemy. There are numerous instances of warriors who, finding themselves cut off from all hope of escape, have ridden over precipices and gone down singing a song of triumph, because the enemy could not get their hair. This is also the reason that the Indians always carry off their dead and hide the bodies where they can never be found.

The robber second thought usually comes the next morning after the banquet.

WISCONSIN NEWS.

Major J. A. Davidson, of Epworth, is dead. Horse thieves are operating around Trempealeau.

The new railway club house at Kaukauna is to cost \$25,000.

A young man named Jordan was accidentally shot at Eau Claire.

There is an epidemic of grip at Rushford, Winnebago county.

Eliz Morgan, an old resident of Dodge county, died at Fox Lake.

Burglars took \$200 from the house of Anton Hanson, of Eau Claire.

Henderson Harvey died suddenly at Milton. He was 75 years of age.

Adam Blumer, a farmer near Monticello, sold his 47-acre farm for \$24,000.

Willie Meiner, aged 7 years, of Racine, is said to be suffering from hydrophobia.

Mrs. Joseph Lous, wife of an Oshkosh manufacturer, died at the age of forty-nine. The Salvation Army squad at Green Bay counts twenty-seven absolute conversions.

The cannery project at Berlin bids fair to be realized. About \$15,000 will be required.

The business that Fond du Lac furnishes the railways amounts to \$500,000 annually.

Janeville will vote on the question of license or no license at the ensuing election.

Maj. Fred C. Warner was buried among the old veterans in the Soldiers' Home cemetery.

There is strong probability of a general strike and lockout of plasterers in Milwaukee.

The La Crosse common council has changed the date of the bridge celebration to July 4.

Arrangements have been made at Kilbourn City to erect a crematory that will cost \$3,500.

Eau Claire's English-speaking priests have formed a branch of the American Clerical Union.

A watchmaker named Rosenow was fatally burned by an explosion of naphtha at Menasha.

Bishop Flaseh of La Crosse, who was at the point of death recently, has gone South for his health.

Mrs. Ferdinand Richter of Burlington, while temporarily insane committed suicide by drowning.

The realty of Chippewa Falls is valued at \$3,000,000. The personal property is estimated at \$1,000,000.

The Neenah Sons of Veterans have obtained 100 guns and 300 rounds of ammunition from the State.

Daniel R. Morris, one of the earliest Welsh settlers in the town of Utica, Winnebago county, is dead.

Four dangerous cases of trichinosis, caused by eating partially-cooked ham, are reported in Centerville.

Bishop Gaffney has \$1,000 toward building a new edifice for the congregation of Grace church, Appleton.

Col. N. S. Goss, a noted ornithologist, who died recently at Neenah Falls, Wis., was once a resident of Pewaukee.

Ray, according to a dispatch, is also wanted at Michigan City, Ind., for obtaining \$150 on a forged check.

Herman Falk, of the Eau Claire Light Guard, was killed while at work in a logging camp on the Flambeau river.

Ellsworth Dougherty, of Pewaukee, is reported to have married a New York heiress who is dying of consumption.

D. J. Spaulding, wagon manufacturer of Black River Falls, made an assignment. Liabilities, \$210,000; assets, \$700,000.

A child of Dan Elliot, a farmer in the town of Scott, Crawford county, was killed by the upsetting of a load of corn-fodder.

An official statement of the strength of the Farmers' Alliance in the State places the number of branch alliances at 221.

Lillian Curtis, a pretty 14-year-old girl who ran away from her home at Neenah, was arrested at a Milwaukee hotel and sent home.

James Sprawley, of Two Rivers, aged 45, unmarried, was arrested charged with attempting a criminal assault upon a married woman.

Michael Lesselung was arrested at Hurley and taken to Oshkosh on the charge of abandoning his wife, to whom he was married recently.

A man named Sigismund, of Antigo, was in Manitowish, having with him a fawn which trotted at its master's heels wherever he went.

The Assembly passed bills to provide for religious freedom in public reformatories, and making Sept. 1 a holiday to be known as Artisan's Day.

The residence of George Gerhard in Milwaukee was fired by an incendiary and the prompt discovery of the fire saved the life of Gerhard's mother-in-law.

Oscar Huhn, principal of a school in Manitowish, was fined \$10 for withholding a son at Charles Logan. Huhn had before been obliged to settle an affair of the kind.

M. W. Stevens, of Green Lake county, has been declared sane, at Oshkosh, and discharged from the guardianship of his son. The son will appeal the case. Stevens is wealthy.

Negotiations are pending in Milwaukee for the purchase of Becker's Street railroad by the Villard street-car syndicate, which now owns the Cream City and Milwaukee City railways.

Leonard Martin, one of the first settlers of Waubesa county, well known as a pioneer merchant and hotel-keeper, died at his home at Big Bend. Death was caused by pneumonia.

A farmer by the name of Knoff, in the town of Eaton, Brown county, was arrested on a charge of criminally assaulting a 12-year-old girl, when, it is alleged, he had enticed into a barn.

Fred W. Staples, charged with killing David Seely, at Staples, Jan. 17, pleaded guilty to manslaughter in the fourth degree at Grand jury, and was sentenced to thirty days in jail and a fine of \$200.

Ellen Saville, a 12-year-old girl, of Egg Harbor, took \$30 of her mother's money, went to Green Bay, and purchased a ticket to Montreal, Can. She was picked up by the police and sent home.

Jack Carkeek has given up wrestling, and will engage in business. He says there is no longer any money in wrestling. Carkeek retires with the honor of being the champion Cornish wrestler of the world.

Moritz Mursch, engineer at the Butte-Mueller saw-mill at Ellis Junction, was seriously hurt by the explosion of the boiler. Charles Voertzel, Will Waukon and Andrew Kinsler, employees, were also injured.

Mrs. H. S. Richards, of Lake Geneva, by the death of her brother in Illinois, receives quite a fortune. She gets \$3,000 now and \$100 per month for ten years when she will receive \$20,000 more. Each of her children also receives \$1,000.

Thomas H. Farnor, the insurance agent who became insane and made it lively for people about Racine, remains in jail and is worse than ever. He raved and tore every stitch of clothing from his body and attacked the prisoners.

Neenah possesses three claimants for the French spoliation awards. They are S. L. A. N. and N. E. Trout. They are direct descendants of Adam Trout, who received fatal injuries on the privateer Enterprise under Decatur when attacked by a French fleet.

Senator Persons voted against the governor's contingent fund bill, and explains his action by saying that he considers it a raise of the governor's salary under false pretenses. He wants the governor to give a detailed statement as to how he expends the fund.

RACE WITH A MAN-EATER

STARTLING ADVENTURE IN THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

While Enjoying the Pastime of Plank Riding Through the Breakers an Enthusiastic Visitor Encounters a Savage Shark.

"I had been travelling around the world, after the fashion of Englishmen, and had stopped at the Samoan Islands on my way up from Australia to run them over and gain some information regarding the natives, their ways and customs, and as a result I became enamored of the place, climate and people, and remained there nearly a year.

"During that time I made myself familiar with nearly all the islands of the group, and one in particular had a peculiar fascination to me. It was called in our tongue Inaccessable, as during a majority of the time it was almost impossible to go ashore.

"We glided into a little bay and were soon on the beach, which led up to some high hills, well timbered with tropical trees and plants. I soon saw the cause of the trouble in landing. Once on the hill tops I looked down upon a long beach, upon which beat the finest surf I had ever seen. The waves were simply great rollers, which came in a slow, dignified fashion that was most impressive. The men, who had all been there before, ran down the shore, where I soon saw them hauling some planks from the bush, which I learned they had concealed on a former occasion. In short, the waves were utilized by them to enjoy one of the most exciting sports imaginable, and I was very quickly initiated into it.

"The men threw off what little clothing they wore. Then each seized a plank and attempted to launch it. This was easier said than done, and many were the ups and downs as the big rollers came in, but finally all of them got beyond the shore and beyond the point where waves broke, and then I saw where the sport came in. Turning in shore the men throw themselves upon the planks, and watching their opportunity, steered them so that they held their position on the crest of the roller and came in with it. Once under way the natives skillfully raised themselves to their feet, and so standing upright came rushing in.

"I was younger in those days than I am now and soon convinced myself that I should enjoy this sport as well as the natives, and, securing a plank, I, too, pushed out from the shore. The first wave that struck me nearly drowned me, but I dived into the next and my plank beat me in about two minutes. I was not easily discouraged, however, and kept at it with a persistence worthy of a better cause and finally secured my position upon a wave and felt for the first time the thrill and excitement of the onward rush. There was a fascination about it that I cannot explain.

"During that visit I did not attain sufficient skill to enable me to take the rific standing, but on subsequent occasions I became proficient, and then the sport for a time became a veritable craze with me, and one day when the sea was particularly high and rolling very heavily, I met with my adventure.

"There were six of us enjoying the sport, with as many natives. I had a plank especially made for the purpose, wide and stout enough to bear my entire weight, and by lying upon it I soon forced my way over the incoming rollers and floated in the comparatively smooth water beyond. Here I turned my plank shoreward and waited for a good roller. Every third one was, as a rule, large, and finally a big green-bellied one came whirling in, shutting out the horizon. As it came I caught it, and as I felt the transferred motion lightly sprang to my feet and steadied myself on the monster that extended up and down the shore and was rushing in to its own destruction. The exhilaration amounted almost to intoxication. On I went, the big wave beginning to comb and hiss, leaving me on the edge of a watery precipice into which I would apparently be thrown.

"On I went, shouting gaily to a companion on the beach. Then I suddenly became aware that something was beside me. I gave a side glance and the reality almost made me lose my foothold upon the rushing plank. What I saw was the sharp dorsal fin of a man-eater shark cutting along through the water like a knife. The monster was thirteen or more feet long and was partly turned up toward me, showing the white gleaming undersurface.

"What passed through my mind in those few seconds can hardly be imagined. I gave myself up for lost, as I believed that the shark would soon rush at the plank, when over I would go, an easy victim. I do not know that I have more than ordinary nerve, but it flashed through my mind that possibly the shark was waiting for me to fall and would not make an attack unless I did, and in some unaccountable way I was enabled to retain my self-possession. Every second I was gaining; every second brought the big wave nearer the beach. Now it was on the verge of breaking; still the shark maintained its position; then I heard the welcome roar above me, and down it came like an avalanche, scintillating and gleaming, until with one mighty burst the aquatic monster broke. For a single second I stood in the gleaming mass and then was dashed upon the beach safe and sound.

"The shark did not come in, which was evidence to me that it had not been overcome by the rush of the water, but was simply following me with due regard to its cuisine. I need hardly say that this was my last experience riding breakers here. Upon inquiry I learned that natives had been attacked by sharks during the sport on several occasions. When I look back upon it and recall the sensation of

rushing onward high on the crest of a big wave I almost wish I could indulge in the sport again, though without the shark accompaniment.

THE POETRY OF ICE.

What May be Seen by Watching a Pan of Water While It Freezes.

A person who has never closely observed the operation of nature's great ice factory will be surprised to find how interesting it is. You need not go outside of a comfortably heated room to do this. Just place a pan of water on the window sill, when the temperature is below the freezing point, and you will soon see something that cannot fail to interest you. If you happen to have a magnifying glass, a single lens, so much the better, for the magnifying power will reveal much of the delicate work of ice making that is invisible to the naked eye. Anyway, as you closely watch the surface of the water you will soon see tiny little lances, very beautiful when seen under the microscope, shooting hither and thither on the surface of the water. If it is cold enough to make ice in the sunlight the crystal lances will glow with all the colors of the rainbow, and as they dart about the rapid changes of color will remind you of the wonders of the kaleidoscope.

As the water continues to chill the little lances will come together, and then smaller and still more delicate crystals will be seen forming between the lances and welding them together. This process goes on until the surface is covered with a beautiful film of ice hardly strong enough to bear the weight of a mosquito. But the process goes on under this superficial layer, and a smooth and solid surface is the result.

Many people have the impression that the ice particles form at the bottom and float to the top of the water. If this were true our lakes and some of our large rivers would be glaciers, solid masses of ice all the year. At the surface, where the freezing process is going on, water is always colder than at any level below. In all our northern lakes and deep rivers the great body of water is from the five to eight degrees above the freezing point, even when heavy ice covers the surface.

Taught a Lesson.

A man with large business interests and a handsome income married a lady who, accustomed all her previous life to the luxuries of wealth, had never formed any clear conception of the worth and purchasing power of money. For some months the indulgent husband gratified his wife's every whim.

One day the lady, to carry out some caprice, asked for a check for so large a sum that the gentleman was disturbed. He saw that such prodigality, if persisted in, meant ruin; but not wishing to grieve his wife by a downright refusal, he determined to give her a lesson in finance. He thereupon smilingly remarked that he could not give her a check as usual, but would send up the money from his store.

About noon the promised money came, not in crisp bills, as was expected, but in silver dollars, the sum total filling several specie bags.

The wife was at first vexed, then amused and finally, as the afternoon wore away, became deeply thoughtful. When her husband came home to supper, she took him gently by the arm, and leading him into the room where the ponderous bags of specie were still standing, said:

"My dear, is this the money I asked you for this morning?"

"It is, my love," was the reply.

"And did you have to take this money all in dollar by dollar, in the course of your business?" was the next question.

"Yes," he answered gently; "it represents the results of many weeks of hard labor."

"Well, then," she said, with tearful eyes, send a man to take it back to the bank in the morning. I can't use so much money for so trivial a purpose. I didn't understand about it before."

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

A Trifle Sarcastic.

"You drummers must have a nice time travelling over the country as you do," said a man the other day to a drummer.

"Yes, of course we do. It is just jolly to go to an average hotel in the country towns, sleep on hard beds and eat tougher victuals than you will find in a miners' or a railway construction camp. Why, I was up in Idaho the other week and was laid out at nearly all the sidetracks because of late trains, wrecks, etc. One night I sat up till 4, first waiting for the train, and then waiting to get off, and getting in town there was not a place to sleep, and not even a chair in a warm room where I could keep from getting frozen. After daylight I got breakfast, and, being delayed till dinner, a friend asked if I was going in to eat. Looking at him, I replied: 'Well, I don't think I have strength enough. It takes a good deal of courage to attack such meals as we get here.' Yes, we drummers have a jolly time in our business, and it don't take much labor to unpack and pack one dozen or so sample trunks at every town. You ought to join our army of drummers if you want to enjoy life."

To Magnetize a Knife.

Take a pocket or a table knife and lay its blade flat upon the back of a fire shovel. With a pair of tongs held firmly in the hand rub the blade vigorously and always in the same direction, from point to base. Turn the blade over now and then, so that the friction may be applied to both sides. After a rubbing of from forty to fifty seconds the blade will be magnetized, and will be capable of lifting a needle with which it is placed in contact, point to point. The magnetization will last a long time. This experiment which is not put down in works on physics, is very interesting and worthy of study.

—NATURE.

SEEK BUT NEVER FIND.

MEN WHO HUNT PERPETUAL MOTION.

There Are a Number of Frauds Seeking to Do the Utterly Impossible, but Many More Are Lunatics—It Is a Very Ancient Hobby.

As is generally known, a perpetual motion machine is one to be moved by a power furnished by the machine itself and not from any source outside of it. A mill or a clock run by the incessant rise and fall of the tide is not perpetual motion. Neither is a machine that runs by the power of terrestrial or other magnetism, or of the wind, or of variations in the weight of the atmosphere, or by electricity coming from outside of the machine, or by the force of heat coming from the sun. A wheel that could always of itself keep more weight at one side than at the other and thus turn so long as its materials lasted would be perpetual motion, and such has been the form of most of the machines invented for the purpose.

It may be safely said that there are to-day as many minds afflicted with this mild form of insanity as there have been at any time in the past. Every city, town and hamlet possesses its would-be inventor who is striving to achieve the end that is to startle the world. Many who will not openly admit that they believe perpetual motion is possible are secretly thinking upon the matter and entertaining the hope that they may yet do what so many have failed in doing. No other fallacy has been so popular or has so long withstood the light of reason as has perpetual motion. Alchemy and the transmutation of metals, which for a season so occupied the minds of men, passed away to return no more. The philosopher's stone and the elixir vitae were believed in and earnestly sought after by the really scientific men of a few generations, but the search was finally given up. The phantom of perpetual motion, however, will not down, but beckons men on and on, leading them all to the same inevitable result—total failure. Men are as far from the discovery of the secret to-day as they were seven centuries ago, and they will get no nearer to it until a weight placed upon the ground can lift itself up, or, as the idea is sometimes more strikingly presented, until one can lift himself off the floor by pulling his boot straps.

More than a century ago the Academie Royale des Sciences at Paris passed a resolution that they would no longer entertain communications about discoveries of perpetual motion. Men had worked for centuries on the theory that the discovery of perpetual motion was possible, nor did this authoritative opinion to the contrary alter their views. And they are still at it, and probably will to the end of time. Hundreds of patents have been granted for machines for the purpose, and the widespread and continued existence of the fallacy is clearly shown by the scores of designs and incomplete models in the patent office at Washington.

Honecourt, a Flemish architect of the thirteenth century, left a drawing of a wheel that was to solve the problem. With this memorandum: "Many a time have skillful workmen tried to contrive a wheel that shall turn of itself. Here is a way to make such a one, by an uneven number of mallets or by quicksilver." But, unfortunately, he did not leave the wheel. From this time on seekers after perpetual motion have been numerous, many of them supposed to be very respectable and intelligent men. Among the receivers of twenty-six English and twenty-three French patents taken out for perpetual motions between 1860 and 1869 were a colonial bishop, a professor of philosophy, one of languages, two barons, a Knight Templar, a doctor of medicine, two civil engineers, several mechanical engineers, etc.

Arkwright, the celebrated English inventor (in his younger days), and even Sir Isaac Newton, believed perpetual motion might be discovered. All so-called perpetual motion machines that have run have been in positions with secret clockwork or some other hidden source of propulsion. Fulton one time went to see a "perpetual motion" machine, having a friend with him. After sitting and listening and looking intently for a few minutes Fulton's sensitively accurate ear and eye told him that the machinery showed the recurring alternation of comparative speed and slowness which always comes from a crank turned by hand. In spite of the opposition of the enraged exhibitor, Fulton and his friend seized the machine, jerked away the table it stood on, found that a cord led through one leg and away under the floor, and following the track into the back yard they found the "motion"—a venerable beggar seated on a stool, munching a crust and grinding away at a crank.

And so it has been in a score of other cases in which men have presumed, by the aid of levers, balls rolling on an inclined plane, the wheel and axle, the Archimedes screw, the pump, the syphon, the hydrostatic bellows, the hydraulic ram, etc., to have discovered perpetual motion. An authority in the study declares: "From the infant machines projected in the thirteenth century to the last hydraulic, pneumatic, weighted and

lever-worked pretensions patented as motions, no motion whatever has resulted from the one or the other to the present day. Not a solitary discovery is on record, not one absolutely ingenious scheme projected or one simple self-motive model accomplished."

Isn't it about time for some people to cease wasting time and money in seeking to discover perpetual motion and for those who persist in it to be placed in an asylum, if one large enough to contain them can be built, where they can laugh at each other's absurdities and be united in their purpose to achieve what reason and history declare is "The thing that can't be done?"

CATCHING AT STRAWS.

The Old Saying Realized in Every-Day Life on the Great Lakes.

"Yes," said an old lake captain in an interview last night, "a drowning man will catch at a straw. I have seen many illustrations thereof. Most people think the old proverb is a mere figure of speech, but it is a living truth."

"Is it true, captain," was asked, "that the first thing a rescued man thinks of is his hat?"

"Yes, sir," replied the captain, his face lighting up, "that is a fact, too. I have seen it emphasized many times in the course of my experience. Over and over again I have been called to the assistance of a drowning man; I would plunge in and rescue him just, let us say, at the last instant. Dragged on the dock, gasping for breath, his voice choked with water, the man, if he follows his instincts, will, as soon as he gains the least degree of strength, suddenly rise from his prostrate posture and stretch his arms toward his head, then missing his hat (usually lost in the struggle), he will cry out desperately, pointing to his hat floating down the river, 'oh, save my hat! save my hat!'"

"And he will never think of himself, captain?"

"But seldom, sir," was the reply. "A rescued man is the most obstinate and headstrong being imaginable. He wants to do all sorts of foolish things. He generally wants to rush up and be away before he has had time to recover his strength; or some bystander will insist on giving the man several large gulps of whisky. This generally has the effect of turning the patient's stomach. But as I said before, a man under these circumstances seldom thinks of himself, much less the one who rescued his life. He means well enough, no doubt, but he nearly always forgets to present his obligations in tangible form."

Myths of the Sea's Saltiness.

There are hundreds of queer myths and traditions given to account for the fact that the sea is salt, says the St. Louis Republic.

The Arabs say that when the first pair sinned they were living in a beautiful garden on a tract of land joined to a mainland by a narrow neck or isthmus. When it became known to the Holy One that his people had sinned he went to the garden for the purpose of driving them out and across the narrow neck of land into the patch of thorn and brambles on the other side. Anticipating what would be the consequence of their heinous crime, they had prepared to leave their beautiful garden, and had actually gone so far as to send the children and the goats across into the thicket.

When the Holy One appeared on the scene the first pair started to run, but the woman looked back. For this the man cursed her, and for such a crime was almost immediately turned into a huge block of salt. (Compare with Genesis xix., 24.) The woman, more forgiving than her husband, stooped to pick up the shapeless mass of salt, when immediately the narrow neck of land began to crack and break. As she touched what had once been her companion she, too, was turned to salt just as the neck of land sank and the waters rushed through.

From that day to this, the Arabs say, all the waters of the ocean have rushed through that narrow channel at least once a year, constantly wearing away the salt of what was once our first parents, yet the bulk of the two salty objects is not diminished to this day.

Tons Raised by a Touch.

A powerful crane, capable of raising into the air, in response to the touch of an electric button, a locomotive weighing ninety tons has been put in operation at the Baldwin locomotive works. The huge engine rides smoothly on a heavy track elevated twenty-eight feet above the level of the floor of the main shop.

Formerly the work of raising from the ground a locomotive in the process of construction was accomplished with great difficulty by the aid of hydraulic jacks. At present the locomotive whose wheels, or other parts, are to be adjusted is grasped in a wrought-iron yoke, and, with surprising ease, lifted, in obedience to the engineer's touch, into mid-air, and shifted to any desired position in the shops.—Philadelphia Record.

A Painter for Country Store Patrons.

Abraham Lincoln used to tell a story about two men who made a fortune in Kentucky. One of them minded his own business and the other let other people's business alone. Both of them got rich, lived long and died happy.

ARCTIC ANIMALS' FOOD.

THEY TAKE WHATEVER THEY CAN GET.

Frederick Schwatka, the Renowned Arctic Explorer Talks Interestingly on the Subject—The Whale and the Bear.

Everybody is interested in all talks referring to the polar regions—the vast extent of mystery land, water and ice embraced within the Arctic circle. Frederick Schwatka, in a recent letter on the subject of Polar Animals, and What They Live on in Summer and Winter, says:

"And why not tell how they live in the fall and spring?" one may ask, but when I say that in the coldest parts of the polar regions there is hardly any fall or spring, but summer rushes into winter at a rate we can hardly comprehend, while winter jumps with a suddenness that would sprain the back of the clerk of the weather if he attempted to follow its changes in these cold regions; when I explain this fact it is clear to see that no one would be called on to give a spring and fall catalogue of Arctic diet for its wild and savage denizens.

In the summer, as would be expected, the polar beasts and birds would have the easier time in procuring their food compared with winter.

The polar fox then finds an abundance of elder duck and dove-like eggs, and occasionally catches the birds themselves, while in the winter time he has to skulk around pretty lively among the ptarmigans and polar hares to keep his appetite down to zero. If a "fenced" whale, or one that has had its blubber stripped from it by the crew of a whaling ship floats ashore, there Reynard is sure to be for a royal feast, while he is usually surrounded by a perfect polar menagerie of white bears, wolves, wolverines, and others, all living in comparative harmony, for the simple reason that in the huge carcasses there is enough for all and ample to spare. But, as a usual thing, if such an enormous chunk of meat as that floats ashore in the Eskimo country the people are remarkably diligent about camping alongside of it, for then the problem of dog food for the winter is settled, while if a light pinch comes in their own diet they are not averse to whale meat in the least. But usually when the Arctic whale is "fenced" of its blubber, or fat of a foot or two in depth it sinks and only floats ashore when the gases of putrefaction are developed and then its flesh is decidedly gamy, if not worse.

The polar whale, on its part, lives on a small marine creature not longer than a grain of corn, millions of which are needed to make a meal or even a mouthful for this monster. This minute elio borealis, as the scientists call it (not near so long as its name), or "whale grit," as the whalers, less poetically, style it, often amounts in such enormous quantities as to change the color of the sea to a deep olive green. Through this mass the whale lushes its way, right and left, the back part of its teeth (which furnishes the whalebone we are so used to seeing) being covered with a sort of hair that interlaces to form a sieve or net when the huge beast ejects an enormous mouthful of water filled with grit, thus catching the elios by the myriads at each suction and ejection of the water in its mouth. This is its food in the fall, winter, spring and summer; but what the elios lives on no one has yet informed us.

The fox, on its part, occasionally furnishes food for the Eskimo; but as an Eskimo is not an animal we are not called on to show how he is fed, either in the summer or winter. Still, it may be interesting to note that no less a distinguished Arctic explorer than Sir John Ross has partaken of the polar fox and pronounced the meat of delicate flavor and excellent quality.

The polar bear, besides refreshing himself on an occasional whale, does a good deal of fishing on a smaller scale, and in the summer months when the salmon are running up the Arctic rivers to spawn this boreal brute can frequently be seen where the shallow rapids and riffles are located fishing with his paws for the salmon that have to run the gantlet here. He is a very great depredator on the reindeer caches or cairns of the natives, or where those people have hidden the meat of the slaughtered reindeer under huge stones. They—the Eskimo hunters—get as big ones as they can carry, and when there are several of them in the party these are pretty large, but the big polar bear is usually more than a match for all of them and can nearly always tear down the cairns if he can scent or smell the meat. To prevent their doing this the native hunter piles snow over the stone cache and converts it into ice by pouring water over it all, thus not only destroying or effectually imprisoning the smell of the meat but also furnishing a glacial mortar for the stonework that most thoroughly resists the stout claws of this huge beast. Still with all their precautions the Eskimo hunters lose caches of reindeer, seal, walrus, and musk-ox meat through the depredations of polar bears, wolves, wolverines, and even the weaker but more cunning animals as the foxes, sables, etc., etc., and thus contribute in no small measure to the winter food of the Arctic animals.

The Wonder of Wonders.

When Mr. Loughton was Spanish consul at Boston he was one day standing near where some ballast-stones were being thrown overboard from a vessel that had recently arrived from a European seaport. Among this rubbish was a flint pebble somewhat larger than a hen's egg, which, when it struck one of the larger stones, separated in the middle. Mr. Loughton stooped and picked up the two halves. On each half, in marks made by the

natural growth of the stones, were two perfect human heads in profile, all of the outlines of features and hair being perfectly distinct, the natural portrait being much darker than the surrounding stone. The most surprising part of the whole incident is the fact that, even though the two halves fit together exactly, one of the faces was clearly that of a male, the other that of a female. Even the putting up of the hair was appropriate to the sex; yet, in the stone, they were face to face.

STARVING TO DEATH.

The Pangs of Hunger, as Described by One Who Has Suffered.

For the first two days through which a strong and healthy man is doomed to exist upon nothing but his sufferings are, perhaps, more acute than in the remaining stages; he feels an inordinate, unspeakable craving at the stomach night and day. The mind runs upon beef and other substance, but in a great measure the body retains its strength, says a writer in the Yankee Blade.

On the third and fourth days, but especially on the fourth, this incessant craving gives place to a sinking and weakness of the stomach, accompanied by nausea. The unfortunate sufferer still desires food, but with a loss of strength he loses that eager craving which is felt in the earlier stages. Should he chance to obtain a morsel or two of food he swallows it with wolfish avidity, but five minutes afterward his sufferings are more intense than ever. He feels as if he had swallowed a living lobster, which is clawing and feeding upon the very foundation of his existence.

On the fifth day his cheeks suddenly appear hollow and sunken, his body attenuated; his color is ashy pale and his eyes wild, glassy and cannibal-like. The different parts of the system now war with each other. The stomach calls upon the legs to go in quest of food; the legs, from weakness, refuse.

The sixth day brings with it increased suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in an overpowering languor and sickness. The head becomes giddy; the ghosts of well-remembered dinners pass in hideous procession through the mind.

The seventh day comes, bringing increased lassitude and further prostration of strength. The arms hang lifelessly; the legs drag heavily; the desire for food is still left to a degree, but it must be brought, not sought.

The miserable remnant of life which still hangs to the sufferer is a burden almost too grievous to be borne, yet this inherent love of existence induces a desire still to preserve it if it can be saved without a tax on bodily exertion. The mind wanders. At one moment he thinks his wearied limbs cannot sustain him a mile; the next he is endowed with natural strength, and if there be a certainty of relief before him dashes bravely and strongly forward, wondering whence proceeds his new and sudden impulse.

The Whankidoodles.

Of a word comes softly swelling Even in the busiest time; What it means there is no telling; Not for reason, 'tis for rhyme. 'Tis a name without a being, Yet when evening light gleams low You may fancy that you're seeing Where the Whankidoodles grow.

They are grouped along the edges Of the strangely tinted sodges, Near Forgetful River, flowing through the Land of Dreams. Where the Whick-whacks gaily wander And the Bilboks oft meander, And the Zingrees, too, disports him in that peacefullest of streams.

Parasites in What You Eat.

There is a man at a small stand in the lobby of an uptown hotel, says the New York Sun, who is doing a thriving business by illustrating to customers the truth from Butler's "Hudibras," which I cannot quote exactly at the moment, to the effect that great men have lesser men to bite 'em, and the lesser ones still smaller things, ad infinitum. He does it by displaying under a small but powerful microscope a piece of food—almost any kind of solid food—about the size of an ordinary pinhead. The revelation is startling to all, sickening to some, but suggestive to all who care to subject such supplies as cheese, for instance, to inspection. On a piece of Stilton cheese no larger than a pin's head I counted seven living and lively parasites, the largest apparently the size of my little finger nail. I may add in the interest of home manufacturers that a similar piece of Erie cheese of American make did not appear to disadvantage under the microscope, which I immediately secured for home use. This patriotic illustration of the microscope, oft repeated, sells many an instrument and booms cheese made of American cream from an American dairy.

The Oldest Tree on Earth.

The oldest tree on earth, at least as far as anyone knows, is the "Boo" tree in the sacred city of Amarapura, Burmah. It was planted, the record says, in the year 288 B. C., and is, therefore, nearly 2,300 years old. Its great age is proved according to historic documents, says Sir James Emerson, who adds: "To it kings have dedicated their dominions in testimony of a belief that it is a branch of the identical fig tree under which Buddha reclined at Urumulva when he underwent his apotheosis." Its leaves are carried away by pilgrims as relics, but as it is too sacred to touch with a knife these leaves can only be gathered after they have fallen.

Can This Be So?

"Nothing wears a railroad traveler more than a straight track," says an old railroad man. "Any road with fifty miles of straight track would be shunned for one with three or four curves in that distance. I know legions of people who put themselves out to go by roads which wind and curve and give a new bit of scenery every few minutes."

MARJORIE.

Dimpled, and fair as a lily,
With curls of the golden red's hue,
And eyes like shy myosotis,
Reflecting the sky's deep blue;
A voice like the song of a wild bird,
Clear and sweet from the top of its tree,
Unlike the eagle one's threnody
Of longing once more to be free;
A laugh like the soft gurgling ripple
Of the brook in the meadow, that flows
In sinuous curves thro' the willows,
And murmurs a song as it goes;
A mouth like a red rose half opened,
To whisper of love and caress,
Has this wee, winsome, rare little maiden,
Sent by heaven to comfort and bless.
—Inogene Pope.

WHAT WAS IT?

A number of years ago there was employed in one of the large wine manufacturing houses at Egg Harbor City a steady young fellow of German descent, named Joseph Zeigler. But as sometimes happens to German young men as well as to those of strict American parentage, Joseph was in love.

Two or three evenings every week would this devoted young Deutscher walk four miles out into the bush to call upon a pretty, yellow-haired Fraulein who answered to the name of Minna Vanzandt, and to whom he expected to be married as soon as he was able to support a family. So it is not a great source of wonderment that it was often well along toward morning before he finally entered the little room at Egg Harbor where at present he was lodging.

Thus it came about that Joseph was once trudging on along through the sand of a narrow and bush-bordered road, among the wee small hours at the little end of the day. He had just left the Vanzandt homestead and the charming and amiable Minna; and naturally enough, he was a happy man.

More than two miles of dusty highway lay before him before the next clearing would be reached, and large tracts of land thickly covered with scrub oak and pine crowded close upon the roadside. Occasional paths and openings led out into the woodland on either side, but in spite of these the walk was decidedly lonesome, and so thought the young fellow in question in spite of pleasant thoughts of the fair-haired Matchless whom he had just left. So he rather wished he could have company, though the evening was a bright and moonlit one.

Suddenly, and without the slightest previous warning, Joseph became conscious that he was not alone. An old man, with long gray beard was walking along by his side, though seemingly ignorant of his proximity.

The young man wondered much at his presence there at that hour, but his company was decidedly welcome; for, if the truth be told, Joseph was feeling a trifle timid.

"Good evening, sir; if it is not too late," said he to the stranger with a view to being sociable.

The old man paid not the slightest attention to the salutation; he did not appear as if he had even heard it, for he kept walking along in the same absorbed and silent manner.

"Wie gehts, mein Freund," said Joseph in a little louder tone, thinking his companion might not understand English or was somewhat deaf; but still there was no sign that he was heard. The old man only walked along as quietly and unobtrusively as ever.

Joseph looked at him even more sharply than before, but he could not see anything about him to occasion the least alarm. The silent old man not only made no offer to molest him in any way, but he paid no more attention to him than he would to a fencepost. If one had been there.

Evidently he was not a tramp, for he was well-dressed, and the glint of a gold chain crossed his vest-front. Zeigler also observed that he walked with a stout staff, whose head was grotesquely carved into the semblance of a human skull, and that his features were pale, even to ghastliness.

The taciturn stranger walked along by his side for nearly a mile, and, though Joseph spoke to him several times in both German and English, he could not even attract his attention. Then he suddenly turned down a narrow by-path that led off among the bushes on the right, and disappeared in the shadows.

Much mystified, Zeigler walked rapidly homeward, and when he again called upon his beloved a few evenings later, he made some inquiries in regard to the matter. But Herr Vanzandt knew of no one answering at all to the young man's description. No one lived out in the bush in that direction, and there were no paths there except cattle-tracks, leading nowhere in particular.

The fair Minna soon engrossed Joseph's attention, however, so the queer old man was entirely forgotten. He thought no more about the affair till he set out on his return that night or rather the next morning, for it was considerably past midnight.

At about the same spot Zeigler was thunderstruck by suddenly discovering that the mysterious old man was again walking at his side. How and whence he came, Joseph could not explain; the first he knew the old man was there. As before, all efforts to attract his attention were useless.

At the same rift through the bushes

the old man suddenly stopped, and for the first time looked at his somewhat alarmed companion. It was a piercing glance, if only a momentary one, and Joseph noticed that his eyes had a dim phosphorescent light as of smoldering fire lurking in their depths. Then he turned on his heel, walked rapidly off through the bushes and disappeared as before.

For reasons that Zeigler could not have explained even to himself, he said nothing to anyone of this second encounter with the gray-bearded stranger. But when next he returned from Vanzandt's he kept close watch in order to see where the old man came from should he again intrude upon him. It was all in vain.

Before he knew it, his silent companion was once more at his side and he was none the wiser as to whence he came. In spite of his watchfulness the first thing he knew the old man was there.

Thoroughly terrified Zeigler broke into a sharp run in order to leave him in the rear. The old man never turned his head and apparently was perfectly ignorant of his unwilling companion's existence, yet he still kept his place beside him. Joseph stopped short in the road; the old man did the same.

Finding he could not get rid of his remarkable companion Joseph made the best of him, but his steps were rapid for he was much alarmed. He did not like the singular manner of the stranger and at once decided that he must be insane.

As on the former occasion, the old man stopped and gave Joseph a piercing look from his glowing eyes ere he turned off into the woods; but this time he did more than that. He motioned with great earnestness for his companion to follow him. Finding he would not do so, he then turned slowly away and vanished among the bushes.

It was more than two weeks before Joseph called upon Minna again. The risk of encountering that silent, uncanny old man again was too much for his rather limited amount of courage.

But when the moon was nearing its full once more he summoned up all his determination and went. He felt that he must see Fraulein Vanzandt again in spite of all the crazy people in New Jersey.

He dreaded his lonely walk a good deal, however, and it was not much to be wondered at that he fortified himself with more than the usual amount of Herr Vanzandt's home-made wine. He also started for home at a much earlier hour.

It was the same story over again. The old man was apparently on the lookout for him, as he suddenly appeared at his side. He still carried the singular staff in his hand, and still refused to be distracted or to reply to any remark addressed to him. As he turned off from the road he beckoned even more urgently than before for his young companion to follow him.

Herr Vanzandt's wine was having considerable effect on Joseph's courage, and he felt as bold as a lion. So he unhesitatingly stepped out of the highway in obedience to the invitation, and followed the singular madman along through the bushes; but the hand in his coat-pocket gripped firmly the butt of a revolver with which he had taken the precaution to arm himself.

The path conducted the strangely assorted pair some ten or fifteen rods into the thicket, and finally ended in a little opening among a cluster of low, dark pines. There the remarkable guide came to a halt.

He turned around and faced his companion where the moonlight fell most strongly upon his form and features, and removed the broad-brimmed hat that he wore. As he did so the young man started back with an exclamation of horror.

The thick, gray hair was matted and fairly soaked with blood, and a thin dark stream of it was beginning to trickle down across the pallid features. It was a ghastly sight.

Joseph Zeigler had scarcely noticed all this when it seemed to him as if the old man's flesh suddenly dropped away from him and dissolved in the pale moon-beams before his very eyes. For a brief instant a bleached and whitened skeleton stood there in the flood of moonlight, then the separating bones fell in a confused heap at his feet with a sharp, dry rattle.

The feticulous courage born of Herr Vanzandt's wine vanished in an instant at the horrible sight. With a shriek of terror Joseph turned and fled from the grisly phantasm, and he never slackened his headlong pace till he found himself one of the silent streets at Egg Harbor City.

The next morning he headed a little exploring party, and conducted them through the bushes till they reached the little circle of pines that had shrouded the horror of the night before. Lying there among the leaves and rubbish they found the bleaching bones of a man's skeleton; and close beside lay a walking stick whose heavy knob was a mimic skull, and to an angle of which still clung a few gray hairs.

The cranium had been crushed in on one side as if by a terrible blow from a bludgeon, and there was no trace of the glittering gold chain worn by Zeigler's strange companion of the preceding evening. The staff, a few shreds of cloth, and the bones, were all that remained to tell of something that had been a man.

The remains were taken away and given a decent burial, but nothing further was ever discovered in regard to them. Whose they were could never be ascertained.

Whether an insane murderer had taken this awful way to guide the world to his victim's body, or whether the spirit of the murdered man himself had returned from its abode in the unknown and mystery-shadowed future to point out his mortal remains for interment, will probably never be known. Joseph tried in vain to find out the identity of the singular man who conducted him to that midnight scene of horror on that pleasant moonlight night; and if it was not a man, what was it?

IMAGINATION KILLED HER.

A Dream of Death Accurately Carried Out to the Uttermost End.

A remarkable instance of the hold superstition has upon the mind of even the educated and religious, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, was recently exhibited in the case of Mrs. Rebecca Byrnes of Helena, Ark., a lady noted for her intellectual attainments and pious life. One morning, arising in what seemed her usual health and spirits, she summoned her children to come to her.

One son was residing in Topeka, Kan., one in New Orleans, two daughters were married and living in Sedalia, Mo., but, obedient to their mother's call they came at once, though ignorant of the reason of their summons. When all were about her the lady informed them that she had had a dream, in which her husband, who had been dead for nearly fifteen years, had warned her that she had only ten days more of life. She sent for her children to bid them good-by, which she proceeded to do with much calmness, but with the air of one who had not the slightest doubt that she was already dying.

Her friends attempted to reason with her and to point out the folly of placing such perfect confidence in a dream, but all to no purpose, for the lady persisted in asserting that she would depart from earth on such a day and exactly at a certain hour.

Her pastor remonstrated with her, and even brought the severest censure to bear on her superstitious credulity, and at last Mrs. Byrnes ceased to speak of the matter, so that her family had begun to think that she had conquered her fancy. She continued in excellent health and pursued her daily life, but just before the hour she had predicted she sought her children and bade them good-by, then, seating herself quietly in an arm-chair, expired just as the hour was struck. The physicians declare that her death was due solely to her imagination.

A Story About Moody.

Those who have heard Mr. Moody tell the story of his life will appreciate this from the Boston Transcript: "The picture of the small boy, Moody, leaving his home because the funds of the family were too straitened to support them all comfortably; his departure for the place in the country which his brother had obtained for him; there to do the work needed on a farm, his homeliness and despair, and his sitting down by the way to have 'a good cry'—these are the shadows."

"The light thrown on the canvas came from the kind-hearted man who made a point of giving a cent to every new boy who arrived in the town. The cent was given, one of the old-fashioned, generous ones, and so bright and shining that it looked to the child's eyes like gold."

"But better far than the coin was the act of this same man, when he gently lifted the boy's cap and laid his hand upon his head, giving him a hearty 'God bless you.' The action of mind on mind is mystical, infinite. Who can compute the result of that blessing on the youthful head? Mr. Beecher has well said, 'Men need brotherhood and sympathy as much as they need the loaf. The soul is often hungrier than the body, and no shop can sell it food.'"

A Queer Bird.

During a visit to New Zealand Dr. Fristad, succeeded in obtaining a specimen of the quail and almost extinct kibi bird. The bird is somewhat like an ostrich, but only the size of a crow; it has no wings at all, and is covered with fur-like, short-striped feathers. Another peculiarity about the kibi is the fact that its egg is larger than one-third of its body. He also succeeded in bringing home some Maori skulls, which are difficult to obtain, on account of the manner in which the natives bury their dead. When the bodies have been so long in the ground that all the flesh has fallen from the skeleton, they unearth them and carry them into the interior of the forest, where they are deposited in natural caves, which are very difficult to find. Any one discovered with one is sure to be killed.

Down on Cats.

A young woman of Athens, Ga., detects the presence instantly of any feline that enters the room where she is. She need not see or hear the animal when it enters, but has intuition of its disapprobation presence by strange sensations that she invariably experiences when she is brought into contact with a cat, and she entertains an unconquerable repugnance to these animals.

THOUGHTS FOR EASTER.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON ON THE GREAT CHURCH FESTIVAL.

The Significance of Christ's Resurrection in the Lives of His Followers.

New York, March 22.—Dr. Talmage preached an Easter sermon to his audience today. Both at the morning service in Brooklyn and at New York in the evening the Academies of Music were bright with a profusion of flowers, Easter lilies being conspicuous. A selection of music appropriate to the festival was beautifully rendered at each service. The text of the preacher's discourse was Matthew 28:6, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay." Visiting any great city we are not satisfied until we have also looked at its cemetery. We examine all the styles of cenotaph, mausoleum, sarcophagus, crypt and sculpture. Here lies buried a statesman, yonder an orator, here a poet, out there an inventor, in some other place a great philanthropist. But with how much greater interest and with more depth of emotion we look upon our family plot in the cemetery. In the one case, it is a matter of public interest; in the other, it is a matter of private and heartfelt affection. But around the grave at which we halt this morning, there are gathered all kinds of stupendous interest. At this sepulchre, I have to tell you, in this sepulchre there was buried a Conqueror, an Emancipator, a Friend, a Brother, a Christ, Monarch of the universe, but bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, and sorrow of our sorrow, and heart of our heart. "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

It has for surroundings, the manner in the suburbs of Jerusalem, a manor owned by a wealthy gentleman by the name of Joseph. He was one of the court of seventy who had condemned Christ, but I think he had voted in the negative, or, being a timid man, had been absent at the time of the casting of the vote. He had laid out the parterre at great expense. It was a hot climate and I suppose there were broad-branched trees and winding paths underneath them, while here the waters rippled over the rocks into a fishpool, and yonder the vines and the flowers clambered over the wall, and all around there were the beauties of kiosk and arboriculture. After the fatigues of the Jerusalem courtroom, in refreshing to come out in these suburbs botanical and pomological.

I walk a little further on in the parterre and I come across a cluster of rocks, and I see on them the marks of a sculptor's chisel. I come still closer and I find that there is a subterranean recess and I walk down the marble stairs, and come to a portico, over the doorway—an architecture of fruits and flowers chiseled by the hand of the sculptor. I go into the portico and on either side there are rooms, two, four or six rooms of rock. In the walls are niches, each niche large enough to hold a dead body. One of these rooms of rock is especially wealthy with sculpture. It was a beautiful and charming spot. Why all this? The fact was that Joseph, the owner of the parterre, of that wealthy manor, had recognized the fact that he could not always walk those gardens, and he sought this as his own last resting place. When a beautiful plot in which to wait for the resurrection.

Mark well the mausoleum in the rock. It is to be the most celebrated tomb in all the ages; Catacombs of Egypt, tomb of Napoleon, Mahal Taj of India, nothing compared with it. Christ had just been murdered and his body must be thrown out to the dogs and the ravens as was customary with crucified bodies, unless there be prompt and effective hindrance. Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum, begs for the body of Christ, and he takes and washes the poor and mutilated frame from the blood and the dust, and shrouds it and perfumes it.

I think embalment was omitted. When in olden times they wished to embalm a dead body, the priest, with some pretension of medical skill would show the point between the ribs where the incision was to be made. Then the operator would come and make the incision, and then run his finger along the ribs, to see if he was violating the dead body. Then the other priests would come with salt nitro and cassia, and wine of palm tree, and complete the embalment. But I think in this case embalment was omitted lest there be more excitement and another riot. The funeral advances. Present: Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum; Nicodemus, who brought the flowers, and the two Marys. Heavy laden on the shoulders of two men as they carry the body of Christ down the marble stairs and into the portico, and lift the dead weight to the level of the niche in the rock, and push the body of Christ into the only pleasant resting place it ever had. These men coming forth close the door of rock against the recess. The government, afraid that the disciples would steal the body of Christ and play resurrection, put upon the door the seal of the Sanhedrin, the violation of that seal, like the violation of the United States government, or of the British government, always followed with severe penalties.

A regiment of soldiers from the Tower of Antonio is detailed to guard that mausoleum. At the door of that tomb a fight took place which decided the question for all grave-yards and cemeteries. Sword of lightning against sword of steel. Angel of God against the military. The body in the crypt begins to move in its shroud of fine linen and slides down upon the pavement, moves through the portico, appears in the doorway, comes up the marble steps. Christ having left his mortuary attire behind him, comes forth in the garb of a workman as I take it, from the fact that the women mistook him for the gardener.

There and then was shattered the tomb so that it can never be rebuilt. All the trowels of earthly masonry cannot mend it. Forever and forever it is a broken tomb. Death that day taking the side of the military, moves through the portico, appears in the doorway, comes up the marble steps. Christ having left his mortuary attire behind him, comes forth in the garb of a workman as I take it, from the fact that the women mistook him for the gardener. There and then was shattered the tomb so that it can never be rebuilt. All the trowels of earthly masonry cannot mend it. Forever and forever it is a broken tomb. Death that day taking the side of the military, moves through the portico, appears in the doorway, comes up the marble steps. Christ having left his mortuary attire behind him, comes forth in the garb of a workman as I take it, from the fact that the women mistook him for the gardener.

O weep no more, your comforts slain. The Lord is risen, he lives again. Again! Standing in this place where the Lord lay, I am impressed with the fact that floral and sculptural ornamentation are appropriate for the places of the dead. We are all glad that in the short time of the Saviour's Immanuel he lay amid flowers and sculpture. I cannot quite understand what I see in the newspapers where amid the announcements of obsequies the friends request "send no flowers." Why, there is no place so appropriate for flowers as the casket of the departed. If your means allow—I repeat, if your means allow—let there be flowers on the casket, flowers on the bier, flowers on the grave. Put them on the bier; it means coronation. Put

them in the hand; it means victory. Christ was buried in a parterre, Christ was buried in a garden. Flowers are types of resurrection. Death is and enough anyhow. Let conservatory and arbutum do all they can in the way of alleviation. Your little girl loved flowers while she was alive. Put them in her hands, now that she cannot go forth and pluck flowers for herself. On sunny days twist a garland for her still heart. Brooklyn has no grander glory than her Greenwood, nor Boston than her Mount Auburn, nor Philadelphia than her Laurel Hill, nor Cincinnati than her Spring Grove, nor San Francisco than her Lone Mountain.

Standing in this place where the Lord lay, I am also impressed with the dignity of unpretending obsequies. Joseph that day was mourner, sexton, liverman—had the entire charge of all the occasion. Four people only at the burial of the King of the universe. Let this be consolatory to those who through small means or lack of large acquaintance, have but little demonstration of grief at the grave of their dead. It is not necessary. Long line of glittering equipages, two rows of silver handles, casket of costly wood, pall-bearers scarfed and gloved are not necessary. Christ looks out from heaven on a burial, where there are six in attendance and remembers there are two more than he had at his obsequies. Again! standing in this place where the Lord lay, I am impressed with the fact that you cannot keep the dead down. The seal of the Sanhedrin, a regiment of soldiers from the tower of Antonio to stand guard, floor of rock, roof of rock, wall of rock, niche of rock, cannot keep Christ in the crypt. Come out and come up he must. Came out and came up he did. Prefiguration. The first fruits of them that sleep. Just as certainly as you and I go down into the grave, just as certainly we will come up again.

Various scriptural accounts say that the work of grave-breaking will begin with the blast of trumpets and shoutings; whence I take it that the first intimation of the day will be a sound from heaven such as has never before been heard. It may not be so very loud, but it will be penetrating. There are mausoleums so deep that undisturbed silence has slept there ever since the day when the sleepers were left in them. The great noise shall strike through them. Awestruck the crowd of the sea miles away where the shipwrecked rest, the sound will strike. No one will mistake it for thunder or the blast of earthly minstrelsy. There will be heard the voice of the uncounted millions of the dead who come rushing out of the graves of eternity, flying toward the tomb, crying, "Make way! Oh, grave give us back our body! We gave it to you in corruption; surrender it now in incorruption." Snap! go the iron gates of the modern vaults. The country graveyard will look like a rough ploughed field as the mounds break open. All the kings of the earth; all the senators; all the great men, all the armies—victors and vanquished; all the ages—barbaric and civilized; all those who were chopped by guillotine, or simmered in the fire, or rotted in dungeons; all the infants of a day; all the octogenarians—all! Not one struggler left behind. All! All! And now the air is darkened with the fragments of bodies that are coming forth from the opposite corners on the earth. Last limbs finding their mate—bone to bone, sinew to sinew—until every joint is reconstructed, and every arm finds its socket, and the amputated limb of the surgeon's table shall be set again at the point from which it was severed.

Wake up, my friends, this day, this glorious Easter morning, with all these congratulations. If I understand this day it means peace to all Heavens and peace toward earth. Great wealth of flowers! Bring more flowers. Wealth them around the barren throat of the cannon, plant them in the desert until it shall blossom as the rose, braid them into the mane of the war charger as he comes back. No more red dahlias of human blood. Give us white lilies of peace. Strew all the earth with Easter garlands, for the resurrection we celebrate this morning implies all kinds of resurrection, a score of resurrections. Resurrection from death, and sin to the life of the Gospel. Resurrection of commercial integrity. Resurrection of national honor. Resurrection of international good-will. Resurrection of art. Resurrection of literature. Resurrection of everything that is good and kind and generous and holy and beautiful. Nothing to stay down, to stay buried, but sin and darkness and pain and disease and revenge and death. Let those tarry in the grave forever. "Gloria to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."

Christ, the Lord, is risen today. Sons of men and angels say, Raise your songs and triumphs high, Slings ye Heavens, and earth reply. Love's redeeming work is done, Fought the fight, the battle won. Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er; Lo! he sets in blood no more.

THE OMNIBUS.

Women are wedded to fashion and they love, honor and obey it cheerfully.

There is no difference between a dead mine and a live one, for in either case his death of life is ore.

The "self-made man" is very likely to feel that he has a complete corner on the check-curve business.

Incapable husbands without distinction of party are a unit in favor of the closure rule. Closure means shut up.

A veteran of the war studied for a horse doctor, but his practice showed that though a veteran—nary surgeon was he.

She (plucked)—I don't know exactly what to make of you, Mr. Bland! He (eager to suggest)—Er—why not try a husband?

Six hundred fathers have named their babies after Chauncey M. Depew. But for a while they will be chiefly before dinner speakers.

She (out of breath)—Doesn't it make you dizzy to wait? He—Yes, but you must get used to it, you know. It's the way of the whirlwind.

Teacher—To what circumstance is Columbus indebted for his fame? Tommy—To the circumstance that America was not already discovered.

Uncle George—And so you go to school now, Johnny? What part of the exercises do you like best? Johnny—The exercises we got at recess.

Jake Simpson—What is your favorite tree, Miss Cora? Cora Bellows (at 11 p. m.)—The maple. "Why is that?" "Because (yawning) it leaves early."

Young Wife—John, mother says she wants to be cremated. Young Husband—Tall her it she'll put on her things I'll take her down this morning.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

The late Charles Bradlaugh played a strong game of chess, and ranked among the best players of England. He was also skillful in checkers and other similar games.

Joel Chandler Harris, the clever writer of southern dialect sketches, first developed his peculiar talent while a printer on a country newspaper in Georgia. Mr. Harris is forty-three years old.

Probably the largest fee ever received by a lawyer in this country was that paid to John E. Parsons, of New York, who is said to have received \$400,000 for services rendered in organizing the Sugar Trust.

United States Senator Gorman, of Maryland, was when a boy a page in the senate, and, as he grew up, became its postmaster. Later he earned a wide reputation as a clever base-ball player, and the fine physical health which his active life gave him is still preserved.

Professor Theodore W. Dwight, who has recently retired from the head of the Columbia law school, has been with the college since 1858, and is perhaps the most noted teacher of law in this country. He is sixty-nine years old, and a grandson of Timothy Dwight, a former president of Yale.

James Redpath, who died in New York from injuries received by being knocked down by a horse-car, was one of the best-known newspaper men and writers in this country. He was a warm friend of John Brown, and as a newspaper correspondent, was with him during the Kansas troubles, and afterward at Harper's Ferry. Mr. Redpath was at one time the head of a successful lecture bureau, and during his life had been associated with a number of magazines and newspapers. Although born on the border between England and Scotland, he was an ardent home-ruler; and he was also vice-president of the Anti-Poverty society in New York.

The president of Brazil has a long name and persons who send dispatches by cable from that country have a habit of splitting it up and using one end or the other in their messages. When he was elected again the other day, says a New York paper, dispatches announcing the fact were received by a good many down-town houses which are interested in the South American trade. Late in the day one cablegram arrived which caused a stir, for it read: "Deodoro elected." If he had got in, the receiver reasoned, the other fellow, who had been reported successful, must have been defeated. So pretty soon a story was flying about that Fonseca had lost the election. Half an hour later the rumor was called in. It has been discovered that both Deodoro and Fonseca appeared on the card of the Brazilian president.

A Gentle Answer.

A man who was old enough to know better brought up the subject of her bad bread one day when his wife was mixing the sponge. He was angry and wanted to pick a fight.

She didn't say a word, but slapped him right over the mouth with the dough. He turned and fled.

This incident is a further proof that a soft answer turneth away wrath.

Kept His Appointment.

Mrs. Blifkins (time, midnight)—Horror! Husband! Husband! I hear some one burrowing through the wall.

Mr. Blifkins—Well, well! It must be that book agent. I knew we'd all be in bed by 11 o'clock and I told him to come at half-past.

A Modern Improvement.

"How's this, Dauber! You've painted Father Time with a mowing machine instead of a scythe!"

"That's all right. We artists of the modern school keep up with inventive progress."

Students who smoke, chew, or snuff tobacco are denied admission to the University of the Pacific.

Seventy-one American colleges were represented by 185 students at the University of Berlin, the past season.

Some one has figured out that there are at present over one hundred thousand students attending colleges and universities in this country.

The Squire—"Good morning, Miss Violet. Bent on an errand of mercy?" Miss Violet (the rector's daughter, modestly)—"Oh, no! I am just taking a few little pills of my own making round to the cottagers."

The removal of warts is most easily effected by means of caustics, such as silver nitrate, nitric acid, or arsenic vinegar. Great care, however, must be taken in using them.

St. Jacobs' Oil
The Great Remedy for Pain

Consumption.
Have a positive remedy for the above disease by life use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed as strong as my faith in its efficacy that I will send two bottles free, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their name and P.O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. D., 131 Pearl St., N. Y.

CONSUMPTION.
Have a positive remedy for the above disease by life use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed as strong as my faith in its efficacy that I will send two bottles free, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their name and P.O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. D., 131 Pearl St., N. Y.

SUNDAY READING.

AN HOUR'S SERIOUS READING FOR THE DAY OF REST.

Experience—Mankind—The Prince of this World—Conviction and Duty—Grains of Wisdom—Etc., Etc.

It matters little at what post we stand; All life is progress, through defeat and pain. Sometimes enjoyment—all for final gain; So we make profit, these shall leave no stain.

All men for character must stand on test; Gold is not pure that has not first been tried; No more the soul, till fire have purified—Burnt as a flame all undergrowth of pride.

This is the furnace fire: Experience! "Contenting" against a force that should have led.

What if at times the flames leap hot and red? The soul itself be half dismayed with dread? So does the great God work his work within;

And if, because they are not understood, We call some forces evil, others good, His final purpose shall not be withheld.

Who, patient, trims his little lamp, shall save Perchance whole ships of living, struggling freight; He is that watch-tower on the hill, create For light that shining, none should be late.

It seems must grapple hand in hand with foe, Against external odds, or self within, Know who that overcomes the smallest sin, His also greatest means great end to win.

Our own conditions, every circumstance Are not obstructions, but the means to raise Ourselves, well-ordered temples to his praise. For service dedicate to end of days.

—Mary W. Weatherbee, in Banner of Light.

Manliness. The manly way is to treat lightly the judgment passed on us by others, but to be anxiously and honorably sensitive about the judgments which we are compelled to pass upon ourselves.

This, I say, will produce a manly character and a noble life. It is not difficult to meet the demands of the world. Its code of morality is mainly negative; all it requires of us is to be respectable. But he who keeps a strict watch upon his own spirit, and judges his own outer and inner life conscientiously and intelligently, must make great demands upon himself.

He who does so will not need to care very much what others think of him. True worth will shine out sooner or later. He may give offense sometimes, and be occasionally misunderstood, but he has only to wait a little and stand his ground. He is not like the miserable slave of conventionality who has constantly to be resorting to mean expedients to hide his defects and make his thin skin look like gold.

The workman who cannot bear to let his work out of his hands as long as his own eye can detect a flaw in it will not have to wait long to see it appreciated by others also. There are few feelings more satisfying than amid public deprecation and obloquy to fall back on one's own sense of pure motives and right conduct. This, however, is a comparatively easy thing to do; it is a far rarer manliness to acknowledge to faults which one's own eye can detect even when others are applauding, and to pass through all the drama of moral feeling which the conscientious review of our conduct ought to excite, whether others know anything about it or not. This is an experience unknown to the shallow man; it is the manly way. —Rev. Stalker, in Buffalo Christian Advocate.

"The Prince of This World." Bishop Huntington has an article in the Forum, in which he insists that the church should take hold of the movements to elevate the working classes. Referring to "the prince of this world," he arraigns some churches in the following scathing style:

"He buys up the property, holds the keys of power doors, puts rich families in the foremost seats, hires and pays the choir, raises funds by lotteries and theatricals, tells the lower classes to stay out in the streets, or patronizes them with a mission chapel in the outskirts, makes a fashion-plate of the female worshippers, sees to it that parish offices and all other marks of distinction are assigned to prosperous merchants, politicians and leaders of society—never to mechanics and day laborers, who have no qualifications except piety and good sense—suits the preacher to the tastes of the ruling set, and runs the concern." What is all this parochial mammonism and snobbery but a surrender of the kingdom of the Crucified to his adversary? Where is the divine brotherhood? Meantime prudent care is taken to keep the holy language and handsome ceremonial safe, and not to put St. Dives into the calendar."

A Word From Spurgeon The bee is our example, for she builds a house, but fetches all the material from abroad, and it is from the flowers of the garden and not from herself that she procures her cells. True believers get all the substance and sweetness of their hopes from the flowers of the promises, and dare not live upon themselves or anything they can do or be.

Humility and Love. Everything may be mimicked by hypocrisy, but humility and love united. The humblest star twinkles most in the darkest night. The more rare humility and love united, the more radiant when they meet. —Lavater.

Improve Every Hour. Emerson says: "One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical decisive hour. Write it on your hearts that every day is the best day of the year."

Meeting Our Own Prayers.

In eternity it will be a terrible thing for many a man to meet his own prayers. Their very language will condemn him, for he knew his duty and he did it not. Those fervent prayers, which the good man labored to make effectual, will be "shining ones" in white raiment, to conduct their author into the banqueting house of the Great King. But the falsehoods uttered at the throne of grace will live again as tormenting scorpions in the day of the Lord's appearing. "Do not rash with thy mouth, nor let thy heart be hasty to utter anything before God," is an objection that forbids more than irreverence in prayer. It forbids us, by implication, to ask for that which we do not desire. Above all, it forbids the asking from God those blessings which we are hindering by our neglect, or thwarting by our selfishness and unbelief. —Farm and Fireside.

Conviction and Duty.

Conviction, were it ever so excellent, is worthless till it converts itself into conduct. Nay, properly, conviction is not possible till then; inasmuch as all speculation is by nature endless, formless, a vortex amid vortices; only by a felt, indelible certainty of experience does it find any centre to revolve around, and so fashion itself into a system. More true is it, as a wise man teaches us, that "doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by action." On which ground, too, let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into light, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service: *Do thy duty which lies nearest to thee*, which thou knowest to be a duty! Thy second duty will already become clearer. —Carlyle.

A Comparison.

The story is told that when Alexander the Great was besieging a city, before he made the final attack, he erected a light in a conspicuous place outside the city walls, and sent a message to the besieged people that all who could come to him out of the city during the burning of the light would be spared and receive a full pardon; but to those who would not come before the light burned out no mercy would be shown. It was a time of mercy before judgment. Christ is the "true light," and the time is limited. We know not how much, in which men may come to Him. A proclamation of forgiveness has gone out to all the world. Soon the light of mercy will be withdrawn, and the dark hour of judgment will come. —Young Men's Era.

Grains of Truth.

He who loses time, loses himself. Truth may not always win, but it will stand if it doesn't.

Charity should begin at home, but it will die, if it stays there.

Gallantry is an inner consciousness of power to protect the weak.

Character is what a man is. Reputation is what others say of him.

Poverty cannot make a man drink, but drinking will make him poor.

Time is saved when employed in doing good. Otherwise time is lost.

Money is valuable only as it is used to promote the worthy interests of humanity.

Labor is not to be valued by what it brings into the market, but by what it develops in the man. —Texas Baptist and Herald.

God Always Present.

As far back as I can remember I had the habit of thanking God for everything I received, and of asking him for everything I wanted. If I lost a book or any one of my playthings, I prayed that I might find it. I prayed walking along the streets, in school and out of school, whether playing or studying. I did not do this in obedience to any prescribed rule—it seemed natural. I thought of God as an everywhere present being, full of kindness and love, who would not be offended if children talked to Him. —Charles Hodge, D. D.

Character and Principles.

Moral beauty cannot co-exist with radical defects of principle. The character that is unable to resist temptation or unwilling to cling faithfully to duty is no more truly beautiful, whatever be its generous impulses or amiable traits, than a figure which cannot support its own weight. Parts of it may be admirable; but, as a whole, as a unity, it cannot be rightly called a beautiful character, for it lacks the foundation. —N. Y. Ledger.

Contempt.

Contempt, even in its incipient state, banishes all real benevolence or helpfulness. It kills the sentiment, destroys the desire, and banishes the power to do good. Attempts to assist another made in this spirit are like alms thrown scornfully to a beggar; they can only insult and wound without benefiting either the giver or receiver. —N. Y. Ledger.

Lost Opportunity.

All through the life of a pure-minded but feeble-bodied man his path is lined with memory's graves which mark the spot where noble enterprises perished for lack of physical vigor to embody them in deeds. —Horace Mann.

Discover the Good in Others.

"I always," says the mother of the great Goethe, "seek out what is good in people, and leave what is bad to Him who made mankind, and know how to round off the angles."

The Intrinsic Value of Truth.

Truth is naturally so acceptable to man, so charming in herself, that to make falsehood be received we are compelled to dress it up in the snow-white robes of truth. —N. Y. Ledger.

THE FARM AND HOME.

SAVE FEED BY SHELTERING YOUR STOCK.

Shelter Necessary to Good Profit—Housing Hacks—Willow—Importance of Corn Husks—Planting Trees From Forests.

Sheltering Stock.

We do not think it has been fully beat into the minds of a certain class of farmers yet, that shelter is a necessary condition of success in stock raising. But the thinking and progressive farmer does not deny, but advocates the necessity of some sort of shelter for stock to protect them from the storms of winter and to save his feed. For it is a well established fact that it requires a certain amount of food to keep up the normal animal heat in a horse, an ox, cow or any animal.

Now, if by reason of a lack of shelter, more feed is necessary to keep up this heat to a normal temperature, it is just that much feed wasted that might have been saved if the animal was sheltered. Many farmers make a practice of letting their stock stand out all day in a driving rain or blinding snow storm, and their barns empty of all stock. Such a practice is ruinous; it is a drain on the farmer's income that he can in reality ill afford.

Even the "south side of a straw stack" is a very poor shelter; in fact as a rule, it is the poorest kind of shelter. How often do we see cows and horses crawling up close to a stack, or by the side of a building, or in a fence corner for what poor shelter it will afford against the biting wintry blasts. Any man that will permit such a thing ought to be put through the same process himself; it would at least bring him to his feelings if not to his senses.

In experiments that have been made, it has been proved that it has taken a very much greater amount of feed to keep the same stock in good condition when not sheltered than when it was; in some cases almost double the amount. Any farmer had better keep less stock and shelter it better than to keep a great amount and half freeze it to death.

Importance of Corn Husks.

Doubtless to most farmers the husk on corn as well as the chaff of grain seems a useless appendage, though apparently unavoidable. But when all corn and other grain grow wild the husk was a very necessary part of the plant, to preserve the seed from vicissitudes of weather until the time came for it to grow again. Corn in the husk and on the stalk dries out before its vitality can be injured by severe freezing. The lightest frost nips the husk; which thereafter dries up and forms a dry covering over the grain. It is for this reason rather than from mere shiftlessness and laziness, that many western farmers who grow corn leave it until nearly spring before they husk it. If they throw bushels of wet ears in a heap they would either rot down if the weather was warm or freeze so as to kill the germ during winter when the thermometer went down to zero. But the husk in cultivated corn each year grows of less importance as better means are devised for drying corn artificially. It is likely that improved corn may be bred with very few husks making the work of cleaning them off much less difficult.

Planting Trees From Wood Lots.

In very many places young trees from wood lots are planted out in lawns and along roadsides for ornament. Very rarely do they prove satisfactory. Trees in woods are tender, because they have never been exposed to storms, as trees in open ground always are. Hence when exposed to these new conditions they are apt to die. Another reason for their failure is that their roots rarely spread to a great distance. They go down in much the same shape as the tops of the trees go up. When exposed to winds their tall, slender tops bend over and prevent the roots from getting firm hold of the soil. Cutting off the tops to one or two buds partly prevents this, but these trees are never equal to forest seedlings grown in nursery rows, whose side roots are developed by frequent cultivation. The price that these seedlings bring is really cheaper than going to the woods and selecting trees without charge.

The Basket Willow.

There are many new lines of industry in this country which the farmer might take up profitably in the present state of depression in agriculture. The resources of the country are only about half examined, and when a more diversified use of products is taken up there will be more money on the farm. There is one tree, however, which has been neglected in this country, and which, owing to its usefulness in the arts and industries, might be made very profitable.

The basket willow is a tree that can generally command a fair price, and which may be grown as an adjunct to the farm. A great deal of wet, swampy lowland is now lying unused, and of no earthly benefit. Any crop of vegetables, trees, or any other article that might be of use, would be gladly grown on these lowlands if they could be made to do so. The willow seems to be the identical tree for such places. Large sums of money are annually sent abroad to purchase willow, and yet there are thousands of unused acres here which could be made to

yield good willow without much labor.

A few cuttings stuck in the marshy grounds will grow into trees that will continue to thrive for half a century. The trees grow more naturally on wet land, and as this is the kind of land we cannot use for other crops, it would be economy to set out plantations of willow. In northern Europe great quantities of willow are grown and exported to this country, where it is used for baskets and other purposes.

Care of House Plants.

A great deal depends on the light for success in house plants, and unless the window is situated so that plenty of this comes in, the flower plants are apt to be poor, weak and sickly looking. The southern exposure is always the best, and all plants fond of much sunshine should be placed in a window fronting the south. The geraniums, heliotropes and lantanas always do the best when they have plenty of sunshine, and the southern exposure is the best place for them. On the other hand, there are a few flowers which cannot stand the warmth of the sun in midday, and yet they need it during a part of the day. An eastern exposure is best suited for such flowers, and next to the southern this is the best side of the house for most indoor plants.

The north window is only suited for such plants as need shade and moisture, those which are grown for their foliage and not for flowers. The ferns, palms and lycopodiums do well in such a place. The west window will only do for such flowers as need plenty of sunlight, and even then it is often necessary to shade them from the sun in the middle of the day by a thin curtain. This is the warmest window of all, but it is better than none, especially if the proper amount of shade is given during the warmest part of the day.

Remedy for Burns.

A celebrated remedy for burns is made as follows: Take fifteen ounces of the best white glue, break into small bits and soak in a quart of water until soft. Then dissolve by means of a water bath, and add two ounces of glycerine and six drams of carbolic acid; continue the heat until thoroughly dissolved. On cooling this hardens to an elastic mass covered with a shining, parchment-like skin, and may be kept for any length of time. When required for use it is placed for a few minutes in a water bath until sufficiently liquid, and applied by means of a broad brush. It forms in about two minutes a shining, smooth, flexible and nearly transparent skin. This preparation costs but a trifle, and is easily kept at all times ready for use.

Stock and Farm Notes.

A calf will not grow well on skim milk alone.

Plenty of rubbing will produce good clean coats on your horses.

There are few breeders that can make a success of cross-breeding.

The aggregate is made up of parts, as no one knows all about farming.

Rightly managed, stock farming can be made the most profitable part of agriculture.

A colt should earn its living after it is two years old, but it should never be overworked.

By having good mares to do the work, and raising good colts, the farm can be made more profitable.

On every farm there should be a sufficient number of stock kept to prevent any food from going to waste.

One does not necessarily need an expensive barn with a large capital, in order to properly shelter his stock.

Instead of being more, early maturing animals, if well managed, are less liable to disease than when they grow slow.

With horses, size is easiest obtained and easiest lost of any one trait in breeding.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Hands may be kept smooth in cold weather by avoiding the use of warm water. Wash them with cold water and soap.

Soak clothes that fade over night in water, in which has been dissolved one ounce of sugar of lead to a pailful of rain water.

When any one runs a nail or a wire in the flesh hold the wound over burning sugar as soon as possible, and it will prevent soreness.

Soak the foot and bind on baking soda dampened, and in the morning you will be surprised to find the soreness all out of corns.

Procure from your druggist a small bottle of tincture of benzoin and apply to any flesh wound. It will heal immediately and not get sore.

To take the rust out of steel, rub the steel with sweet oil; in a day or two rub with finely powdered unslacked lime until the rust all disappears, then oil again, roll in woolen and put in a dry place, especially if it be table cutlery.

Scrubbing brushes should be kept with the bristles down and they will last twice as long; common sense will tell you if you stand them the other way the water will run down and soak into the back, loosening the bristles, whether they be glued or wired.

Tooth Wash.—Take one and one-half fluid ounces of tincture of myrrh, one-half ounce of thick mastic, eight ounces of cold water and one-fourth of an ounce of powdered borax. Mix this well before using. It is very good to use when the teeth are decayed or for spongy or ulcerated gums.

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THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, AND FOR THE RIGHT AS WE UNDERSTAND, THE RIGHT TO BE.

VOL. IV. NO. 30.

J. J. BURKE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 2, 1891.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

A BIG BLAZE.

The Entire Roger's Block
A Heap of Smouldering Ruins.

C. O. FOLTZ' STORE AND THE
NEWS OFFICE ENTIRELY
WIPED OUT.

THE LOSS WILL AGGREGATE \$30,000

The prophetic warning uttered two years ago by the News, that, unless steps were taken to provide this village with some mode of fire protection, its people would awaken some morning to find a good portion, if not all of it, a smouldering ruin, has borne fruit. To day what was once the fairest portion of the village is nothing but a pile of twisted iron, shattered foundation walls and smouldering cinders, with not a whole timber left to show where once stood the finest block of buildings in the village.

On Monday last as the people of our village were assembled at their homes enjoying their mid-day meal the terror laden cry of FIRE! FIRE! was heard, and with blanched faces and trembling limbs men, women and children rushed from their homes into the streets, terror stricken for the moment, for full well they knew what that awful cry meant to Antioch, where the slightest vestige of fire protection did not exist.

No pen can fully describe the awfulness of the scene. Men rushing here and there shouting to each other, women and children standing speechless and with whitened faces, not knowing but that their own fair homes lay in the track of the devouring monster, and the ever increasing cry of FIRE! FIRE! Foltz' store is on fire! made a picture that will not soon be forgotten.

Not until this latter cry of "Foltz' store is on fire!" was given did the people fully realize what was before them, and a rush was made for the immense building in question. So rapidly did the fire spread that people living but three blocks away reached the building in time only to see the flames burst forth from a back room and envelope the entire lower story in flame.

It was at once realized how futile would be an attempt to save the building, with the means at hand, and the efforts of all present were turned towards saving the books and stock in the store, if possible. But the fire had already gained too much headway to permit of more than the books of the store and a few armfuls of clothing and shoes being saved. When it is considered that in the storage room where the fire started, there was located at the time a number of barrels of petroleum which quickly exploded, throwing their contents in a seething mass all over that portion of the building, and sending forth a dense volume of fire and smoke, of which almost a single breath would suffocate the strongest man, it is to be wondered that even the books were saved.

Situated thirty feet west of the burning building was another double building two stories high, one half of the lower story being occupied as a furniture store by M. A. Howard, and the other half as a lady's furnishing store and living rooms by Mrs. Turner. The upper story over the furniture store was used as a dining hall and parlor and was connected by an elevated passage way with the large hall over the Foltz building, while in the other

half of the upper story was located the News office.

Directly south of the Foltz building was the residence of W. B. Rogers, the owner of the buildings thus far described. As the flames gained headway they spread rapidly to this building, and but little time elapsed ere it too was a seething mass of flame, giving the occupants barely time to get out the articles of most value, so quickly did it burn.

In the buildings west of the fire almost superhuman efforts were being made to save the contents and so diligently did the crowd work that almost everything of value was removed from the furniture store ere the flames reached it.

The lady's furnishing store fared much worse, while from the News office very little of value was taken as the flames soon spread through an open passage way, leading from the dining room on the east, and cut off all further entrance to the building. Only a few cases of type badly broken into, and a small amount of stock was saved, while two presses, the newspaper and job press, all the office furniture and fixtures, the greater portion of the type belonging to the plant and nearly all of the stock went down with the building.

From here the flames spread across the street, demolishing a building belonging to Mr. Myron Emmons, and occupied by Christopher Larson as a dwelling house, giving the latter barely time to get his furniture out. Had there been an efficient fire protection the flames could have been checked here, but as it was they rapidly spread from the News office to the two buildings directly west of it belonging to Mr. A. Chinn—the grocery store of Montgomery & Story being located in one of the buildings and the meat market of Arthur Edgars in the other. The loss to the first named firm was not very great, while that sustained by Edgars will be considerable greater as he had a large quantity of ice stored in the building.

The united efforts of all present were now used to save the adjoining dwelling houses but it would have been labor wasted had not the wind shifted to a more westerly direction and thus prevented a further spread of the fire. To this change in the wind and to the fact that a heavy shower of rain fell during the forenoon is due the preservation of our village. Had the buildings been thoroughly dry our limited means of protection could not have saved the place from total destruction. It would be hard to give an accurate showing of the loss on the burned buildings at the present writing but various estimates place it at about \$50,000 with an insurance of a little over one third that amount.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
GENERAL LAND OFFICE.

Washington, D. C. Feb. 27, 1891.

Public notice is hereby given under section 2455, Rev. Stats. and the decision of the Honorable Acting Secretary of the Interior of September 6, 1890, that Nelts Island in Pistakee Lake, section 4, township 45, north range 9 east 3d P. M. Illinois, containing 2371 acres will be offered at public sale to the highest bidder at the General Land Office Washington D. C., on Wednesday, April 15, 1891, at eleven o'clock A. M.

The offering will be made subject to the rights of John Netts, the applicant for the survey of the Island, to remove such of his improvements on the land as can be severed from the realty, and to any other rights on his part that on further investigation should be protected by the Government.

Lewis A. Groff,
Commissioner and ex-officio Registrar and Receiver, Act of March 3, 1877.

Annual Town Meeting.

Notice is hereby given that the annual town meeting of the Town of Antioch will be held at the house of L. J. Simons in the village of Antioch, on Tuesday the 7th day of April, 1891, for the purpose of electing one Supervisor, one Town Clerk, one Assessor, and one Commissioner of Highways, and for the transaction of any other business that in the pursuance of law may come before said meeting. The polls of said election will be open at 8 o'clock a. m. and continue open until 7 o'clock p. m. of the same day.

Dated at Antioch this 26th day of March 1891.

HANSON BUCK, Town Clerk.

Publishers' Notice.

Although temporarily without an office we shall continue the publication of the NEWS and are prepared to attend to all orders for job work, having procured a press for that purpose which will be on hand by the time this paper reaches our readers.

Election tickets, etc., we will print at home at our residence. Our friends who know themselves indebted to us on job or advertising accounts will confer a favor by a prompt settlement, as we are arranging to open an office here as soon as possible and need all money due. Truly,

J. J. BURKE, Editor.
Antioch, April 1st.

DR. SCHLEIMANN'S PALACE.

The Remarkable Home in Athens in Which Classical Greek was the Language.

I have visited many royal palaces, but Dr. Henry Schliemann's home in Athens surpassed them all in the beauty of its appointments and the loveliness of its embellishments, says a writer in the Chicago News. It is situated in the midst of a large garden, where in summer statues of Grecian gods and goddesses gleam through foliage of tropical richness. But my visit was in midwinter, and the streets of the fair city was covered with snow. The tinkling of sleigh bells seemed more in harmony with the scene than the soft notes of Apollo's lute.

Dr. Schliemann's marble palace is one of the most fashionable streets of Athens, and as I walked through the streets leading to it, I saw no Greek girls—who recalled Byron's beautiful "Maid of Athens," nor any Athenian women who resembled those proud dames of ancient times whose dark hair was adorned with the golden grasshopper as an announcement that they had "sprung from the soil." At I approached Dr. Schliemann's I was struck by the life-size marble statues of Grecian poets, philosophers, and heroes that embellish the roof of the stately pile. The door of the palace was opened by a tall footman who spoke French with a strong accent. Handing him my card I was invited to enter the library, which, with the exception of the Vatican library, is the most beautiful I have ever seen.

The walls of the stately apartment were hung with exquisite pictures representing classical subjects, and the corners were adorned with graceful statues. The dark bookcases were crowned by marble busts of Grecian poets and philosophers. The library was rich in classical literature, in which Greek, of course, predominated, for Dr. Schliemann was an enthusiast about ancient Greece—the language of Plato and Alcibiades being the language of his house. He made his butler take the classical name of Pelops and his cook that of Jocassee.

Dr. Schliemann's wife is a Greek, beautiful and intelligent, but not a patriot, for she is the daughter of a shopkeeper of Athens. In this respect she is of the same social position as her husband, for he was originally a shop boy in Hamburg, and made his fortune in the Indigo trade. He was nearly 70 years old at the time of my visit to Athens, but with all the physical vigor of 60. His wife was just about half his age, but wonderfully congenial and sympathetic.

Senator Berry's Ladder Romance.

Senator Berry, of Arkansas, who is serving his second term, says a Washington letter, was a poor boy and as ignorant as he was poor. In young manhood he made an earnest effort to rub off the rough corners by hard study, and, through pluck and enterprise, laid the foundation of future prosperity. He was forced to steal the woman he loved from a second-story window in the night, but the father-in-law would never let him enter his home through all the years that he was a teacher, lawyer, legislator and judge; but when he became governor of Arkansas, he wrote as follows: "My daughter was a better judge of men than I. Forgive me, and during your administration, whenever you want to slip away from the capital to enjoy a brief respite from the cares of state, I do not invite, but beg, you to make my country house your home."

WHITE HOUSE HORSES.

THE PRESIDENTS WHO KNOW A GOOD ANIMAL.

Jackson's Thoroughbreds—The Rulers of Later Days Also Have Had a Love for the Best of Thoroughbred Horse Flesh.

There have been on the whole more fine horses in the stables of the president of the United States during the century than horsemen generally think. President Washington was an excellent judge of a horse, as he had a right to be, inasmuch of the belt of country in which he was born and grew to manhood began very early in the life of the colony to import the very best sons and daughters of the Godolphin and Darley Arabian, the two horses to which the greatest racers in this country and in Europe trace their origin.

So it is natural that Washington, having been brought up under such auspices, should have been extremely particular in regard to the horses which he used in his coach. His famous gray war charger was a dapple gray, fifteen hands high, any of the finest form, symmetry and finish. Good judges of the horse now admit that he was the best Arabian ever imported to this country.

As evidence of Washington's remarkable knowledge of the qualities that contributed to the making of a good horse it is related that at the siege of Boston his attention was attracted to the superiority of the steeds that composed the cavalry from the valley of the Connecticut. Calling "Light Horse" Harry Lee into his counsel, Captain Lindsey was promptly sent by them to the Connecticut valley to purchase a horse, and he was subsequently taken to Virginia, where he became known as the Lindsey Arabian. The horse General Putnam rode when he galloped down the steep declivity of 100 steps and escaped from the British was a full brother of Washington's charger.

President Jefferson, with more republican simplicity than the first president used for his coach the strong but ordinary Virginia horses that were bred at that period in the mountain region of Albemarle. They were not exactly plugs, as cold-blooded horses are sometimes called, but were fat, sleek and cumbersome in their gait and safe for the ladies of the family, for Mr. Jefferson being a Virginia gentleman, scorned the effeminate practice of riding in a coach in his journeys to and from Richmond. Philadelphia, and later to Washington. His famous saddle-horse, Archy, was a son of the famous Sir Archy, and when Mr. Jefferson rode through the mud on Pennsylvania avenue en route to the capitol to attend his inauguration as president, and throw the reins of his steed over the fence railings as he dismounted, it was the son of his favorite sire that bore him.

The Adamases, father and son, cared little for horses of any kind. The Puritans and their descendants were not fond of racing. Rather, they despised it as a worldly failing, and, therefore, gave the monopoly of it to the descendants of the cavaliers. On the other hand, that popular son of New England, Franklin Pierce, not only loved a good horse, but he bred several good ones. His menage while president was stocked with some of the best descendants of the Justin Morgan and Bishop's Hambletonian that could be procured in New England.

President Andrew Jackson had a profound contempt for a horse that was not thoroughbred. Poor as he was when he bade his old Irish mother good-by at the cabin door in the swamps of North Carolina, and swinging himself into the saddle, turned the head of his horse toward Tennessee to seek his fortune, he rode from the maternal homestead a well-bred horse, and throughout his life would mount none other.

President Zachary Taylor was, next to Washington and Jackson, the best judge of a horse that ever held the office. General Taylor rode only entire thoroughbreds in the army. His favorite saddle horses in the Mexican war and during his brief incumbency of the White House was a white thoroughbred stallion named "Old Whitey," an animal of great beauty, which was bred in Kentucky.

When President Lincoln became a resident of the white house there was purchased for him in central New York a pair of very stylish black carriage horses, the reputed price being \$3,000. Mr. Lincoln did not possess the proverbial Southern love for good horses, and was an indifferent judge of them. The black team were of the tough Morgan breed and lasted him as long as he lived. He seldom rode on horseback during the term of his administration, although he was used to the saddle. He was an awkward-looking equestrian on account of his long limbs and bowed posture.

President Grant brought to the white house several fast trotting horses. His favorite saddle beast was a half-bred Spanish horse, called "Joff Davis," which had been captured from the plantation of Joe Davis during the campaign in Mississippi. His carriage team were lofty bays of thoroughbred and trotting blood. A span of ponies were subsequently added to the menage

for the children. President Grant was a good reinsman and when on a good piece of road was not averse to testing the speed of his horses and that of other who tried to pass him.

The horses President Hayes used during his incumbency were ordinary animals, without any particular merits as to breeding. Garfield was a good rider, and very fond of riding at high speed on a high spirited horse. He had some good ones. President Arthur loved horses, and while he did not claim to be an expert in horsemanship, he knew a good horse when he saw it. The White House stables were never so full of horses, except perhaps in Grant's time, as during Arthur's.

President Cleveland brought with him to the White House a very stylish team of seal browns of considerable bone and substance. They were high-headed, and during the four years they were Mr. Cleveland's property their necks were never constrained by the use of cheek reins.

President Harrison, as the grandson of a Virginian from the tidalwater section of the state, naturally had an inherent love for a well-bred and a well-developed horse. His grandfather, President William Henry Harrison, admired the thorough-bred, but on parade where martial music stirred their blood, and on the field of battle, he thought them to be excitable, and, therefore, preferred the half or three-quarters bred horse as being safer and more tractable. President Benjamin Harrison brought with him to Washington three horses, and admirable specimens they are of the breeds they represent.

A DOZEN DEADHEADS.

How They Were Gotten into the Circus Without Pay.

People were willing to pay almost any price for tickets of admission to the last republican convention, and yet it was the easiest place in the world to get into. If one only had the requisite cheek. One man, and no very big one, either, but just one of the common herd, took a plain note-head and wrote "Chief doorkeeper republican convention: You will pass B. F. Jones and E. T. Smith," and merely signed his name to the order. It was good, and still the writer had no more right to make such a request than a tin soldier.

When a gentleman had related the above incident some one remarked that it might be easy to gain admission to a convention by the aid of cheek, but one couldn't work a circus that way. "That's where you are wrong," said a third person; "I am well aware that cheek is a commodity the circus man has usually a large stock of, but I saw it most successfully used against him one day. It was circus day down on the lake front; the ordinary large crowd was there, standing around listening to the music and loafing generally; the small boys were there waiting for any possible chance of 'gottin' in.' A man went up to a group of anxious urchins. 'Want to go in, boys?' said he.

"Yes; bet yer life we do," came in chorus from the lads. They marched up in front of the door-tender. 'Count these boys,' said the man, and the guardman of the great moral exhibition checked the lads off with his finger as they rushed by him and scattered on the inside.

"One, two, three," counted the doorkeeper, and finally announced "closed."

"All right," said the man; "all right; that's all, and he turned away. 'Hold on there,' said the circus man; 'are you going to pay for these boys?'

"Pay for 'em," said the stranger; 'well, I guess not; I said nothing about paying for 'em; I just wanted to know how many there were; you circus men are good at figures, and I an't; all I asked you to do was to count them. Much obliged.' And away he went, astonished at the surprising cheek preventing the doorkeeper from making any further effort to stop him. Oh, yes; the circus can be worked."

A Monster Block of Granite.

The Rockland (Me.) Opinion claims that the granite shaft quarried by the Bodwell Granite company, in Vinalhaven, is the largest mass of stone ever quarried upon the face of the earth, and that if erected it will be the highest, largest and heaviest single piece of stone now standing, or that ever stood, so far as there is any record.

It considerably exceeds in length any of the Egyptian obelisks, the tallest of which was brought to Alexandria from Heliopolis by Emperor Constantine and subsequently taken to Rome, where it now stands. This giant monument of faded grandeur, as it now stands, is 105 feet high. The Vinalhaven shaft will be 115 feet high, 10 feet square at the base and weighs 860 tons. It is understood that if Gen. Grant's remains are removed to Washington, Maine will offer the Vinalhaven shaft as her share towards a monster monument to the great commander.

Arctic Ice.

There is very little ebb or flow of tide in the Arctic, but occasionally there are very strong currents. All winter there is a general flow of tide and ice toward the south, while in summer this flow is northward.

CARMEN SYLVA.

She Is Reported to Be an Interesting Conversationalist.

Carmen Sylva, queen of Roumania, adds to her talent for reading aloud the talent for talking. It has been said that any one having the honor of a long conversation with her would wish to take down in shorthand, or by the aid of a phonograph, every word the queen said. This is so even when trivial matter is the subject. But when poetry or literature is the subject, then indeed she becomes the brightest and most animated of the company. The first work from her pen which was given to the world was "Les Pensées d'une Reine," which came out in Paris. Next appeared "Sturme," a collection of poems, published in Bonn, which was followed by a volume of "Pelesch Legends," more fancifully styled "From Carmen Sylva's Realm." One pleasing trait may be noted apropos of these royal essays in literature: her majesty disdained to exploit the queen in the interests of the writer or to make a hit by means of her position.

Her *Pensées* are frequently of striking originality and full of common sense. Here are a few examples:

"If a woman is bad, the man is the cause of it."

About "The Wife:"

"Among savages the woman is a beast of burden, among Turks an article of luxury, among Europeans both."

"A woman should possess great virtue, for it often happens that she has to provide energy for both herself and her husband."

Of love Carmen Sylva says: "True love knows nothing of forgiveness, for if one forgives one loves no longer."

The jealousy of those who love us is a fatality.

Husband and wife should never cease to make love to each other a little.

Here are a few more general reflections:

"True happiness is duty. It takes hundreds of sweet smelling leaves to make a rose, and hundreds of purest joys to complete our happiness."

How unhappy must that man be who attempts twice to take his own life.

A too exacting housewife is in continual despair. One would often be glad to find a little less scrubbing and more repose in the home.

If two intellectual women cannot succeed in making anything out of a man, then there is nothing in him.

Carmen Sylva begins her literary work before it is day. She disturbs no one, neither his majesty nor even a maid. She lights her own lamp, and works till the sun brings more light. She is very cordial to her friends, who are made to feel thoroughly at home. While the king has a fondness for wearing his uniform when at Kastell Pelesch, the queen likes to be in walking costume or the pretty Roumanian peasant dress. Every day when the queen used to go to her sanctum amid the trees, the children of the work people engaged on the building of the palace were accustomed to run forward and kiss the royal hand. On one occasion one of her youthful friends was missing. She was found suffering from diphtheria in her parents' cottage, and the queen who loves children, nursed the little one until it died in her arms. She had the misfortune to lose her own and only son. It was the sorrow of her life, but instead of dulling its usefulness with any settled selfish melancholy, the loss was the beginning of a chapter of increased activity. Ever since the queen has been more thoughtful for those in trouble and more indefatigable in her efforts for education and on behalf of the women of Roumania, who certainly stand in need of all the help and encouragement they can get.

Mr. Chugwater Analyzes.

Mrs. Chugwater, arrayed in her best gown, was sitting for her photograph. "Your expression—pardon me—is a little too severe," said the photographer, looking at her over his camera. "Relax the features a trifle. A little more please. Wait a moment." He came back, made a slight change in the adjustment of the head rest, then stood off and inspected the result. "Now, then. Ready. Beg pardon—the expression is still a little too stern. Relax the features a little. A little more, please. Direct your gaze at the card on this upright post and wink as often as you feel like it. All ready. One moment again—pardon me—the expression is still too severe. Relax the—"

"Samantha!" roared Mr. Chugwater, coming out from behind the screen and glaring at her savagely, "smile, darn you! Smile!"

Duty Before Pleasure.

Massachusetts woman—I suppose the women generally vote as their husbands do?

Wyoming woman—Oh, no; at least I don't. He is a Democrat and I am a Republican.

"And you don't quarrel?"
"No, indeed. It prevents quarrels, in fact. Whenever he starts in to grumbling about the biscuits I get him started on the tariff and he forgets the bread entirely."—Indianapolis Journal.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

Several Paris papers in reporting the death of Lawrence Barrett, the tragedian, spoke of him as "Madame Barrett." One paper said that Madame Barrett's husband was a captain in the Confederate army.

The coinage of silver dollars will cease July 1.

Complaint is made of the scarcity of sailors for the navy department.

Successful experiments have been made in England with the dynamite gun.

Elevator men of North Dakota are up in arms against the new elevator law.

It is reported that Postmaster-General Baileys, of England, will have to leave the government because of his attempts to crush the district messenger service.

Gen. John W. Foster, special envoy of the United States to Spain, is confident that he will succeed in negotiating a favorable reciprocity treaty.

Europe is once more disturbed by a war scare. The supposed alliance between France and Russia is taken as evidence of an intention on the part of these two powers to make a move against Germany. Austria and Italy being parties to the triple alliance would in that event come to the assistance of Germany, and it is thought that England could be brought into line to help the Kaiser.

Secretary Foster has given the State of Indiana uneasiness by notifying the sub-treasurer at Chicago not to pay the Indiana quota of the direct-tax refund. The Hoosier State was to receive almost \$1,000,000 and all the formalities had been gone through with for securing the money, but Secretary Foster found that there were several old claims of the government against Indiana and concluded that this was a good time to strike a balance. The claims against Indiana amount to about \$50,000, and until the State settles them it cannot have the \$1,000,000. The Secretary says that this action is in line with what will be done in the case of other States which are delinquent to the government. Vermont has been behind on some small debts for several years, and now she will have to pay up or go without her share of the direct tax.

Several Paris papers in reporting the death of Lawrence Barrett, the tragedian, spoke of him as "Madame Barrett." One paper said that Madame Barrett's husband was a captain in the Confederate army.

The Union Pacific road has granted concessions to its dissatisfied employees which will insure their receiving better pay.

Michael Davitt declared that Mr. Parnell had no intention of resigning his seat in Parliament. He added that if Parnell did resign and offer himself as a candidate for re-election he would be defeated.

A banana train on the Illinois Central was wrecked near Kankakee, Ill., and thirteen cars of fruit were derailed. The loss is about \$30,000.

The Modock Democratic Anti-Boism Club of Kankakee, Ill., sent silver medals to Dr. Moore and Mr. Cockrell, the two independent members of the Illinois Legislature who voted for Senator Palmer for United States Senator.

The will of Baroness Fahrenberg, making provision for a charitable institution at Lexington, Ky., has been upheld by the Kentucky courts after many years of litigation on the part of the Baroness' relatives.

Pittsburg has 1,000 cases of grip. Street car companies and large offices are affected.

In a two-ounce glove contest near Harrisburg, Pa., Jim Daly stood up before Joe McAuliffe the required six rounds for a purse of \$1,000.

Details of a sensational episode at the Chicago Auditorium have just become public. A wealthy New Yorker, incited by jealousy and rage, attempted to murder his wife, but was prevented. He then took revenge by abducting their only child.

The failure of the Kansas Legislature to appropriate money for a State exhibit at the world's fair has led to a movement to raise by private subscription the funds requisite to give that State a creditable representation.

The Canadian Pacific company's iron steamer Batavia is aground in the Columbia river, near Tonawanda Point.

The Olympic club of New Orleans has offered a purse of \$5,000 to McAuliffe and Myer for a glove contest to take place in about six weeks. McAuliffe to answer within four days.

Ex-Senator Ingalls' interviews in the East regarding the Farmers' Alliance are embarrassing. Kansas Republicans, and they are gnashing their teeth at their former leader.

Pearl Starr, daughter of the notorious Belle Starr and reputed daughter of the equally notorious Cole Younger, in connection with a young man stole two fine horses from a farmer near St. Joe, twenty miles west of Galveston, Texas. Officers are in pursuit.

In the Michigan Legislature the Doran bill to tax iron and copper products of the upper peninsula was defeated.

Theodore Thomas has been selected to be musical director and William L. Tomlinson to be choral director of the world's fair. Western railroads claim to hold enough franchises to elect new world's fair directors, who will insure the location of exposition buildings on the lake front.

Silas Potter died at Boston. He aided largely in the cause of negro education in the South and in the establishment of schools and churches in the far West.

Geno Alamo A. Ekin, who was a member of the commission who tried Mrs. Surratt, died at his home at Louisville, Ky.

The bill making Labor day and Lincoln's birthday legal holidays passed the Illinois Senate—57 to 1.

At Erie, Pa., Millie Caprice a 16-year-old girl, shot herself through the heart with a revolver rather than marry an old man, the choice of her parents.

The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, who has been so lately ill at New York for several days, still lies in a critical condition.

Dubuque, Iowa, has 1,000 cases of the grip. Senator Allison being one of the victims.

Two miners were entombed near Ottawa, Ont., by an unexpected slide of rock within a shaft.

J. C. Van Alstine of Olney, Ill., tax collector of the township, has been found to be short in his accounts to the extent of \$1,400.

Reports that Indians employed on the Pittsburg, Ohio Valley & Cincinnati railroad are drilling under arms are fully verified.

An error was discovered in the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill passed near the close of the Fifty-first Congress, by which several valuable clerks in the public service were practically legislated out of employment.

A gas explosion in St. Joseph's Catholic church at Detroit, Mich., caused a panic in which many women were trampled and bruised and Mrs. Weithoff, 70 years old, was fatally hurt.

United States Consul Maloney, at St. Johns, N. F., announces that his license for American vessels this season will be free.

John Mooney, a notorious burglar, has been arrested at Whiting, W. Va., for complicity in the robbery of the Freeport (Pa.) savings bank.

Inquiry shows that the lines of steamers plying between England and the continent make no charge for carrying royal passengers. Their royal highnesses serve as advertisements.

King Charles of Wurtemberg is making another onslaught on the socialists in his kingdom because the newspapers of that party have been reproaching him for his marital indiscretions.

At Mason City, Iowa, Walter Flores, an orphan boy, died from the effects of beatings and other cruel treatment received at the hands of Peter McMahon. McMahon was arrested.

Capt. Charles Manley of Ann Arbor, Mich., has been appointed commander of the soldiers' home at Grand Rapids, Mich.

The young duke d'Orleans, son of the Bourbon pretender to the throne of France, is said to have visited Paris this week disguised as a valet in the service of Mme. Milha, the opera singer, with whom the young duke is very much in love.

The marine court which investigated the Utopia disaster at Gibraltar found Capt. McKeague of the wrecked steamer guilty of errors of judgment.

Fred Douglas, Minister to Hayti, is dissatisfied because Admiral Gherardi has been appointed special commissioner to conduct the negotiations for Mole St. Nicholas and says he will resign unless he is permitted to transact the business.

The total number of hogs packed in the west during the year ending March 1, was 17,713,000, against 13,745,000 the preceding year.

A fierce snowstorm in the Texas Panhandle will result, it is reported, in heavy losses to cattle men.

The governor of Iowa has appointed H. L. Mitchell of Bloomfield, State Pharmacy Commissioner to succeed H. K. Snider.

In a collision near Rock Castle, Va., Fireman Mahone of the Virginia Railway and Express Company was killed and Engineer Roberts was killed in a wreck near Sutton, Neb., and his fireman was hurt.

At Lyons, Kan., four miners were precipitated down a shaft 500 feet deep by an accident to the machinery. A heavy oak beam fell upon them from the top of the shaft. They were crushed into a shapeless mass.

Indiana bankers met at Indianapolis and formed a State association, electing Thomas W. Wolcott of Franklin, president.

It was announced that Russia will present President Carnot of France with the decoration of the grand colon of the Order of St. Andrew. This was said to mean that a formal treaty of alliance between Russia and France had been concluded.

Eva Brannock, a faith healer at Pittsburg, is said to have just finished a fast of forty days, having during that time consumed nothing but water.

Helen H. Clark, an Indian girl, teacher in the Carlisle Indian school, has been appointed special allotment agent by the United States government and has left for Montana to assume the duties of her office.

Planting mill employees propose to start a cooperative mill at Indianapolis with \$100,000 capital, of which amount \$5,000 has been subscribed.

Members of the Harrington family held a meeting at Mendville, Pa., to arrange to bring suit for the recovery of land upon which the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railway depot is situated in Chicago. The land belonged to James Harrington, Sr., and was sold by a son who forged his father's name.

At Ironton, Ohio, Albert and William Kell attacked Arthur Haney for having betrayed their sister. Albert Kell was fatally shot by Haney, who afterward surrendered to the police.

Warren Barrett, the oldest man in Minnesota, died at Gilmantown, aged 102 years. He was born in Vermont in 1795.

The London News states that the Italian authorities will take active steps to force America to give satisfaction for the mobbing of the Mafia prisoners.

At Wichita, Kan., J. C. Adams, who killed Capt. Couch, the Oklahoma boomer, was found guilty of murder in the first degree.

John Hawk, being awakened by a man trying to break into his house, near North Eaton, Ohio, seized a shotgun and killed the intruder.

The treasurer of the Sherman statue fund at New York was instructed to announce that \$11,750, or enough to complete the statue had been received.

During the year ending Feb. 15, 823 persons were inoculated for dog and cat bites at the Pasteur Institute at New York.

Anderson, Green & Co., wholesale dealers in dry goods, notions, etc., at Nashville, Tenn., failed, with liabilities and assets of \$175,000 each.

It is now claimed that Hugh Miller, the Brooklyn incendiary, is insane.

Chilian insurgents captured Iquique after having bribed the Government troops to join for as with them.

Commissioner Groff of the general land office has been notified that his resignation has been accepted.

Six people were dangerously injured in a wreck on the Louisville & Nashville road near Anchorage, fifteen miles from Louisville, Ky.

Charles City, Iowa, to which place it was recently voted by the board of trustees to move the German-English college in Galena, is unable to raise the bonds of \$30,000 which was offered. It is now thought that the college will go to Storm Lake, Iowa.

Hugh C. Miller, 22 years old, has been arrested for setting fire to numerous tenement houses in Brooklyn during the past six weeks. Being confronted with evidence of his guilt he made a full confession.

SHOT TWO ACTRESSES.

JEALOUSY CAUSES A DOUBLE MURDER AND SUICIDE.

Supposed Case of Poisoning at Omaha, Neb.—Mrs. Niederer's Murderer Still at Large.

A double murder and suicide occurred at the Casino variety theater at Spokane Falls, Washington. Charles Elliott, a faro-dealer, who was occupying a box near the stage, drew a pistol and fired several shots at the people on the stage. One bullet took effect in the left breast of Mabel Dehnbach, killing her almost instantly. Another bullet lodged in the back of Carrie Smith, also a variety actress, inflicting a fatal wound. Elliott then placed the muzzle of his revolver in his mouth and blew his own brains out. His shots were intended for an actress named Lulu Durand, who was on the stage at the time, and of whom Elliott was insanely jealous.

SUPPOSED CASE OF POISONING.

Miss Emma Anderson of Omaha Dies Under Peculiar Circumstances.

Omaha, Neb., telegram: What is believed to be a case of attempted poisoning of the family of J. S. Haswell, a prominent politician, has just been discovered. Last Tuesday, while Haswell was away from home, five members of his household were taken suddenly sick after dinner, and next morning Emma Anderson, his housekeeper, died. The others are recovering.

A doctor called to see Miss Anderson and said she was suffering with the grip, but another physician declared the patient had been poisoned.

The matter was not reported to the authorities and nothing was known of it till today, after Haswell had left for St. Edward, Neb., with the remains of Miss Anderson. Haswell had tried to keep the matter quiet, but the probabilities are that the body will be exhumed and an inquest held. Haswell is divorced from his wife, and it is alleged the Anderson woman was the cause of the separation. It is claimed threats had been made that she would not die a natural death.

Mrs. Niederer's Murderer at Large.

A telegram says an inquest was held by Dr. Pearson over the body of Mrs. Niederer, who was murdered in her house about eight miles east of Mitchell, Indiana. Nearly all the neighbors were present, and from the evidence given no clue could be obtained to the murder. The verdict was that the wound in her head had caused death and that the party inflicting it was unknown to the jury. The murder could not have been committed for money, as nothing was missing about the house.

GEN. JOHNSTON'S FUNERAL.

It Is Conducted Without Any Ostentatious Ceremonies.

The funeral services over the remains of the late Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, almost the last of the great commanders of the confederacy, took place in Washington, D. C.

By special request of the deceased the ceremonies were devoid of ostentation or unnecessary formality, and the simplicity



GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

of the service was in keeping with the character of the man. There was no display of uniforms or battle flags or military trappings, and as the family of the deceased had carried out the spirit of his injunction and declined the request of a number of confederate veteran associations to participate formally, there was nothing to distinguish the funeral from a private interment beyond the large attendance of distinguished persons.

There were no services at the residence of the deceased, but just before 11 o'clock the remains were taken quietly to St. John's Episcopal church, opposite Lafayette square, accompanied by the family and near friends.

CATTLEMEN DISMAYED.

Notified That Their Stock Will Not Be Allowed to Graze on Oase Lands.

No small amount of excitement among cattlemen has been caused by the announcement that Government Agent Miles has sent marshes to the Oase Nation in the Indian Territory to notify the stockmen that they will not allow cattle to graze in that reservation. The cattlemen have leased large tracts of grazing land in the Oase Nation at a heavy expense, and for the last two weeks a small estimate places the number of cattle shipped there at 100,000 head. No one seems to know why the government has taken this action, and the cattlemen are at a loss as to what disposition to make of their large herds purchased with a view of grazing on these lands until fall.

Prairie Fire in Kansas.

A Kansas City dispatch says: A disastrous prairie fire occurred twenty miles east of here. A large number of farms were swept clean of fences, houses, and barns, and large numbers of cattle and horses perished. It is feared that lives were lost, as a strong wind was blowing.

To Pension Ex-Confederate Soldiers.

A recent dispatch from Little Rock, Arkansas says that the bill to pension disabled Confederate soldiers and their indigent widows, and to appropriate \$10,000 for a soldiers' home at Little Rock, has passed both Houses of the Arkansas Legislature.

Office for an Indian Girl.

Helen P. Clark, an Indian girl who was a teacher at the Carlisle Indian school, in Pennsylvania, has been appointed special allotment agent by the United States government. She left for Montana to assume the duties of her office.

TO ENLIST INDIAN SOLDIERS.

Orders to That Effect Issued from General Merritt's Headquarters.

Orders were issued from Gen. Merritt's headquarters in St. Louis to begin enlisting Indians in the regular army. In that department of the Missouri, Troop L of the Fifth Cavalry and Company I, Twelfth Infantry, are to be composed wholly of Indians recruited from the Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Kiowas, and will be assigned to duty at Fort Sill. Troop L, Seventh Cavalry, and Company I, Seventh Infantry, recruited from the same tribes, are to be assigned to Oklahoma, and Company I, Thirteenth Infantry, filled from the same tribes and the Comanches, will be assigned to Fort Supply, I. T., for duty. The Indians are to be enlisted for five years and receive the same pay as the whites and negroes now in the service.

DROVE OUT THE RUM-SELLERS.

Bloomville, Ohio, People Determined to Rid Themselves of a Nuisance.

Tiffin, Ohio, telegram: The temperance warfare at Bloomville continues with additional riotous demonstrations. After the demolition of his saloon Tuesday night William Miller procured a new stock of liquors and established himself in other quarters. His place was again visited by a company of thirteen men and eleven women, who assaulted the proprietor and his bar-keeper, injuring the latter severely. They gave both of them half an hour to leave town on penalty of more severe treatment. Among the leaders of the mob was the local Methodist minister. Miller came to this city, but announces his determination to return to Bloomville, when further serious trouble will be unavoidable.

PLEASURE SEEKERS IN A WRECK.

Two Passengers Killed and Many Badly Injured in a Railroad Wreck.

A disastrous wreck occurred on the Easley City dummy line in Birmingham, Ala. A train fell down an embankment ten feet high. A. L. Brown and Bob Taylor, two negro passengers, were instantly killed. Alf Rigby, the engineer, was caught under the engine and horribly crushed. His sufferings are excruciating and death is momentarily expected. Mrs. Dr. Ramsey was badly crushed, and it is said her back was so injured that she will be an invalid for life. About ten negro passengers were hurt more or less. Two of them, it is said, will not recover. The engineer was trying to make up time, as he was behind the schedule.

BUILT A SALOON IN SECTIONS.

Novel Scheme of Iowa Liquor-Sellers to Evade the Law.

Peter McCaffrey and Jack Doyle, both of Barnum, Iowa, have a new scheme for evading the law. During the holidays they had constructed a saloon building in sections so that it could be taken apart and stored away. Recently the district receiver and H. Walker, the proprietors took down their building and stored it away in a warehouse, so that when the sheriff of Webster county comes to serve the injunction, he will find no saloon. During the trial of the injunction the saloon men hung one of the leading citizens in effigy.

Canadian Pacific Let Into New York.

New York telegram: The Canadian Pacific is now a full-fledged trunk line of New York city. Mr. Van Horne, Chairman of the New York Central and Hudson River railroad, has just completed the deal by which the New York Central railroad lets the Canadian Pacific bring its freight and passenger trains in over the West Shore and the Central with as good facilities as the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad gets. The Canadian Pacific will come down from Brookville over the new bridge which is to be built at that point by way of the Home, Waterbury & Ogdensburg & Utica. After the main point of the agreement had been reached Mr. Van Horne declared the war at an end, and returned to Montreal on the night train.

Silver Found in Illinois.

Peoria, Ill., telegram: Philip Slattery, a farmer living nine miles from Peoria, discovered a rich lead of silver ore. He was digging a well and struck the vein of ore about thirty feet below the surface in a rock stratum. The vein is a rich one and an assayer pronounced it a fine quality of silver ore. Arrangements are being made to develop the mine, and the well and adjoining property is carefully guarded.

Fifteen Carloads of Fire Water.

There was sent out from Peoria, Illinois, from the Woolner distillery the largest shipment of spirits ever made, beating the world's record. There were fifteen carloads or 1,000 barrels of spirits, containing 82,400 taxable gallons. The tax collected by the government on this single shipment was \$74,341, and the entire day's business of the distillery was \$100,000. The goods went to New York, Cincinnati and Philadelphia.

Suicide of a Wealthy Nebraska Farmer.

OMAHA, March 31.—This morning William Milligan, a wealthy farmer near Stanton, shot himself three times in the head and neck, dying almost instantly. Financial troubles were the cause of the suicide.

Left the Town Without Water.

The stand pipe of the water works at Delaware, Ohio, collapsed and fell, wrecking the engine house and severely injuring several persons. The town is now without water.

Drowned in the Ohio Canal.

M. A. Pigot, inspector of boilers for Rotan Bros' works, St. Louis, was accidentally drowned in the Ohio canal at Akron, Ohio.

Negotiations with Hayti Falt.

Private advice seems to indicate that Admiral Gherardi has failed in his mission to secure Mole St. Nicholas, Hayti, as a naval coaling station. It is a deep disappointment to him, for he has managed his part of the negotiations admirably.

Valuable Pine Lumber Burned.

Fire broke out on the lumber docks of Hovey & McCracken at Muskegon, Mich., and consumed 1,300,000 feet of white pine lumber. The loss is \$15,000, fully insured.

KILLED BY WHITE CAPS.

A KANSAS FARMER MURDERED IN HIS OWN HOUSE.

Shot Down by Masked Men for Stealing Wheat for Seed—Mysterious Murder Near Mitchell, Ind.

Topeka, Kan., telegram: Gov. Humphrey has offered a reward of \$5,000 for the arrest and conviction of each of the murderers of Thomas Duncan, a settler living in a Cheyenne county dug-out. The murder was committed March 16, but the letter of the prosecuting attorney to the governor gave the first details and confirmed the many stories of White Cap outrages which have recently come from the extreme northwestern part of the State.

For some weeks past there have been rumors in Topeka of White Cap punishments in the sparsely settled outlying counties of the State, but they have lacked official confirmation and no further attention was paid to them.

According to the present attorney's letter Duncan was accused of pilfering grain in small quantities from his neighbors in order to get a sufficient amount of seed to plant his spring crops. Two days before the killing occurred one of the neighbors positively identified Duncan as he was making his way from a grain bin.

The neighbors were informed and about 8 o'clock on the evening of March 16 about twenty men with white-cap masks rode up to Duncan's house and were met at the door by his wife. The victim had heard them coming and had crawled into a storage-room leading from his bed house. The white caps started to raze the house, and Duncan announced that he would come out. He started to go into his yard, when fire was opened on him. One bullet pierced his heart and another his right side. The men rode off, leaving their victim lying across the threshold of his own house.

EIGHT LIVES LOST IN THE SEA.

Heroic Efforts of the Life-Savers Rewarded by Rescuing Ten Persons.

Norfolk, Va., telegram: The Norwegian bark Dictator, from Pensacola, Fla., to West Hartlepool, England, laden with pine lumber, with a crew of fifteen and the captain's young wife and little boy of 3 years, came ashore in a strong easterly gale four miles south of Cape Henry, and two miles north of Virginia Beach hotel. The weather was so thick that the vessel was not seen until 9 o'clock, and then she was in the breakers, broadside on, within a quarter of a mile of the shore.

Full crews from two life-saving stations, those of Cape Henry and Sealick, under command of Capt. Drinkwater, were promptly on hand and began firing lines to the ill-fated bark. The guns could not deliver the line, so far, though they were repeatedly fired.

Thorp finally succeeded in getting a line ashore tied to a barrel, which the surf carried to the life-savers. The breeches buoy was quickly rigged and sent to the vessel, but unfortunately the bark's crew was ignorant of its use, and the rescue was delayed until Capt. Drinkwater of the life-saving crew wrote instructions, put them in a bottle, and sent it to the Dictator by the line connecting the vessel with the shore.

The men on board broke the bottle at once, as could be seen by glasses from the shore and proceeded to carry out the directions. The first man was delivered ashore in eight minutes, and seven others were rescued. Four of them came ashore in a life-belt, which was capsized, but the men succeeded in reaching the shore in a half-hour condition. One man had his arm broken.

The captain had urged his wife all during the day to take the baby and come ashore, but she steadily refused, as she would not leave her husband and child, and only one could take the baby at a time. The bark finally went to pieces and the seven that remained on her have been lost, including the wife of the captain. The captain, just before the ship went to pieces, sprang into the sea with his son strapped to his back and reached the shore alive, but the boy was lost, making a total of eight lives.

A CABINET MINISTER KILLED.

The Bulgarian Minister of Finance Shot Down.

At 8 o'clock in the evening, while Premier Stambouloff and Balthieff, Minister of Finance, of Bulgaria, who had been walking together, were about to enter their official residences, which adjoin each other, a man suddenly confronted them with a revolver, and fired three shots point blank at M. Balthieff, who fell dead. The assassin succeeded in making good his escape. A number of persons who witnessed the murder report that the assassin had three accomplices who assisted him to escape. No motive has been suggested for the murder of the minister of finance, but it is presumed that the conspirators may have intended to take the life of Premier Stambouloff, but that in the darkness of the evening they mistook M. Balthieff for the man they had marked as their victim.

TWO MYSTERIOUS DEATHS.

Ugly Rumors About the Sudden Demise of the French Brothers.

A Terre Haute, Ind., special says: Daniel and John French, two young farmers living five miles south of here, within twelve hours of one another from some unknown cause. Both died soon after eating meals. The family did not call in a physician and the neighbors notified the coroner, who left at noon to investigate the cases. Both men were in excellent health and ugly rumors have already been put in circulation, hinting at poisoning by members of the family.

An Insane German Officer.

Berlin cablegram: Lieutenant of the Infantry Blume armed two squads of Infantry in Naumburg Germany, and ordered them to charge the unsuspecting citizens with drawn bayonets. Eight persons were mortally wounded. Blume, who is the son of a general, was intoxicated. The authorities declare him to be temporarily insane.

Fruit and Tree Points for Tree Planters.

A new book for practical tree planters. The Orange Judd Farmer says: "This entire book is ably written and gives trustworthy information for everyone growing fruit of any sort or kind." Sent free by Stark Bros., Louisiana, Mo.

They Quarreled About a Dog.

In a quarrel over a dog at Milledgeville, Ga., Joe Tucker was shot through the head five times with a Winchester rifle by M. Kins and instantly killed.

HELPED TO KILL HIM.

Murdered Her Husband For Insurance Money.

Mr. Frances Calkins, on trial at Goshen, Ind., with Frank Hendrix for the murder of her husband at Elkhart last April, has turned State's evidence and made a full confession of the crime. This, coupled with other strong evidence adduced by the prosecution, has made the case look almost hopeless for Hendrix, who still stoutly maintains his innocence.

The sensational features of the day, after all other evidence for the prosecution was in, was the release of Mrs. Calkins from custody in order that she might appear on the stand as a witness for the prosecution. Her story of the awful crime, by means of which she and Hendrix hoped to become joint owners of over \$5,000, was graphic and at times brought the audience up to a high pitch of excitement. It is as follows:

In February, 1900, Mrs. Calkins was then a widow (Mrs. Whipple), was living in a flat at Elkhart on the same floor on which Hendrix had his insurance office. Edward Calkins, an old man, possessed of some money and property and editor of the Labor Signal, State organ of the Knights of Labor, boarded with her. She and Hendrix became quite intimate and soon formed a plan which, if successful, would result in her marrying Calkins, his getting his life insured for \$5,000, selling his property to her and then being "removed."

FOR THE LADIES.

INTERESTING ITEMS FOR YOUNG AND OLD FEMININITY.

A Bit of Poetry—The Decline of Marriage—Foundry Girls—Letting a Man Alone—Etc., Etc.

Oh, in her sable garments the widow looked a queen,
For beauty in its sorrow is beauty's crown,
I went,
The rosy palor of her cheeks, in all their tender glow,
Was like a purple sunset upon a drift of snow.
And in her weeping eyes of blue such weird emotions lay—
Such depths of sadness, and shadows dim and grey—
That you would fancy she had lost—poor hapless Leonard—
Not one dear word and master, but twenty-five or more,
She ran to me—she rushed to me with all her youth and gold,
And in soft, pleading accents, she asked to be consoled.
There was, she gasped, a vacant place upon her heart's throne still.
That somebody, if he knew how, could take by storm and fill.

Well, I knew how, for grasping both her jeweled hands in mine,
I quaffed from those ripe lips of hers a vintage rich as wine!
And while I tore the widow's serge right off her queenly head,
And told her that a living spouse was better than a dead,
She leant upon my bosom in tremulous surprise,
And sorrow's shadows vanished from the blue depths of her eyes.

To-day the ragman purchased the sable weeds I sold,
And now I own the widow—the widow and her soul—
—Eugene Davis, in West Shore.

The Decline of Marriage.

It appears to be an admitted fact that there is a yearly increasing falling off in the number of marriages which take place among the prosperous and highly educated classes, both in this country and in Europe. It has always been noticeable that the poorer and least educated portions of society have been the readiest to launch upon the sea of matrimony and have raised the largest families. The decline in the number of marriages among the wealthier and more cultivated classes has been commonly attributed to the increased cost of living, and the demands of luxury, pride and ostentation, but there are those who think it attributable principally to never contentions of what marriage should be. It is no longer the alliance for commonplace objects of two persons of opposite sexes with few or no mental needs or susceptibilities in common, but the union of two beings whose intellects, feelings, tastes and sympathies have been assiduously trained to a high point of development and sensitiveness. The man or woman of the highest culture and refinement excludes from his or her matrimonial scope the individual of the other sex of undeveloped powers, imperfect sympathies and inelegant manners. A highly trained intellect and taste with multitudinous objects of thought, and a wide acquaintance in society, does not stand in need of the perpetual companionship which is an absolute necessity to many. To a self-contained character of this sort a truly congenial marriage is undoubtedly an untold blessing, but the conjugal state is not such an urgent necessity as to preclude deliberation, careful choice and some regard for consequences. A decline in hasty and ill-assorted marriages would prove a blessing to all grades of society and induce a much needed decline in divorces, which, for want of an international law, have grown to become quite too frequent for the public welfare.—The Ilmo.

Foundry Girls.

According to reports received by the Workingwomen's society of New York, women have taken another step forward, and have gone in large numbers into an occupation which seems to be adapted only to men on account of the physical strength required, says the Commercial. They have actually gone into the great foundries at Pittsburgh, and today something like five hundred of them are "capping" nails and bolts—that is, putting heads on them. This is severe physical labor, and it takes a strong man to do the work. But the iron works find no difficulty in getting plenty of girls. Already the supply almost doubles the demand. This is the direct result. For the work mentioned men always received from \$14 to \$16 a week; the girls receive from \$4 to \$5 and are glad to get it. Now, men are practically thrown out of employment in a trade in which they used to earn living wages. It is the same old story.

But the idle men are enjoying a sweet little revenge. The girls who have taken their places are known everywhere in Pittsburgh as "the foundry girls." There is nothing shameful in this title, but it is considered shameful by other workingwomen in the Smoky City. The "foundry girl," it appears, can be recognized everywhere on account of a cinder-stained face, or for some other reason unknown, outside of Pittsburgh—and the "sales-ladies" and "factory-ladies" cross the street when they see her a block off. They cannot bear the idea of "the foundry lady" being added to their social list.

Yet even the foundry woman is held to be higher in the social scale than the woman engaged in domestic service. "The saleslady," it seems, is distinctly friendly to the "factory lady." The "factory lady" turns up her nose at the foundry girl. And the foundry girl is hardly condescending to the servant or nurse girl. It appears that there are finer distinctions in social caste among the Pittsburgh workingwomen than among the millionaires of New York.

THE CAMP FIRE.

OUR BRAVE OLD SOLDIERS IN WAR AND PEACE.

An Anecdote of General Sherman—Fast Torpedo Boats—Confederate Prisoners at the North—Etc.

At a joint Memorial meeting of all the Grand Army Posts of Toledo, O., in honor of Gen. W. T. Sherman, Past Commander-in-Chief John S. Kountz was the orator of the occasion. In the course of his address, which was a fine tribute to the memory of the departed hero, he related the following incident and anecdote connected with his own regiment, the 87th Ohio:

"I remember our arrival near Chattanooga and going into a concealed camp on the west side of the Tennessee, just opposite Chickamauga Creek, where Maj. Hlpp, of my regiment, was placed in command of the detail which was to cross the river in small boats, and, if possible, secure a landing. Near midnight, Nov. 23, 1863, all was ready and the signal given to start; and when nearing the point where it was proposed to land, a rebel picket fire was discovered and our troops hurriedly landed and captured it. On returning to the other side, the darkness made it difficult for him to find our troops, and Maj. Hlpp shouted for the Fifteenth Corps, when he was immediately answered in suppressed voices to keep still or he would be arrested. Having no time for explanation, becoming impatient, the Major cried out: 'Where in hell is Gen. Sherman?' The answer promptly came from the General himself, who was not more than 50 feet away. 'What do you want?' The Major answered, 'I want a brigade; the boats are in waiting.' 'The General at once asked, 'Did you make a landing?' Maj. Hlpp answered, 'Yes, and captured the picket.' Gen. Sherman, who was on horseback, surrounded by his staff, was so elated that he took off his hat and cheered. I remember that after crossing to the south bank of the river our men throwing up earthworks, and how Gen. Sherman, who had crossed the river just behind us, told the boys to 'Pitch in; this is the last ditch.' 'The night's undertaking was grandly accomplished, and Gen. Sherman was perhaps the happiest man in Grant's army the morning of Nov. 24, 1863.' Sherman.

No figure in late years had become more familiar in New York than that of General Sherman. The simplicity, candor, and childlike nature of his nature, his ready sympathy and lively humor, and the great career of heroism and achievement which lay behind all, made him a most interesting and memorable personality. His name is indissolubly associated with that of General Grant in the history of the civil war, and there is no more romantic and inspiring story in our national annals than that of the march to the sea.

The general was always welcome, not only because of his great renown and his illustrious services, but because of his personal charm. The papers have been full of conversations which recall his happy speeches, the constant flow of delightful anecdote, the pleasant dalliance of a great nature in repose. Edward Everett in his oration at the unveiling of the statue of Daniel Webster in Boston describes the Defender of the Constitution on the evening before the delivery of his most famous speech, the reply to Hayne, and on the next day at its delivery in the Senate. In the evening, says Everett, but in his most elaborate and consummately effective manner, he was like one of the barks he loved rocking and swinging on the gentle lap of the waves upon the shore. But the next day he was 'a mighty admiral' in action on mid-ocean, with all his broadsides thundering, his canvas strained, and his flags and pennants streaming.

Sherman, in his later days, as we have known him in New York, was the boat easily swinging on the tide, the lightning of battle sheathed, and the frowning tier on tier of guns invisible. It is perhaps not too much to say that the feeling with which in any company he was greeted was akin to love. It is good to think of him so, good that the last thought of a man whose name is honored and cherished by millions should be as kindly and gentle as it is admiring and grateful. So he would have had it, and would have asked us sweeter rosemary for remembrance.—Harper's Weekly.

Fast Torpedo Boats.

Of course all builders strive for the greatest speed, and each year has seen a boat built which is faster than any before. The palm of the highest speed seems to lie at present between an English boat built for France by Thornycroft—the *Courcour*; and a German boat built for Italy by Schlemmer—the *Nibbio*. Each of these boats can run nearly twenty-seven knots an hour. A knot, you know, is a sea mile, which is one and one-seventh land miles, so these boats can make about thirty miles an hour, or about the average speed of a railroad passenger-train. Just think of a boat rushing through the water as fast as a train of cars runs over the land!

The next most important thing in a torpedo boat is quick turning; and for this purpose the largest Normand, Schlemmer, and Yarrow boats have two rudders, one in the usual place at the stern, and one under the bow. Mr. Thornycroft has another device. He puts two curved rudders near the stern and the propeller is between them, so that when the rudders are turned together, the water which the propeller is driving astern is turned a little to one side and helps to push around the boat.

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The latest idea in torpedo boats is to have their launching tubes mounted on turn-tables on deck instead of being fixed in the bow. With this improvement a boat will not have to steam straight at her enemy, stop, launch its torpedo, and then turn to run away; but it can train its tube on the big ship as if the tube were a gun, and launch the torpedo while rushing past at full speed. This would be less dangerous for the torpedo boat, for it would not afford the men on the ship a good aim at her.—John M. Elliott, in St. Nicholas.

Hungry for Months.

As the months passed on a marked change was noticeable in the appearance of the men. They became depressed and listless, and unsuspected traits of disposition cropped to the surface. The parade-ground was dotted with gaunt, cadaverous men, with a far-away look in their eyes and with hunger and privation showing in every line of their emaciated bodies. It was believed by many among us that this mode of treatment was enforced as a retaliatory measure, and this belief certainly received strong support when, looking across the bay, we saw a city whose waste alone would have supplied our wants. I have seen a hungry 'Rob' plunge his hand into the swill-barrel of some mess, and letting the water drain through his fingers, greedily devour what chance had given him—if anything. Speaking for myself, and well aware of what I state, I assert that for months I was not free from the cravings of hunger. One-half of my loaf and the meat portion of my ration was eaten for dinner. I supped on the remaining piece of bread, and breakfasted with 'Duke Humphrey.' I sometimes dreamed of food, but cannot remember in my dreams ever to have eaten it, becoming, as it were, a sort of Johnson's Island Tantalus.

When we arrived on the island the rats were so numerous that they were common sights on the parade-ground. Later on they disappeared. Many of the prisoners ate them. If asked if I myself have ever eaten one I answer no, because to cook a rat properly (like Mrs. Glasse's hare) you must first catch him. I have sat half frozen in our mess kitchen armed with a stick, spiked with a nail, but was never fortunate enough to secure the game. A dog would have served the purpose better, but the chances were that some hungry 'Rob' would have eaten the dog.—The Century.

At Fort Gregg.

William Talbot, Co. D, 89th N. Y., having seen the statement by Comrade Leach, of the 12th W. Va., in which he says that Dandy's Brigade, Foster's Division, Gibson's Corps, did not take Fort Gregg, the writer agrees with him; but when he says that the fort was taken by the 12th W. Va. and the 23d Ill., he makes a misstatement. And when he says that two brigades of Ord's command, as stated by Gen. Grant, could not be used around a small fort, he might make the marines believe it, but an old soldier never. He further states that all were ordered to halt by some fool when within ten rods of the fort, but the writer thinks the rebels compelled them to halt, as it was a little too hot for them. When he says that there was not another man of any command in the ditch around the fort, except the 12th W. Va. and 23d Ill., he makes a false statement, for the writer was there, with the rest of the First Brigade, First Division, Twenty-fourth Corps, commanded by Gen. Fairchild.—National Tribune.

A Correction.

D. W. Light, Co. M, 5th Ohio Cav., thinks Comrade Hobart has forgotten about Herbert's old fighting Fourth Division, as they did not go to Bollivar until August or September, 1863. The writer has a faint recollection of the troops going on the trip mentioned, but cannot figure out where the Third Brigade of the Fourth Division came in. He is right, however, about whipping Price at the Hatchie, but is a little off about the commanders, for Herbert commanded until the infantry charged down to the river, when Ord superseded him. The first and second battalions of the regiment were with Herbert's Division from the day before the battle until Grant started for Vicksburg the first time, and he fails to remember that two brigades being in the division, one commanded by Vonch and the other by Lauman, and if the comrade was in the Third Brigade the writer would like to know who the other brigade commander was.—National Tribune.

A Monument for Sherman.

New York business men are moving in the matter of erecting an equestrian statue to Gen. Sherman. They have considerable courage to do this in face of the way New Yorkers have acted with reference to the Grant monument. But it appears that this movement is mainly among wealthy men who were personal friends and admirers of Gen. Sherman, and they can readily make up among themselves the relatively small amount—\$35,000—which it is proposed to expend upon the statue. They will make an effort to have the monument dedicated on the anniversary of the death of Gen. Sherman, which will be pretty rapid work.—National Tribune.

An Enigma.

Dr. W. H. Russell closes an interesting article on Admiral Porter and General Sherman in the Army and Navy Gazette with the following tribute to the latter: 'Alert, cheerful and confident, he was prompt and stern in action, a charming companion, full of anecdotes and of humor—dry, if you please, but sound and sweet—proud of the profession to which he belonged and a model soldier and gentleman.'

FASHION IN SCALPING.

SOME OF THE VARIETIES OF HAIR RAISING.

While Men and Indians Have Different Methods of Cutting Off Their Enemies' Locks—Towards Never Scattered by the Savages, Who Hate Them.

It is the fall of 1878. The Cheyennes, dissatisfied with their place in the Indian Territory, have broken into small bands and are breaking for their old homes in the north. Two companies of United States cavalry are in pursuit, but the Indians outnumber the soldiers, and when the troops get too close they turn and fight like cornered wildcats. Every day the soldiers find fresh evidences of the ferocity of the savages they are pursuing. Every village along their path has been devastated. The mutilated bodies of men lie in the streets—four or five in every town. Finally the troops reached the village of the menominites. There they find twenty-seven dead men and boys, almost the entire male population of the town. The Indians were less merciful to the women. A fate worse than death was theirs. Several of them are found naked and stark wandering the prairie. There are other marauding bands of Indians in the country, but the work of the Cheyennes is unmistakable. The bodies are not scalped. This is the Cheyenne's way of expressing contempt for those he kills. There is no glory in carrying the scalp of a man who will not fight. One of the articles of the faith of the sect that constitutes the population of the village is abhorrence of war and all manner of bloodshed. There was not a firearm in the village when the two hundred Indians swept through it. Further on the soldiers find a wounded horse lying on the prairie. Near him is a cowboy's hat, by it lie two or three empty rifle cartridges. There was a fight here. A hundred yards further on are more shells and the grass is spotted with blood. Fifty yards further they find the body of a cowboy. About him are more shells, pistol cartridges this time. The cowboy's long hair is gone. Here was an adversary whom there was some glory in killing. To the soldiers familiar with life and death on the plains there is no mystery about what they see on the prairie there.

The cowboy met the Indians and rode for his life away from them. But among all those who pursued some must have had horses swifter than the cowboy's pony. He tried to keep them back with his rifle, but the Cheyennes are not cowards. So the unequal race was run, the Indians firing as they pursued. They shot his horse and he tried to make a sort of the animal's body. Maybe he kept them off for a time—the empty shells would indicate as much. Then they began to circle out around him to take him from the rear. His fort was no longer tenable, and he ran again. Where the second shells and the blood-stained grass were found a bullet reached him, and he went down, still fighting. He must have recovered enough to make another effort. Another shot reached him as he dropped from exhaustion and he fought on to the end with his six-shooter. That is why they took his scalp. Just the hair on the top of the dead cowboy's head was gone. The scalping-knife cut around just below the line of the hair on the forehead. Then the knife circled his head, taking in that portion of the scalp where the hair divides behind. That is the way they scalp a white man.

And their victim been a Sioux or a Kiowa they would not have taken so much. But a white man does not distinguish his scalplock. The scalplock consists of the axis of the scalp. Just that spot where the hair that you brush to the front and to the sides joins that which you brush back toward the neck. Nearly all the Indians take great trouble with the scalplock. They let the hair grow longer there than anywhere else and braid it as carefully as a Chinaman does his queue. Frequently they braid strings of buckskin or rabbit skin in with it and ornament it with bits of glass or bright metal. Death to one of these Indians, provided he does not lose his scalplock, means mutilation. He is never dishonored while this wisp of hair is still attached to his skull.

In the earlier days of Indian fighting a whole tribe would hold a dance of rejoicing if they found their dead after a battle unscalped. Some of the western tribes have a belief that accounts for the consideration with which the scalplock is regarded. It is that the spirit of the dead Indian is lifted up to the happy hunting-grounds by his scalplock, and that without this appendage he can never reach the Indian paradise. So these Indians will do anything to prevent their scalps from ornamenting the belt or tepee of an enemy. There are numerous instances cut off from all hope of escape, have ridden over precipices and gone down singing a song of triumph, because the enemy could not get their hair. This is also the reason that the Indians always carry off their dead and hide the bodies where they can never be found.

The sober second thought usually comes the next morning after the banquet.

WISCONSIN NEWS.

Major J. A. Davidson, of Sparta, is dead. His horse, while operating around Tremont, ran over him.

The new railway club house at Kaukauna is to cost \$8,000.

A young man named Jordan was accidentally shot at Eau Claire.

There is an epidemic of grip at Rushford, Winnebago county.

Ell Morgan, an old resident of Dodge county, died at Fox Lake.

Hungarians took \$200 from the house of Anton Hanson, of Eau Claire.

Henderson Harvey died suddenly at Milton. He was 76 years of age.

Adam Blumer, a farmer near Monticello, sold his 400-acre farm for \$23,000.

Willie Meinzer, aged 7 years, of Racine, is said to be suffering from hydrophobia.

Mrs. Joseph Jaus, wife of an Oshkosh manufacturer, died at the age of forty-nine.

The Salvation Army signal at Green Bay counts twenty-seven absolute conversions.

The canopy erected at Berlin bids fair to be realized. About \$15,000 will be required.

The business that Foud du Lac furnishes the railways amounts to \$500,000 annually.

Janesville will vote on the question of license or no license at the ensuing election.

Maj. Fred C. Warner was buried among the old veterans in the Soldiers' Home cemetery.

There is strong probability of a general strike and lockout of plasterers in Milwaukee.

The La Crosse common council has changed the date of the bridge celebration to July 4.

Arrangements have been made at Kilbourn City to erect a crematory that will cost \$3,200.

Eau Claire's English-speaking priests have formed a branch of the American Clerical Union.

A watchmaker named Rosenow was fatally burned by an explosion of naphtha at Menasha.

Bishop Flaseh of La Crosse, who was at the point of death recently, has gone South for his health.

Mrs. Ferdinand Richter of Burlington, while temporarily insane committed suicide by drowning.

The realty of Chippewa Falls is valued at \$3,000,000. The personal property is estimated at \$1,000,000.

The Neenah Sons of Veterans have obtained 100 guns and 300 rounds of ammunition from the State.

Daniel R. Morris, one of the earliest Welsh settlers in the town of Utica, Winnebago county, is dead.

Four dangerous cases of trichinosis, caused by eating partially-cooked ham, are reported in Centerville.

Bishop Gratton has \$1,000 toward building a new edifice for the congregation of Grace church, Appleton.

Col. N. S. Goss, a noted ornithologist, who died recently at Neenah Falls, Wis., was once a resident of Pewaukee.

Day, according to a dispatch, is also wanted at Michigan City, Ind., for obtaining \$150 on a forged check.

Herman Falk, of the Eau Claire Light Guard, was killed while at work in a logging camp on the Flambeau river.

Ellsworth Dougherty, of Pewaukee, is reported to have married a New York heiress who is living on consumption.

D. J. Spaulding, wagon manufacturer of Black River Falls, made an assignment. Liabilities, \$210,000; assets, \$700,000.

A child of Dan Elliot, a farmer in the town of Scott, Crawford county, was killed by the upsetting of a load of corn-budders.

An official statement of the strength of the Farmers' Alliance in the State places the number of branch alliances at 221.

Lillian Curtis, a pretty 14-year-old girl who ran away from her home at Neenah, was arrested at a Milwaukee hotel and sent home.

James Sprawley, of Two Rivers, aged 45, unmarried, was arrested charged with attempting a criminal assault upon a married woman.

Michael Losselung was arrested at Hurley and taken to Oshkosh on the charge of abandoning his wife, to whom he was married recently.

A man named Sigismund, of Antigo, was in Manitowish, having with him a fawn which trotted at its master's heels wherever he went.

The Assembly passed bills to provide for religious freedom in public reformatories, and making Sept. 1 a holiday to be known as Artisan's Day.

The residence of George Gerhard in Milwaukee was fired by an incendiary and the prompt discovery of the fire saved the life of Gerhard's mother-in-law.

Oscar Huba, principal of a school in Manitowish, was fined \$10 for rawlinding a son of Charles Logan. Huba had before been obliged to settle an affair of the kind.

M. W. Stevens, of Green Lake county, has been declared sane, at Oshkosh, and discharged from the guardianship of his son. The son will appeal the case. Stevens is wealthy.

Negotiations are pending in Milwaukee for the purchase of Becker's Street railroad by the Villard street-car syndicate, which now owns the Green City and Milwaukee City railways.

Leonard Martin, one of the first settlers of Waushara county and well known as a pioneer merchant and hotel-keeper, died at his home at Big Bend. Death was caused by pneumonia.

A farmer by the name of Kaoff, in the town of Eaton, Brown county, was arrested on a charge of criminality, as he was a 13-year-old girl, whom it is alleged, he had enticed into a barn.

Fred W. Staples, charged with killing David Seely, at Staples, Jan. 17, pleaded guilty to manslaughter in the fourth degree at Grand Rapids, and was sentenced to thirty days in jail and a fine of \$50.

Ellen Sanville, a 13-year-old girl, of Egg Harbor, took \$34 of her mother's money, went to Green Bay, and purchased a ticket to Montreal, Can. She was picked up by the police and sent home.

Jack Carkeek has given up wrestling, and will engage in business. He says there is no longer any money in wrestling. Carkeek retires with the honor of being the champion Cornish wrestler of the world.

Moritz Mursch, engineer at the Buffalo-Muelier saw-mill at Ellis Junction, was seriously hurt by the explosion of the boiler. Charles Weertzel, Will Wauon and Andrew Kusler, employees, were also injured.

Mrs. H. S. Richards, of Lake Geneva, by the death of her brother in Illinois, receives quite a fortune. She gets \$3,000 now and \$100 per month for ten years when she will receive \$20,000 more. Each of her children also receives \$1,000.

Thomas H. Farmer, the insurance agent who became insane and made it lively for people about Racine, remains in jail and is worse than ever. He raved and tore every stitch of clothing from his body and attacked the prisoners.

Neenah possesses three claimants for the French spoliation awards. They are S. E. A. N., and N. E. Trout. They are direct descendants of Adam Trout, who received fatal injuries on the privateer Enterprise under Decatur when attacked by a French fleet.

Senator Persons voted against the governor's contingent fund bill, explaining his action by saying that he considers it a raise of the governor's salary under false pretenses. He wants the governor to give a detailed statement as to how he expends the fund.

THE TYPEWRITER TUNE.

Though its coming be slow, we can all feel
we know
That the "popular song" has its end;
And the hand-organ lay cannot last all the
day.
Its horrors must cease to ascend.
But the typewriter tune, with its terrible
twist,
Incessant responds to the rubber-hung
wrist,
With its "plink, plack, clinkety, clang!
Pluckety, pluckety, bang!"
Your heart may be light and the future
seem bright,
Ere you come within range of its sound;
But your spirits will sink to your shoes in
a wink
From the noises that hover around,
When the alphabet goblins, so crooked and
weak,
Are tortured till pain makes them shiver
and squeak,
With a plink, plack, clinkety, clang!
Pluckety, pluckety, bang.

DEACON BLIFFEN'S SUIT.

Miss Caledonia stood shaking the
tablecloth out into the yard and scold-
ing the chickens as they darted about
greedily clucking over the rain of
crumbs that fell from the snowy linen
cloud. The lady was rather thin and
her hair showed a silver thread here
and there in its brown, straight bands,
but in Deacon Bliffen's eyes she was
very comely still, in her neat dark
dress, plain collar and white apron,
which had rather a coquettish looking
bow of ribbon at the waist-band, and
her eyes were bright and smiling in
spite of the forty years of life's storm
and gloom they had looked out on. The
deacon paused as he was riding by and
called good morning.

"La, Deacon Bliffen, is that you?"
said Miss Caledonia in reply, giving
the tablecloth a final shake before
folding it up.

"Yes'm; is Obadiah at home? I—I
would—"

"No, he's just gone. They're patch-
ing up the fence over in the meadow,
and he's there. But get down, deacon,
and I'll blow the horn for him."

The deacon alighted, and secured his
gray mare, but he caught Miss Caledonia's
hand as she put the horn to her lips.
"Never mind about calling him,
ma'am; most likely he's busy, but
if you'll let me I'll just take a sent
here in your kitchen, and may be he'll come
—back to the house—for—for—some-
thing he's forgotten."

"La!" said his hostess, eyeing him
in wonder. Then as a thought struck
her, her pale face flushed up like a
girl's and she said no more, but bustled
about her morning work, chat-
ing as she went to the door.
"About Widow Green's sick cow, no
Sunday school work and the Deacon
Society. She says no sign but her
glance fell again and again anxiously at
the cloudy sky showing in gray patches
through the windows, and her thoughts
were busy depicting Obadiah's disgust
and wrath if it began to rain and he
returned to the house to find Deacon
Bliffen in her kitchen at 9 o'clock in
the morning."

This circumstance could, of course,
bear but one meaning, and Obadiah
hated courtship and lovers. Obadiah
would call her an old goose. She
knew he would, and Miss Caledonia
shivered to remember how he had
laughed five years before, when Lem-
uel Crane had come to call on Sunday
evening, laughed till poor Lemuel had
crept away never to come back. It
had always been thus, even when she
was a girl.

In the meantime Obadiah worked
away at the meadow fence till a drop
like a big tear splashed on his hand.
He wiped it off, but twenty, thirty,
fifty came pelting after it. So he sent
his men away, and stood undecided for
a moment. He wanted to see Deacon
Bliffen about that mortgage Harker
wanted on his mill, and his advice as
to the value of the mill. The rain was
likely to drive the deacon home, too,
so he could not do better than to step
over to his house—it was as near as
his own—and talk the matter over
with him. He had to run for it, for
the rain was falling heavily, so he tore
up the deacon's steps and rapped at the
door with quite a glow on his face and
at his heart at his boyish run.

"Is your pa at home?" he said,
smiling with unusual pleasantness at
pretty Kitty Bliffen as she opened the
door. Strange he had never noticed
before how very pretty the girl was.
Why, her hair was like spun gold and
her eyes as blue as those flowers Caledonia
was always tending. What were
they? Oh, yes, forget-me-nots. No,
the deacon was not at home, but Mr.
Crump must walk in, for it was raining
so hard it would get him wet through.
This with many blushes and a dimple
playing in and out of her round cheek.
What did it remind him of?

Mr. Crump sat and pondered this for
quite a minute as he drew off his
dripping coat and put on the dry one
of her father's Kitty brought him.
Then he remembered with a pang such
as his heart scarcely understood. Oh,
yes, he remembered it well! She had
blue eyes, too, like those Kitty Bliffen
lifted up to his face, and in her rosy
cheek a dimple, too, played hide and
seek.

Poor girl! Her grave had known
the snow of thirty winters, for she had
slipped away from life while still a
child, but her memory had awakened
in the boyish heart of her lover, whose
only romance it had been, and softened
him most wonderfully toward Kitty
Bliffen, who hovered about him with
most flattering solicitude as he sat and
dried his feet at the cheery blaze she
had kindled on the hearth of the best
parlor. All her life she had admired
her father's friend, for it was said that
he hated women, and she adored people
out of the ordinary.

Thus, while the deacon sat and helped
Miss Caledonia string pepper with their
chairs close together, Obadiah listened
to Kitty Bliffen's fresh young voice sing-
ing "Benah Lano" to the music of the
old spinet that had been her grand-
mother's and the falling rain beat a soft
accompaniment to both pictures.

After that first morning it seemed to
poor conscience-stricken Miss Caledonia
that Obadiah was very often absent
from home, and never once did the de-
acon in his many visits run across him.
"Poor unsuspecting fellow!" thought
his sister. "I can hardly face him
when he does come in, and it really
seems as if he was kinder than he used
to be. He bought me that pink muslin
I said was pretty, as if I had any idea
of coming out at my age in a thing like
that. Though for the matter of that,
James—dear me; Deacon Bliffen, I
mean says I'm only in the prime of
life." She sighed, and smiled and sighed
again. "I can't tell Obadiah, I just
can't! He'd laugh at us both, a wild-
over like the deacon and an old maid
like me, besides I couldn't have the
heart to leave him here to look after
himself."

"No, I'll have to give James up,"
she concluded, and forthwith began to
cry, in which occupation the deacon
discovered her.

"Pshaw!" said that gentleman,
smiling. "We'll just make the foolish
fellow reason. Because he's a rusty,
crusty old hater of matrimony he
mustn't expect to make other people
such. He shall live with us, Caledonia,
and you shall be as devoted to him
as you like, only you must spare a
little love for me. Now here is the
question, Will you tell him or shall
I?"

Miss Caledonia shivered, but
answered bravely: "No, no. If I
must strike him this blow, let me be
the one to tell him. It shall be part
of my punishment." So after the
manner of women she cooked her
brother an unusually nice supper, and
made much of him when he came in.
Somehow he seemed very thoughtful,
and several times their anxious eyes
met by accident, when both faces
flushed and both hearts felt a pang of
keenest self-reproach. Obadiah secretly
touched the marriage poor Miss
Caledonia had brought out on this
special occasion because he was so
fond of it, and that lady noticed it in
dismay. "Can he have heard of it?
No, surely not." There was no hope
that some one else had saved her the
dreadful task of breaking it to him.

After the things were cleared away
and the fire heaped up in a cheerful
dancing flame, Miss Caledonia drew
her chair close to where her brother
sat staring into the fire. "Obadiah,
dear brother," she faltered, "I must—
hem—I feel it my duty to speak to you
of something."

"Yes, yes, Caledonia, I know—I
know—I feared you would—you would,"
stammered Obadiah, embarrassed and
flushed as a school boy.

"It grieves me very much, dear
brother," went on his sister twisting
her apron around her trembling hands.
"I knew it would, I knew it."
"I cannot bear to think of leaving
you," said the poor lady bursting into
tears.

"Why you must not think of such a
thing. There, there, don't cry! Nothing
shall be changed. We will love each
other just as well, and you shall teach
Kitty all you know."
"Kitty?" echoed Miss Caledonia.
"Oh, yes, I shall love her as a daugh-
ter. How good you are, Obadiah, to
think of her."

"Love her as a daughter. Humph!"
said Obadiah. "Why there's not all
that difference in your ages. Plenty of
sisters have the same years between
them. A daughter! You might have
spared that allusion, Caledonia, know-
ing I am only a few years younger
than you."

"Younger than me," cried Miss Caledonia,
bewildered and indignant. "Why
you know perfectly well, Obadiah
Crump, that you are five years older than
I am." Then melting she ran to her
brother and clasped him in her arms.
"I see how it is, my dear, dear brother,
I've grieved and upset you so you don't
know what you're saying. If you feel
so about it, I'll not go away from you,
no, not for all the Deacon Bliffens in
the whole world."

FREE LOTS.

How Mr. Thompsons Got a Town Lot
Free.

I had heard about the man in Kan-
sas who was giving away town lots
free, and one day I left the train at a
small station and hired a man to
drive me over to the site of the future
great city. I found a sixty-acre farm
staked out into lots twenty feet front
by fifty feet deep, but only one house
and one person was in sight. The
house was a farm cabin, and the per-
son was the owner of it and the one I
wanted to see.

"Come for a lot?" he asked as we
drove up.

"Yes, in case my information is cor-
rect. Do you give them away free?"

"I do."

"I had heard so."

"Go right out and select any one
you like. Those selected are marked
with red stakes; those not yet taken
by black ones."

I took a walk around, and made a
selection, and he found the number and
said:

"You want an abstract of title, of
course. Here it is, and the fee is \$3."

When I had received it he hunted
out a deed already signed, and filled
my name in, called in the teamster and
his wife for witnesses, and said:

"Here is your deed, I'll have to
charge \$4 for that."

I paid the sum named, and he then
gave down a big book, and said:

"You want it recorded, of course. I
am the County Clerk. The fee for re-
cording is \$3."

I had it duly recorded, and just then
dinner was ready. He invited me to
sit down, but when we were through,
he said:

"My charge for dinner is 75 cents.
The taxes on your lot will be due next
week, and is \$1.75 and my commis-
sion for recording will be 25 cents."

I paid him the sum named, and
was about to get into the wagon when
he said:

"The charges for bringing you over
and taking you back is \$2. Half be-
longs to me, as I own the wagon.
One dollar, please."

"Can you think of anything further,"
I asked as I handed him the dollar.

"Well, you'll have to stop at the
junction about four hours before the
Eastern train comes along. I own the
restaurant there. Please eat all you
can."

"I have," I said, after a little sug-
gling, "paid you \$13.75 for a lot you
advertise to give away free. How
much do you call this land worth an
acre?"

"All of six dollars, sir. I've been of-
fered five and wouldn't take it."

"Then I've paid you more than the
value of two acres to get a lot large
enough to bury a couple of cows on!"

"Exactly, sir—exactly, and I con-
gratulate you on your bargain."

"Then you don't call it a swindle?"
"No, sir, no, sir! A man who will
kick on buying a chunk of the glorious
West, for less than \$14 isn't straight,
and Mr. Thompsons, I'd advise you to
keep an eye on him going back, and
see that he doesn't jump out of the
wagon and bilk you out of your dol-
lar!"—N. Y. Sun.

GLASS MADE BY LIGHTNING.

Tubes in the Sand That Tell the
Diameter of the Flery Bolt.

"Did you ever see the diameter of a
lightning flash measured?" asked a
geologist of a Washington Star man.

"Well, here is the case which once en-
closed a flash of lightning, fitting it
exactly, so that you can see just how
big it was. This is called a 'fulgurite'
or 'lightning-hole,' and the material it
is made of glass. I will tell you how
it was manufactured, though it took
only a fraction of a second to turn it
out."

"When a bolt of lightning strikes a
bed of sand it plunges downward into
the sand for a distance less or greater,
transforming simultaneously into
glass the silica in the material through
which it passes. Thus, by its great
heat, it forms at once a glass tube of
precisely its own size. Now and then
such a tube, known as a 'fulgurite,'
is found and dug up. Fulgurites have
been followed into the sand by excavation
for nearly thirty feet; they vary
in interior diameter from the size of a
quill to three inches or more, accord-
ing to the 'bore' of the flash."

"But fulgurites are not alone pro-
duced in sand; they are found also in
solid rock, though very naturally of
slight depth and frequently existing
merely as a glassy coating on the sur-
face. Such fulgurites occur in
astonishing abundance on the sum-
mit of Little Ararat in Armenia. The
rock is soft and so porous that blocks
a foot long can be obtained, perforated
in all directions by little tubes filled
with bottle-green glass, formed from
the fused rock. There is a small spec-
imen in the National museum which
has the appearance of having been
bored by the terebo, the holes made
by the worm subsequently filled with
glass."

"Some wonderful fulgurites were
found by Humboldt on the high Nevada
desert of Tolcan in Mexico. Masses of the
rock were covered with a thin layer
of green glass. Its peculiar shimmer
in the sun led Humboldt to ascend the
precipitous peak at the risk of his life."

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

A Farmer Who Didn't Want Any
Soap.

"You can either beat a farmer as
sick as greese or you can't beat him
at all," said the patient hay-fork man
as we were talking about his adver-
tise in the rural regions. "That is,
he is either gullible or over-suspicious,
some will refuse a good thing and
some will swop at a swindle. I think

I can illustrate my declarations right
here; or at least one of them. 'The
man in the seat over there is a farmer.'"
"I should say so."

"And he's one of the sort who sus-
pects every stranger. Watch me try
him."

He took a cake of toilet soap from
his satchel and going over to the
farmer saluted him in a pleasant
manner, and added:

"I have a new make of soap here
which I am introducing to the public.
It is worth fifteen cents a cake, but I'll
make the price only five."

"Don't want it," was the gruff re-
ply.

"With every cake goes a \$5 green-
bank, a gold bracelet, the deed of a
town lot in Kansas, a pocket-knife, a
pair of eye-glasses, and a solid gold
ring."

"Don't want 'em sir!"

"As I want your opinion of the
soap I will give it to you."

"I won't take it!"

"But, sir, in order to introduce it
into your neighborhood I will give
you 100 cakes free and at the same
time leave five watches and five deeds
to town lots."

"Look-a-here!" shouted the farmer,
as he jumped up and spat on his
hands. "You go away from me or I'll
smash you! I'm on your tricks,
old man, and if you think you have
picked up a lay-seed, you are barking
up the wrong tree."

And the hay-fork man had to move
lively to escape the blow leveled at his
nose.—New York Sun.

Crotchets.

My friend P. would always have it
that the rulers of men do not
care for music, that Napoleon only
knew one air which he hummed as he
jumped into his carriage for his last
campaign in Belgium, "Malbrook
s'en va-tu guerrier, miraton, ton ton,
ton taine." Others have urged Gam-
betta as another instance of this in-
ficiency, who, when some delicious
music was pending, urged Rossini, of
all men, to come into the next room
and take a hand at billiards, so little
cared he for the crown of all the arts.

I have wondered whether there
was anything in this charge against
the completeness of great men, and
whether harmony in a man's char-
acter disqualified him for the mastery
of his fellow-creatures, or whether
after all there is nothing in it and that
some rulers of men have liked music
and others not, and have only reckon-
ed it as a "measured malice" as Lamb
calls it.

"I have sat through an Italian opera till,
for sheer pain and inexplicable anguish,
I have rushed out into the noisiest places
of the crowded streets to solace myself with
sounds which I was not obliged to follow."
I take refuge in the unpretend-
ing assemblage of honest common life
sounds and the purgatory of Hogarth's
Enraged Musician becomes my paradise.

Thus Charles Lamb, who employed
his time at an oratorio, watching its
effect on the faces of the audience, and
contrasting their seriousness with
Hogarth's laughing audience.

Talford, in his "Memorials of
Lamb" (why is there not a Charles
Lamb society?) remarks that ex-
quisite humorist:

"was entirely destitute of what is com-
monly called a taste for music. A few old
tunes ran in his head, now and then the ex-
pression of a sentiment, though never of song,
touched him with rare and exquisite de-
light. . . . but usually music only
confused him, and an opera was to him a
maze of sound in which he almost lost his
wits."

Whatever Lamb thought of music,
his friend Coleridge said that good
music never tired him. "I feel physi-
cally refreshed and strengthened by it,"
as Milton said he did. Heliked Beeth-
oven and Mozart, but loved Purcell,
and was I suppose, a melodist rather
than a harmonist.—Temple Bar.

The Paradise Fish.

The paradise fish, like the German
canary, is a product of cultivation, as
there is no place where it is found in a
wild state. It is a native of China.
There they are cultivated and kept in
aquaria, as ornamental fish only.
The male is the larger of the two sexes,
measuring when full grown, from the
mouth to the end of the caudal fin,
three and one-half inches. The body
is shaped very much like that of the
pumpkin seed sunfish. Its colors
surpass in brilliancy any fish heretofore
cultivated for the aquarium.

The head is ashy gray, mottled with
irregular dark spots. The gills are
azurine blue, bordered with brilliant
crimson. The eyes are yellow and red,
with a black pupil. The sides of the
body and the crescent shaped fin are
deep crimson; the former having 10 or
12 vertical blue stripes, while the lat-
ter is bordered with blue.

The under surface of the body is
continually changing color—sometimes
it is white, at others gray or black.
The dorsal and anal fins are remark-
ably large, hence the generic name of
the fish—innero, large; pondus, the foot
or fin. Both fins are shaped alike.
They are striped and dotted with
brown and bordered with blue. The
dual-colored ventral fins are protected
by a brilliant scarlet-color spine, ex-
tending three-fourths of an inch be-
hind the fins. The pectorals, situated di-
rectly above the ventral fins, are well
shaped, but, being transparent, show
no color.

All these colors above described are
most brilliant when the fish is excited.
For instance, when engaged in combat
for the possession of a female fish, or
when courting he shows the most bril-
liant colors, in order to attract the at-
tention of his lady love, she being es-
pecially fond of bright colors.—Hugo
Muller, in Nature's Realm.

CASTING BRONZE STATUES.

A Difficult Process that Involves Much
Time and Expense.

Several gentlemen were standing on
Pennsylvania avenue in front of the
president's house engaged in discussing
the advantages of the new site for the
Lafayette statue. The conversation
turned to other statues and one of the
gentlemen gave an interesting descrip-
tion of how the bronze statues of to-day
are molded and cast. He said that
compared with the improvements made
in other branches of art and mechan-
ical work very little progress had been
made in this direction, as the most suc-
cessful method of forming molds for
bronze statues now in vogue was ad-
opted by the French sculptors of some 200
years ago. It is known as the wax
process. The expense, however, is so
great that it is seldom used for large
pieces.

The usual method of casting bronze
statues is to take from the sculptor's
clay model a mold of plaster. When
this is hard the clay is cleaned out and
plaster poured in its place. When the
molds are removed a plaster cast corre-
sponding to the clay model is left.
About the plaster cast a new mold is
formed, this one of fine sand, tamped
hard. The mold is removed from the
plaster, and in place of the latter is
inserted a sand core, not quite so large
as the plaster, so that when the molten
bronze is poured in it can run only be-
tween the surface of the mold and the
core, thus making the statue hollow.
For delicate work the objection to this
process is that by expansion and con-
traction of the plaster molds and casts,
and by the unequal pressure by the
tamping of the sand, the metal figure is
apt to vary somewhat from the model.
As the bronze cannot be altered, the
sculptor must be content to see his
idea interpreted in the metal with some
alterations of proportions.

It is to avoid this variation that the
wax process of molding is used. After
a plaster cast has been made the sur-
face of the latter is scraped off to a
depth of half an inch or more. It is
then replaced in the mold, which it no
longer fills, and melted wax is poured
into the vacant space. On taking off
the mold the statue is found to be
renewed, but with a surface of wax.
The artist is then called in, and by
working upon the wax he can remedy
any defects which may have been
caused; molding, adding, or changing at
will till the surface is as delicate and
perfect as his art can make it.

When the sculptor has finished with
it the statue is turned over to women,
who, with very small brushes, cover
the wax with a fine dust or powder of
special composition. This dust adheres
to the wax, and as soon as one coat has
been put on another is given to it. This
process is kept up for weeks, and as
these coatings of earthen powder are
repeated they harden, and when the
layers have been built up till they form
a covering over the wax of about half
an inch in thickness, the work can pro-
gress more rapidly, for after that a
trowel can safely be used. Thus the
wax model is safely inclosed in a mass
of hard earthen material.

The entire mold, with the figure and
wax inside, is then placed in a furnace
in which a great heat is developed,
sufficient not only to melt the wax, but
to burn out every trace of it. This
leaves a perfect mold in which to pour
the molten bronze for the final casting,
and when the latter comes out it is
found to be an exact duplicate in bronze
of the wax model, with every line
brought out to a nicety. On account
of the great labor required in covering
the wax with the powdered earth, the
process is very expensive and is only
occasionally brought into use.—Wash-
ington Post.

Foods of the Land Are Cheap.

For those who do not enjoy hotel life
there are boarding houses, furnished
rooms and apartments everywhere.
They vary in style and range in price
from a mere song to Broadway figures.
Any one with a smattering of the
language of the place can live upon the
shores of the Mediterranean for less
than half of what it costs in
England or America. He must follow
to a great extent the ancient adage of
doing in Rome as the Romans do. For
such home delicacies as good roast
beef, fresh butter and apples he will
have to pay roundly, but the popular
foods of the land will cost but little.
While prices vary from point to point
on the Mediterranean, the general
average is about as follows: Pigeons,
7 cents apiece; chickens, 18 cents;
young turkeys, 35 cents; eggs, 4 cent a
piece; fish, 8 to 5 cents per pound;
snipe, 25 cents a dozen; quail, 40 cents
a dozen; corn meal, 3 cents per pound;
broad, 5 cents per loaf; table wine, 3
cents per quart; sugar, 7 cents per
pound; flour, \$9 per barrel; fresh dates,
2 cents per pound; oranges, 4 and 1
cent each; lemons, 4 and 1; limes, 3
for a cent; native beef, real, mutton
and lamb are of poor quality and bring
about two-thirds of what they do at
home.

The Horrors of War.

Miss Alice—"They say it's a treat to
hear you sing the regimental songs,
Captain Warhorse."

Captain Warhorse—"Come home
with us after the games, Miss Alice,
and you may judge for yourself. You
know my favorite—'We drank from the
same canteen!'"

Miss Alice—"Oh, I do love that song!
It gives one such a vivid realization of
the hardships of those terrible days, to
think that one canteen had to hold
enough for two Seventh regiment men."
—Life.

Medical Advice.

New York doctor to dyspeptic: "If
you are very careful what you eat, and
yet you suffer severely, take my advice
and stop being so all-fired careful. Sail
in and eat good, sturdy food, and stop
thinking about your stomach."

THE OMNIBUS.

An old settler—quicksand.
A regular figurehead—the account-
ant.

Ballistics should be changed as
shamrocks.

A boy can often make an ear-ring
with a whistle.

The more the girls pine for some
young man the more spruce they be-
come.

She—"Who gave the bride away?"
He—"Nobody; she brought a good fig-
ure."

The real estate agent never concedes
that there is such a thing as "sins of
commission."

Morning wraps were the invention
of the man who wakes up hotel guests
for the early train.

The average wife hates to ask her
husband for money, and in most cases
he hates to have her.

It is not wise to say everything you
know, but how can some people help
it if they say anything at all?

You never quite comprehend how
mean other people are until you begin
to compare them with yourself.

The man who said "All's fair in love
or war" is undoubtedly the man who
got the best of it in both cases.

The T gown is now out with a V
neck, and other alphabetical changes
will be made from time to time.

The man who insists that doctor
bills are robbery might modify his
language and refer to them as pilage.

He—"Your father doesn't object to
my coming here, does he?" She—"Oh,
no; only to the time of your leaving."

"So your wife has left you?" "She
has." "What were her last words
on leaving you?" "Is my hat on
straight?"

It is said that a Chinaman never
goes crazy. There is no reason why
he should. Millinery bills are un-
known in the Flowery Kingdom.

Of old, the tailor made the man,
But now his aid we summon
To work on more extensive plan—
He also makes the woman!

What is more pathetic than to see
the simple faith with which a bald-
headed man will buy an infallible hair-
restorative from a bald-headed bar-
ber?

A married man's a hub, they say,
As if it were a joke,
And probably it is that way,
A wife's so like a spoke!

The young man who knows enough
to leave early, bring candy for her
brother, and make love to her parents
will not find the course of true love so
very rough.

Teacher—"Suppose, Tommy, you
were President of the United States,
what would you do?" Tommy—"I
would not let anybody wash my face
or comb my hair any more."

RACE WITH A MAN-EATER

STARTLING ADVENTURE IN THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

While Enjoying the Pastime of Plank Riding Through the Breakers an Enthusiastic Visitor Encounters a Savage Shark.

"I had been traveling around the world, after the fashion of Englishmen, and had stopped at the Samoan Islands on my way up from Australia to run them over and gain some information regarding the natives, their ways and customs, and as a result I became enamored of the place, climate and people, and remained there nearly a year.

"During that time I made myself familiar with nearly all the islands of the group, and one in particular had a peculiar fascination to me. It was called in our tongue Inaccessable, as during a majority of the time it was almost impossible to go ashore.

"We loaded into a little bay and were soon on the beach, which led up to some high hills, well timbered with tropical trees and plants. I soon saw the cause of the trouble in landing. Once on the hill tops I looked down upon a long beach, upon which beat the finest surf I had ever seen. The waves were simply great rollers, which came in a slow, dignified fashion that was most impressive. The men, who had all been there before, ran down the shore, where I soon saw them hauling some planks from the bush, which I learned they had concealed on a former occasion. In short, the waves were utilized by them to enjoy one of the most exciting sports imaginable, and I was very quickly initiated into it.

"The men threw off what little clothing they wore. Then each seized a plank and attempted to launch it. This was easier said than done, and many were the upsets that ensued as the big rollers came in, but finally all of them got beyond the shore and beyond the point where waves broke, and then I saw where the sport came in. Turning in shore the men threw themselves upon the planks, and watching their opportunity, started them so that they held their position on the crest of the roller and came in with it. Once under way the natives skillfully raised themselves to their feet, and so standing upright came rushing in.

"I was younger in those days than I am now and soon convinced myself that I should enjoy this sport as well as the natives, and, securing a plank, I, too, pushed out from the shore. The first wave that struck me nearly drowned me, but I dived into the next and my plank beat me in about two minutes. I was not easily discouraged, however, and kept at it with a persistency worthy of a better cause and finally secured my position upon a wave and felt for the first time the thrill and excitement of the onward rush. There was a fascination about it that I cannot explain."

"During that visit I did not attain sufficient skill to enable me to take the rifle standing, but on subsequent occasions I became barely proficient, and then the sport for a time became a veritable craze with me, and one day when the sea was particularly high and rolling very heavily, I met with my adventure.

"There were six of us enjoying the sport, with as many natives. I had a plank especially made for the purpose, wide and stout enough to bear my entire weight, and by lying upon it I soon forced my way over the incoming rollers and floated in the comparatively smooth water beyond. Here I turned my plank shoreward and waited for a good roller. Every third one was, as a rule, large, and finally a big green-bellied one came whirling in, shutting out the horizon. As it came I caught it, and as I felt the transferred motion lightly sprung to my feet and steadied myself on the monster that extended up and down the shore and was rushing in to its own destruction. The exhilaration amounted almost to intoxication. On I went, the big wave beginning to comb and hiss, leaving me on the edge of a watery precipice into which I would apparently be thrown.

"On I went, shouting gaily to a companion on the beach. Then I suddenly became aware that something was beside me. I gave a side glance and the reality almost made me lose my foothold upon the rushing plank. What I saw was the sharp dorsal fin of a man-eater shark cutting along through the water like a knife. The monster was thirteen or more feet long and was partly turned up toward me, showing the white gleaming under surface.

"What passed through my mind in those few seconds can hardly be imagined. I gave myself up for lost, as I believed that the shark would soon rush at the plank, when over I would go, an easy victim. I do not know that I have more than ordinary nerve, but it flashed through my mind that possibly the shark was waiting for me to fall and would not make an attack unless I did, and in some unaccountable way I was enabled to retain my self-possession. Every second I was gulping; every second brought the big wave nearer the beach. Now it was on the verge of breaking; still the shark maintained its position; then I heard the welcome roar above me, and down it came like an avalanche, scintillating and gleaming, until with one mighty burst the aquatic monster broke. For a single second I stood in the gleaming mass and then was dashed upon the beach safe and sound.

"The shark did not come in, which was evidence to me that it had not been overcome by the rush of the water, but was simply following me with due regard to its cuisine. I need hardly say that this was my last experience riding breakers here. Upon inquiry I learned that natives had been attacked by sharks during the sport on several occasions. When I look back upon it and recall the sensation of

rushing onward high on the crest of a big wave I almost wish I could indulge in the sport again, though without the shark accompaniment."

THE POETRY OF ICE.

What May be Seen by Watching a Pan of Water While It Freezes.

A person who has never closely observed the operation of nature's great ice factory will be surprised to find how interesting it is. You need not go outside of a comfortably heated room to do this. Just place a pan of water on the window sill, when the temperature is below the freezing point, and you will soon see something that cannot fail to interest you. If you happen to have a magnifying glass, a single lens, so much the better, for the magnifying power will reveal much of the delicate work of ice making that is invisible to the naked eye. Anyway, as you closely watch the surface of the water you will soon see tiny little lances, very beautiful when seen under the microscope, shooting hither and thither on the surface of the water. If it is cold enough to make ice in the sunlight the crystal lances will glow with all the colors of the rainbow, and as they dart about the rapid changes of color will remind you of the wonders of the kaleidoscope.

As the water continues to chill the little lances will come together, and then smaller and still more delicate crystals will be seen forming between the lances and welding them together. This process goes on until the surface is covered with a beautiful film of ice hardly strong enough to bear the weight of a mosquito. But the process goes on under this superficial layer, and a smooth and solid surface is the result.

Many people have the impression that the ice particles form at the bottom and float to the top of the water. If this were true our lakes and some of our large rivers would be glaciers, solid masses of ice all the year. At the surface, where the freezing process is going on, water is always colder than at any level below. In all our northern lakes and deep rivers the great body of water is from the five to eight degrees above the freezing point, even when heavy ice covers the surface.

Taught a Lesson.

A man with large business interests and a handsome income married a lady who, accustomed all her previous life to the luxuries of wealth, had never formed any clear conception of the worth and purchasing power of money. For some months the indulgent husband gratified his wife's every whim.

One day the lady, to carry out some caprice, asked for a check for so large a sum that the gentleman was disturbed. He saw that such prodigality, if persisted in, meant ruin; but not wishing to grieve his wife by a downright refusal, he determined to give her a lesson in finance. He therefore smilingly remarked that he could not give her a check as usual, but would send up the money from his store.

About noon the promised money came, not in crisp bills, as was expected, but in silver dollars, the sum total filling several specie bags.

The wife was at first vexed, then amused and finally, as the afternoon wore away, became deeply thoughtful. When her husband came home to supper, she took him gently by the arm, and leading him into the room where the ponderous bags of specie were still standing, said:

"My dear, is this the money I asked you for this morning?"

"It is, my love," was the reply.

"And did you have to take this money all in, dollar by dollar, in the course of your business?" was the next question.

"Yes," he answered gently; "it represents the results of many weeks of hard labor."

"Well, then," she said, with tearful eyes, send a man to take it back to the bank in the morning. I can't use so much money for so trivial a purpose. I didn't understand about it before."

Youth's Companion.

A Trifle Sarcastic.

"You drummers must have a nice time traveling over the country as you do," said a man the other day to a drummer.

"Yes, of course we do. It is just jolly to go to an average hotel in the country towns, sleep on hard beds and eat tougher victuals than you will find in a miners' or a railway construction camp. Why, I was up in Idaho the other week and was laid out at nearly all the side tracks because of late trains, wrecks, etc. One night I sat up till 4, first waiting for the train, and then waiting to get off, and getting in town there was not a place to sleep, and not even a chair in a warm room where I could keep from getting frozen. After daylight I got breakfast, and being detained till dinner, a friend asked if I was going in to eat. Looking at him, I replied: 'Well, I don't think I have strength enough. It takes a good deal of courage to attack such meals as we get here.' Yes, we drummers have a jolly time in our business, and it don't take much labor to unpack and pack one dozen or so sample trunks at every town. You ought to join our army of drummers if you want to enjoy life."

To Magnetize a Knife.

Take a pocket or a table knife and lay its blade flat upon the back of a fire shovel. With a pair of tongs held firmly in the hand rub the blade vigorously and always in the same direction, from point to base. Turn the blade over now and then, so that the friction may be applied to both sides. After a rubbing of from forty to fifty seconds the blade will be magnetized, and will be capable of lifting a needle with which it is placed in contact, point to point. The magnetization will last a long time. This experiment which is not put down in works on physics, is very interesting and worthy of study.

Nature.

SEEK BUT NEVER FIND.

MEN WHO HUNT PERPETUAL MOTION.

There Are a Number of Franks Seeking to Do the Utterly Impossible, but Many More Are Lunatics—It Is a Very Ancient Hobby.

As is generally known, a perpetual motion machine is one to be moved by a power furnished by the machine itself and not from any source outside of it. A mill or a clock run by the incessant rise and fall of the tide is not perpetual motion. Neither is a machine that runs by the power of terrestrial or other magnetism, or of the wind, or of variations in the weight of the atmosphere, or by electricity coming from outside of the machine, or by the force of heat coming from the sun. A wheel that could always of itself keep more weight at one side than at the other and thus turn so long as its materials lasted would be perpetual motion, and such has been the form of most of the machines invented for the purpose.

It may be safely said that there are to-day as many minds afflicted with this mild form of insanity as there have been at any time in the past. Every city, town and hamlet possesses its would-be inventor who is striving to achieve the end that is to startle the world. Many who will not openly admit that they believe perpetual motion is possible are secretly thinking upon the matter and entertaining the hope that they may yet do what so many have failed in doing. No other fallacy has been so popular or has so long withstood the light of reason as has perpetual motion. Alchemy and the transmutation of metals, which for a season so occupied the minds of men, passed away to return no more. The philosopher's stone and the elixir vitae were believed in and earnestly sought after by the really scientific men of a few generations, but the search was finally given up. The phantom of perpetual motion, however, will not down, but beckons men on and on, leading them all to the same inevitable result—total failure. Men are as far from the discovery of the secret to-day as they were seven centuries ago, and they will get no nearer to it until a weight placed upon the ground can lift itself up, or, as the idea is sometimes more strikingly presented, until one can lift himself off the floor by pulling his boot straps.

More than a century ago the Academie Royale des Sciences at Paris passed a resolution that they would no longer entertain communications about discoveries of perpetual motion. Men had worked for centuries on the theory that the discovery of perpetual motion was possible, nor did this authoritative opinion to the contrary alter their views. And they are still at it, and probably will to the end of time. Hundreds of patents have been granted for machines for the purpose, and the widespread and continued existence of the fallacy is clearly shown by the scores of designs and incomplete models in the patent office at Washington.

Honecourt, a Flemish architect of the thirteenth century, left a drawing of a wheel that was to solve the problem, with this memorandum: "Many a time have skillful workmen tried to contrive a wheel that shall turn of itself. Here is a way to make such a one, by an uneven number of mallets or by quicksilver." But, unfortunately, he did not leave the wheel.

From this time on seekers after perpetual motion have been numerous, many of them supposed to be very respectable and intelligent men. Among the receivers of twenty-six English and twenty-three French patents taken out for perpetual motions between 1860 and 1869 were a colonial bishop, a professor of philosophy, one of languages, two barons, a Knight Templar, a doctor of medicine, two civil engineers, several mechanical engineers, etc.

Arkwright, the celebrated English inventor (in his younger days), and even Sir Isaac Newton, believed perpetual motion might be discovered. All so-called perpetual motion machines that have run have been impossible with secret clockwork or some other hidden source of propulsion. Fulton one time went to see a "perpetual motion" machine, having a friend with him. After sitting and listening and looking intently for a few minutes Fulton's sensitively accurate ear and eye told him that the machinery showed the recurring alternation of comparative speed and slowness which always comes from a crank turned by hand. In spite of the opposition of the enraged exhibitor, Fulton and his friend seized the machine, jerked away the table it stood on, found that a cord led through one leg and away under the floor, and following the track into the back yard they found the "motion"—a venerable beggar seated on a stool, manuevering a crank and grinding away at a crank.

And so it has been in a score of other cases in which men have presumed, by the aid of levers, bells rolling on an inclined plane, the wheel and axle, the Archimedes screw, the pump, the syphon, the hydrostatic bellows, the hydraulic ram, etc., to have discovered perpetual motion. An authority in the study declares: "From the infant machines projected in the thirteenth century to the last hydraulic, pneumatic, electric, weighted and

lever-worked pretensions patented as motions, no motion whatever has resulted from the one or the other to the present day. Not a solitary discovery is on record, not one absolutely ingenious scheme projected or one simple self-motive model accomplished."

Isn't it about time for some people to cease wasting time and money in seeking to discover perpetual motion and for those who persist in it to be placed in an asylum, if one large enough to contain them can be built, where they can laugh at each other's absurdities and be united in their purpose to achieve what reason and history declare is "The thing that can't be did?"

CATCHING AT STRAWS.

The Old Saying Realized in Every-Day Life on the Great Lakes.

"Yes," said an old lake captain in an interview last night, "a drowning man will catch at a straw. I have seen many illustrations thereof. Most people think the old proverb is a mere figure of speech, but it is a living truth."

"Is it true, captain," was asked, "that the first thing a rescued man thinks of is his hat?"

"Yes, sir," replied the captain, his face lighting up, "that is a fact, too. I have seen it emphasized many times in the course of my experience. Over and over again I have been called to the assistance of a drowning man; I would plunge in and rescue him just, let us say, at the last instant. Dragged on the dock, gasping for breath, his voice choked with water, the man, if he follows his instincts, will, as soon as he gains the least degree of strength, suddenly rise from his prostrate posture and stretch his arms toward his head, then missing his hat (usually lost in the struggle), he will cry out desperately, pointing to his hat floating down the river, 'oh, save my hat! save my hat!'"

"And he will never think of himself, captain?"

"But seldom, sir," was the reply. "A rescued man is the most obstinate and headlong being imaginable. He wants to do all sorts of foolish things. He generally wants to rush up and be away before he has had time to recover his strength; or some bystander will insist on giving the man several large gulps of whisky. This generally has the effect of turning the patient's stomach. But as I said before, a man under these circumstances seldom thinks of himself, much less the one who rescued his life. He means well enough, no doubt, but he nearly always forgets to present his obligations in tangible form."

Myths of the Sea's Saltness.

There are hundreds of queer myths and traditions given to account for the fact that the sea is salt, says the St. Louis Republic.

The Arabs say that when the first pair sinned they were living in a beautiful garden on a tract of land joined to a mainland by a narrow neck or isthmus. When it became known to the Holy One that his people had sinned he went to the garden for the purpose of driving them out and across the narrow neck of land into the patch of thorns and brambles on the other side. Anticipating what would be the consequence of their heinous crime, they had prepared to leave their beautiful garden, and had actually gone so far as to send the children and the goats across into the thicket.

When the Holy One appeared on the scene the first pair started to run, but the woman looked back. For this the man cursed her, and for such a crime was almost immediately turned into a huge block of salt. (Compare with Genesis xix, 24.) The woman, more forgiving than her husband, stooped to pick up the shapeless mass of salt, when immediately the narrow neck of land began to crack and break. As she touched what had once been her companion she, too, was turned to salt just as the neck of land sank and the waters rushed through.

From that day to this, the Arabs say, all the waters of the ocean have rushed through that narrow channel at least once a year, constantly wearing away the salt of what was once our first parents, yet the bulk of the two salty objects is not diminished in the least.

Tons Raised by a Touch.

A powerful crane, capable of raising into the air, in response to the touch of an electric button, a locomotive weighing ninety tons has been put in operation at the Baldwin locomotive works. The huge engine rides smoothly on a heavy track elevated twenty-eight feet above the level of the floor of the main shop.

Formerly the work of raising from the ground a locomotive in the process of construction was accomplished with great difficulty by the aid of hydraulic jacks. At present the locomotive whose wheels, or other parts, are to be adjusted is grasped in a wrought-iron yoke, and, with surprising ease, lifted, in obedience to the engineer's touch, into mid-air, and shifted to any desired position in the shops.—Philadelphia Record.

A Pointer for Quaint Store Patrons.

Abraham Lincoln used to tell a story about two men who made a fortune in Kentucky. One of them minded his own business and the other let other people's business alone. Both of them got rich, lived long and died happy.

ARCTIC ANIMALS' FOOD.

THEY TAKE WHATEVER THEY CAN GET.

Frederick Schwatka, the Renowned Arctic Explorer Talks Interestingly on the Subject—The Whale and the Bear.

Everybody is interested in all talks referring to the polar regions—the vast extent of mystery land, water and ice embraced within the Arctic circle. Frederick Schwatka, in a recent letter on the subject of Polar Animals, and What They Live on in Summer and Winter, says:

"And why not tell how they live. In the fall and spring?" one may ask, but when I say that in the coldest parts of the polar regions there is hardly any fall or spring, but summer rushes into winter at a rate we can hardly comprehend, while winter jumps with a suddenness that would sprain the back of the clerk of the weather if he attempted to follow its changes in these cold regions; when I explain this fact it is clear to see that no one would be called on to give a spring and fall catalogue of Arctic diet for its wild and savage denizens.

In the summer, as would be expected, the polar beasts and birds would have the easier time in procuring their food compared with winter.

The polar fox then finds an abundance of elder duck and dovekie eggs, and occasionally catches the birds themselves, while in the winter time he has to skirmish around pretty lively among the ptarmigan and polar hares to keep his appetite down to zero. If a "hensked" whale, or one that has had its blubber stripped from it by the crew of a whaling ship floats ashore, there Reynard is sure to be for a royal feast, while he is usually surrounded by a perfect polar menagerie of white bears, wolves, wolverines, and others, all living in comparative harmony, for the simple reason that in the huge carcasses there is enough for all and ample to spare. But, as a usual thing, if such an enormous chunk of meat as that floats ashore in the Eskimo country the people are remarkably diligent about camping alongside of it, for then the problem of dog food for the winter is settled, while if a light pinch comes in their own diet they are not averse to whale meat in the least. But usually when the Arctic whale is "fensed" of its blubber, or fat of a foot or two in depth it sinks and only floats ashore when the gases of putrefaction are developed and then its flesh is decidedly gamey, if not worse.

The polar whale, on its part, lives on a small marine creature not longer than a grain of corn, millions of which are needed to make a meal or even a mouthful for this monster. This minute elio borealis, as the scientists call it (not near so long as its name), or "whale grit," as the whalers, less poetically, style it, often amounts in such enormous quantities as to change the color of the sea to a deep olive green. Through this mass the whale lashes its way, right and left, the back part of its teeth (which furnishes the whalebone we are so used to seeing) being covered with a sort of hair that interlaces to form a sieve or net when the huge beast ejects an enormous mouthful of water filled with grit, thus catching the elios by the myriads at each suction and ejection of the water in its mouth. This is its food in the fall, winter, spring and summer; but what the elios lives on no one has yet informed us.

The fox, on its part, occasionally furnishes food for the Eskimo; but as an Eskimo is not an animal we are not called on to show how he is fed, either in the summer or winter. Still, it may be interesting to note that no less a distinguished Arctic explorer than Sir John Ross has partaken of the polar fox and pronounced the meat of delicate flavor and excellent quality.

The polar bear, besides refreshing himself on an occasional whale, does a good deal of fishing on a smaller scale, and in the summer months when the salmon are running up the Arctic rivers to spawn this boreal brute can frequently be seen where the shallow rapids and riffles are located fishing with his paws for the salmon that have to run the gantlet here. He is a very great depredator on the reindeer caches or carlans of the natives, or where those people have hidden the meat of the slaughtered reindeer under huge stones. They—the Eskimo hunters—get as big ones as they can carry, and when there are several of them in the party these are pretty large, but the big polar bear is usually more than a match for all of them and can nearly always tear down the carlans if he can scent or smell the meat.

To prevent their doing this the native hunter piles snow over the stone cache and converts it into ice by pouring water over it all, thus not only destroying or effectually imprisoning the smell of the meat but also furnishing a glacial mortar for the stonework that most thoroughly resists the stout claws of this huge beast. Still with all their precautions the Eskimo hunters lose caches of reindeer, seal, walrus, and musk-ox meat through the depredations of polar bears, wolves, wolverines, and even the weaker but more cunning animals as the foxes, sables, etc., etc., and thus contribute in no small measure to the winter food of the Arctic animals.

The Wonder of Wonders.

When Mr. Loughton was Spanish consul at Boston he was one day standing near where some ballast-stones were being thrown overboard from a vessel that had recently arrived from a European seaport. Among this rubbish was a flint pebble somewhat larger than a hen's egg, which, when it struck one of the larger stones, separated in the middle. Mr. Loughton stooped and picked up the two halves. On each half, in marks made by the

natural growth of the stones, were two perfect human heads in profile, all of the outlines of features and hair being perfectly distinct, the natural portrait being much darker than the surrounding stone. The most surprising part of the whole incident is the fact that, even though the two halves fit together exactly, one of the faces was clearly that of a male, the other that of a female. Even the putting up of the hair was appropriate to the sex; yet, in the stone, they were face to face.

STARVING TO DEATH.

The Pangs of Hunger, as Described by One Who Has Suffered.

For the first two days through which a strong and healthy man is doomed to exist upon nothing his sufferings are, perhaps, more acute than in the remaining stages; he feels an inordinate, unquenchable craving at the stomach night and day. The mind runs upon beef and other substance, but in a great measure the body retains its strength, says a writer in the Yankee Blade.

On the third and fourth days, but especially on the fourth, this incessant craving gives place to a sinking and weakness of the stomach, accompanied by nausea. The unfortunate sufferer still desires food, but with a loss of strength he loses that eager craving which is felt in the earlier stages. Should he chance to obtain a morsel or two of food he swallows it with wolfish avidity, but five minutes afterward his sufferings are more intense than ever. He feels as if he had swallowed a living lobster, which is clawing and feeding upon the very foundation of his existence.

On the fifth day his cheeks suddenly appear hollow and sunken, his body attenuated; his color is ashy, pale and his eyes wild, glassy and cannibal like. The different parts of the system now war with each other. The stomach calls upon the legs to go in quest of food; the legs, from weakness, refuse.

The sixth day brings with it increased suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in an overpowering languor and sickness. The head becomes giddy; the ghosts of well-remembered dinners pass in hideous procession through the mind.

The seventh day comes, bringing increased lassitude and further prostration of strength. The arms hang lifelessly; the legs drag heavily; the desire for food is still left to a degree, but it must be brought, not sought.

The miserable remnant of life which still hangs to the sufferer is a burden almost too grievous to be borne, yet this inherent love of existence induces a desire still to preserve it if it can be saved without a tax on bodily exertion. The mind wanders. At one moment he thinks his wearied limbs cannot sustain him a mile; the next he is endowed with natural strength, and if there be a certainty of relief before him dashes bravely and strongly forward, wondering whence proceeds his now and sudden impulse.

The Whankidoodles.

Of a word comes softly swelling
Even in the busiest time;
What it means there is no telling;
Not for reason, 'tis for rhyme.
'Tis a name without a being,
Yet when evening light gleams low
You may fancy that you're seeing
Where the Whankidoodles grow.

They are grouped along the edges
Of the strangely tinted sedges,
Near Forgetful River, flowing through the
Land of Dreams,
Where the Whick-whacks gaily wander
And the Billocks of meander.
And the Zingies, too, disport him in that
Peacefullest of streams.

Parasites in What You Eat.

There is a man at a small stand in the lobby of an uptown hotel, says the New York Sun, who is doing a thriving business by illustrating to customers the truth from Butler's "Hudibras," which I cannot quote exactly at the moment, to the effect that great men have lesser men to bite 'em, and the lesser ones still smaller things, ad infinitum. He does it by displaying under a small but powerful microscope a piece of food—almost any kind of solid food—about the size of an ordinary pinhead. The revelation is startling to all, sickening to some; but suggestive to all who care to subject such supplies as cheese, for instance, to inspection. On a piece of Stilton cheese no larger than a pin's head I counted seven living and lively parasites, the largest apparently the size of my little finger nail. I may add in the interest of home manufacturers that a similar piece of Brie cheese of American make did not appear to disadvantage under the microscope, which I immediately secured for home use. This patriotic illustration of the microscopist, oft repeated, sells many an instrument and boosts cheese made of American cream from an American dairy.

The Oldest Tree on Earth.

The oldest tree on earth, at least as far as anyone knows, is the "Boo" tree in the sacred city of Amarapura, Burmah. It was planted, the record says, in the year 288 B. C., and is, therefore, nearly 2,200 years old. Its great age is proved according to historic documents, says Sir James Emerson, who adds: "To it kings have dedicated their dominions in testimony of a belief that it is a branch of the identical fig tree under which Buddha reclined at Urumulva when he underwent his apotheosis." Its leaves are carried away by pilgrims as relics, but as it is too sacred to touch with a knife these leaves can only be gathered after they have fallen.

Can This Be So?

"Nothing wears a railroad traveler more than a straight track," says an old railroad man. "Any road with fifty miles of straight track would be shunned for one with three or four curves in that distance. I know legions of people who put themselves out to go by roads which wind and curve and give a new bit of scenery every few minutes."

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, AND FOR THE RIGHT AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

VOL. IV. NO. 30.

J. J. BURKE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 2, 1891.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

A BIG BLAZE.

The Entire Roger's Block A Heap of Smouldering Ruins.

C. O. FOLTZ STORE AND THE
NEWS OFFICE ENTIRELY
WIPED OUT.

THE LOSS WILL AGGREGATE \$50,000.

The prophetic warning uttered two years ago by the News, that unless steps were taken to provide this village with some mode of fire protection, its people would awaken some morning to find a good portion, if not all of it, a smouldering ruin, has borne fruit. To day what was once the fairest portion of the village is nothing but a pile of twisted iron, shattered foundation walls and smouldering cinders, with not a whole timber left to show where once stood the finest block of buildings in the village.

On Monday last as the people of our village were assembled at their homes enjoying their mid-day meal the terror laden cry of FIRE! FIRE! was heard, and with blanched faces and trembling limbs men, women and children rushed from their homes into the streets, terror stricken for the moment, for full well they knew what that awful cry meant to Antioch, where the slightest vestige of fire protection did not exist.

No pen can fully describe the awfulness of the scene. Men rushing here and there shouting to each other, women and children standing speechless and with whitened faces, not knowing but that their own fair homes lay in the track of the devouring monster, and the ever increasing cry of FIRE! FIRE! FOLTZ store is on fire! made a picture that will not soon be forgotten.

Not until this latter cry of "Foltz store is on fire!" was given did the people fully realize what was before them, and a rush was made for the immense building in question. So rapidly did the fire spread that people living but three blocks away reached the building in time only to see the flames burst forth from a back room and envelope the entire lower story in flame.

It was at once realized how futile would be an attempt to save the building, with the means at hand and the efforts of all present were turned towards saving the books and stock in the store, if possible. But the fire had already gained too much headway to permit of more than the books of the store and a few armfuls of clothing and shoes being saved. When it is considered that in the storage room where the fire started, there was located at the time a number of barrels of petroleum which quickly exploded, throwing their contents in a seething mass all over that portion of the building, and sending forth a dense volume of fire and smoke, of which almost a single breath would suffocate the strongest man, it is to be wondered that even the books were saved.

Situated thirty feet west of the burning building was another double building two stories high, one half of the lower story being occupied as a furniture store by M. A. Howard, and the other half as a lady's furnishing store and living rooms by Mrs. Turner. The upper story over the furniture store was used as a dining hall and parlor and was connected by an elevated passage way with the large hall over the Foltz building, while in the other

half of the upper story was located the News office.

Directly south of the Foltz building was the residence of W. B. Rogers, the owner of the buildings thus far described. As the flames gained headway they spread rapidly to this building, and but little time elapsed ere it too was a seething mass of flame, giving the occupants barely time to get out the articles of most value, so quickly did it burn.

In the buildings west of the fire almost superhuman efforts were being made to save the contents and so diligently did the crowd work that almost everything of value was removed from the furniture store ere the flames reached it.

The lady's furnishing store fared much worse, while from the News office very little of value was taken as the flames soon spread through an open passage way, leading from the dining room on the east, and cut off all further entrance to the building. Only a few cases of type badly broken into, and a small amount of stock was saved, while two presses, the newspaper and job press, all the office furniture and fixtures, the greater portion of the type belonging to the plant and nearly all of the stock went down with the building.

From here the flames spread across the street, demolishing a building belonging to Mr. Myron Emmons, and occupied by Christopher Larson as a dwelling house, giving the latter barely time to get his furniture out. Had there been an efficient fire protection the flames could have been checked here, but as it was they rapidly spread from the News office to the two buildings directly west of it belonging to Mr. A. Chinn—the grocery store of Montgomery & Story being located in one of the buildings and the meat market of Arthur Edgars in the other. The loss to the first named firm was not very great, while that sustained by Edgars will be considerable, greater as he had a large quantity of ice stored in the building.

The united efforts of all present were now used to save the adjoining dwelling houses but it would have been labor wasted had not the wind shifted to a more westerly direction and thus prevented a further spread of the fire. To this change in the wind and to the fact that a heavy shower of rain fell during the forenoon is due the preservation of our village. Had the buildings been thoroughly dry our limited means of protection could not have saved the place from total destruction. It would be hard to give an accurate showing of the loss on the burned buildings at the present writing but various estimates place it at about \$50,000 with an insurance of a little over one third that amount.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR. GENERAL LAND OFFICE.

Washington, D. C. Feb. 27, 1891.

Public notice is hereby given under section 2455, Rev. Stats. and the decision of the Honorable Acting Secretary of the Interior of September 6, 1890, that Nett's Island in Pistakee Lake, section 4, township 45, north range 9 east 3d P. M. Illinois, containing 2871 acres will be offered at public sale to the highest bidder at the General Land Office Washington D. C., on Wednesday, April 15, 1891, at eleven o'clock A. M.

The offering will be made subject to the rights of John Nett's, the applicant for the survey of the Island, to remove such of his improvements on the land as can be severed from the realty, and to any other rights on his part that on further investigation should be protected by the Government.

Lewis A. Groff, Commissioner and ex-officio Register and Receiver, Act of March 3, 1877.

Annual Town Meeting.

Notice is hereby given that the annual town meeting of the Town of Antioch will be held at the house of L. J. Simons in the village of Antioch, on Tuesday the 7th day of April, 1891, for the purpose of electing one Supervisor, one Town Clerk, one Assessor, and one Commissioner of Highways, and for the transaction of any other business that in the pursuance of law may come before said meeting. The polls of said election will be open at 8 o'clock a. m. and continue open until 7 o'clock p. m. of the same day.

Dated at Antioch this 26th day of March 1891.

HARISON BOCK, Town Clerk.

Publishers' Notice.

Although temporarily without an office we shall continue the publication of the News and are prepared to attend to all orders for job work, having procured a press for that purpose which will be on hand by the time this paper reaches our readers. Election tickets, etc., we will print at home at our residence. Our friends who know themselves indebted to us on job or advertising accounts will confer a favor by a prompt settlement, as we are arranging to open an office here as soon as possible and need all money due. Truly,

J. J. BURKE, Editor.

Antioch, April 1st.

DR. SCHLEIMANN'S PALACE.

The remarkable home in Athens in which Classical Greece was the language. I have visited many royal palaces, but Dr. Henry Schleimann's home in Athens surpassed them all in the beauty of its appointments and the loveliness of its embellishments, says a writer in the Chicago News. It is situated in the midst of a large garden, where in summer statues of Grecian gods and goddesses gleam through foliage of tropical richness. But my visit was in midwinter, and the streets of the fair city were covered with snow. The tinkling of sleigh bells seemed more in harmony with the scene than the soft notes of Apollo's lute.

Dr. Schleimann's marble palace is on one of the most fashionable streets of Athens, and as I walked through the streets leading to it I saw no Greek girls who recalled Byron's beautiful "Maid of Athens," nor any Athenian women who resembled those proud dames of ancient times whose dark hair was adorned with the golden grasshopper as an announcement that they had "sprung from the soil." As I approached Dr. Schleimann's I was struck by the life-size marble statues of Grecian poets, philosophers, and heroes that embellish the roof of the stately pile. The door of the palace was opened by a tall footman who spoke French with a strong accent. Handing him my card I was invited to enter the library, which, with the exception of the Vatican library, is the most beautiful I have ever seen.

The walls of the stately apartment were hung with exquisite pictures representing classical subjects, and the corners were adorned with graceful statues. The dark bookcases were crowned by marble busts of Grecian poets and philosophers. The library was rich in classical literature, in which Greek, of course, predominated, for Dr. Schleimann was an enthusiast about ancient Greece—the language of Plato and Alcibiades being the language of his house. He made his butler take the classical name of Pelops and his cook that of Jocassee.

Dr. Schleimann's wife is a Greek, beautiful and intelligent, but not a patrician, for she is the daughter of a shopkeeper of Athens. In this respect she is of the same social position as her husband, for he was originally a shop boy in Hamburg, and made his fortune in the indigo trade. He was nearly 70 years old at the time of my visit to Athens, but with all the physical vigor of 60. His wife was just about half his age, but wonderfully congenial and sympathetic.

Senator Berry's Ladder Romance.

Senator Berry, of Arkansas, who is serving his second term, says a Washington letter, was a poor boy and as ignorant as he was poor. In young manhood he made an earnest effort to rub off the rough corners by hard study, and, through pluck and enterprise, laid the foundation of future prosperity. He was forced to steal the woman he loved from a second-story window in the night, but the father-in-law would never let him enter his home through all the years that he was a teacher, lawyer, legislator and judge; but when he became governor of Arkansas, he wrote as follows: "My daughter was a better judge of men than I. Forgive me, and during your administration, whenever you want to slip away from the capital to enjoy a brief respite from the cares of state, I do not invite, but beg, you to make my country house your home."

WHITE HOUSE HORSES.

THE PRESIDENTS WHO KNOW A GOOD ANIMAL.

Jackson's Thoroughbreds—The Horses of Later Days Also Have Had a Love for the Best of Thoroughbred Horse Flesh.

There have been on the whole more fine horses in the stables of the president of the United States during the century than horsemen generally think. President Washington was an excellent judge of a horse, as he had a right to be, inasmuch of the belt of country in which he was born and grew to manhood began very early in the life of the colony to import the very best sons and daughters of the Godolphin and Darley Arabian, the two horses to which the greatest racers in this country and in Europe trace their origin.

So it is natural that Washington, having been brought up under such auspices, should have been extremely particular in regard to the horses which he used in his coach. His famous gray war charger was a dapple gray, fifteen hands high, any of the finest form, symmetry and finish. Good judges of the horse now admit that he was the best Arabian ever imported to this country.

As evidence of Washington's remarkable knowledge of the qualities that contributed to the making of a good horse it is related that at the siege of Boston his attention was attracted to the superiority of the steeds that composed the cavalry from the valley of the Connecticut. Calling "Light Horse" Harry Lee into his counsel, Captain Lindsey was promptly sent by them to the Connecticut valley to purchase a horse, and he was subsequently taken to Virginia, where he became known as the Lindsey Arabian. The horse General Putnam rode when he galloped down the steep declivity of 100 steps and escaped from the British was a full brother of Washington's charger.

President Jefferson, with more republican simplicity than the first president used for his coach the strong but ordinary Virginia horses that were bred at that period in the mountain region of Albemarle. They were not exactly plugs, as cold-blooded horses are sometimes called, but were fast, sleek and cumbersome in their gait and safe for the ladies of the family, for Mr. Jefferson being a Virginia gentleman, scorned the effeminate practice of riding in a coach in his journeys to and from Richmond, Philadelphia, and later to Washington. His famous saddle-horse, Archy, was a son of the famous Sir Archy, and when Mr. Jefferson rode through the mud on Pennsylvania avenue on route to the capitol to attend his inauguration as president, and throw the reins of his steed over the fence palings as he dismounted, it was the son of his favorite sire that bore him.

The Adamsons, father and son, cared little for horses of any kind. The Puritans and their descendants were not fond of racing. Rather, they despised it as a worldly falling, and, therefore, gave the monopoly of it to the descendants of the cavaliers. On the other hand, that popular son of New England, Franklin Pierce, not only loved a good horse, but he bred several good ones. His menage while president was stocked with some of the best descendants of the Justin Morgan and Bishop's Hambletonian that could be procured in New England.

President Andrew Jackson had a profound contempt for a horse that was not thoroughbred. Poor as he was when he bade his old Irish mother good-by at the cabin door in the swamps of North Carolina, and swinging himself into the saddle, turned the head of his horse toward Tennessee to seek his fortune, he rode from the maternal homestead a well-bred horse, and throughout his life would mount none other.

President Zachary Taylor was, next to Washington and Jackson, the best judge of a horse that ever held the office. General Taylor rode only entire thoroughbreds in the army. His favorite saddle horses in the Mexican war and during his brief incumbency of the White House was a white thoroughbred stallion named "Old Whitey," an animal of great beauty, which was bred in Kentucky.

When President Lincoln became a resident of the white house there was purchased for him in central New York a pair of very stylish black carriage horses, the reputed price being \$3,000. Mr. Lincoln did not possess the proverbial Southern love for good horses, and was an indifferent judge of them. The black team were of the tough Morgan breed and lasted him as long as he lived. He seldom rode on horseback during the term of his administration, although he was used to the saddle. He was an awkward-looking equestrian on account of his long limbs and bowed posture.

President Grant brought to the white house several fast trotting horses. His favorite saddle beast was a half-bred Spanish horse, called "Jeff Davis," which had been captured from the plantation of Joe Davis during the campaign in Mississippi. His carriage team were lofty bays of thoroughbred and trotting blood. A span of ponies were subsequently added to the menage

for the children. President Grant was a good reinsman and when on a good piece of road was not averse to testing the speed of his horses and that of other who tried to pass him.

The horses President Hayes used during his incumbency were ordinary animals, without any particular merits as to breeding.

Garfield was a good rider, and very fond of riding at high speed on a high-spirited horse. He had some good ones. President Arthur loved horses, and while he did not claim to be an expert in horsemanship, he knew a good horse when he saw it. The White House stables were never so full of horses, except perhaps in Grant's time, as during Arthur's.

President Cleveland brought with him to the White House a very stylish team of seal browns of considerable bone and substance. They were high-headed, and during the four years they were Mr. Cleveland's property their necks were never constrained by the use of cheek reins.

President Harrison, as the grandson of a Virginian from the Tidewater section of the state, naturally had an inherent love for a well-bred and a well-developed horse. His grandfather, President William Henry Harrison, admired the thoroughbred, but on parade where martial music stirred their blood, and on the field of battle, he thought them to be excitable, and, therefore, preferred the half or three-quarters bred horse as being safer and more tractable. President Benjamin Harrison brought with him to Washington three horses, and admirable specimens they are of the breeds they represent.

A DOZEN DEADHEADS.

How They Were Gotten Into the Circus Without Pay.

People were willing to pay almost any price for tickets of admission to the last republican convention, and yet it was the easiest place in the world to get into, if one only had the requisite check. One man, and no very big one, either, but just one of the common herd, took a plain note-head and wrote "Chief doorkeeper republican convention: You will pass B. F. Jones and E. T. Smith," and merely signed his name to the order. It was good, and still the writer had no more right to make such a request than a tin soldier.

When a gentleman had related the above incident some one remarked that it might be easy to gain admission to a convention by the aid of check, but one couldn't work a circus that way. "That's where you are wrong," said a third person; "I am well aware that check is a commodity the circus man has usually a large stock of, but I saw it most successfully used against him one day. It was circus day down on the lake front; the ordinary large crowd was there, standing around listening to the music and loafing generally; the small boys were there waiting for any possible chance of 'gottin' in. A man went up to a group of anxious urchins. 'Want to go in, boys?' said he.

"'Yes; bet yer life we do,' came in chorus from the lads. They marched up in front of the door-tender. 'Count these boys,' said the man, and the guardsman of the great animal exhibition checked the lads off with his finger as they rushed by him and scattered on the inside.

"'One, two, three,' counted the doorkeeper, and finally announced 'eleven.'

"'All right,' said the man; 'all right; that's all,' and he turned away. 'Hold on there,' said the circus man; 'are you going to pay for these boys?'

"'Pay for 'em,' said the stranger; 'well, I guess not; I said nothing about paying for 'em; I just wanted to know how many there were; you circus men are good at figures, and I ain't; all I asked you to do was to count them. Much obliged.' And away he went, astonished at the surprising check preventing the doorkeeper from making any further effort to stop him. Oh, yes; the circus can be worked."

A Monster Block of Granite.

The Rockland (Me.) Opinion claims that the granite shaft quarried by the Bodwell Granite company, in Vinalhaven, is the largest mass of stone ever quarried upon the face of the earth, and that if erected it will be the highest, largest and heaviest single piece of stone now standing, or that ever stood, so far as there is any record.

It considerably exceeds in length any of the Egyptian obelisks, the tallest of which was brought to Alexandria from Heliopolis by Emperor Constantine and subsequently taken to Rome, where it now stands. This gigantic monument of faded grandeur, as it now stands, is 105 feet high. The Vinalhaven shaft will be 115 feet high, 10 feet square at the base and weighs 850 tons. It is understood that if Gen. Grant's remains are removed to Washington, Maine will offer the Vinalhaven shaft as her share towards a monster monument to the great commander.

Arctic Ice.

There is very little ebb or flow of tide in the Arctic, but occasionally there are very strong currents. All winter there is a general flow of tide and ice toward the south, while in summer this flow is northward.

CARMEN SYLVA.

She is Reported to Be an Interesting Conversationalist.

Carmen Sylva, queen of Roumania, adds to her talent for reading aloud the talent for talking. It has been said that any one having the honor of a long conversation with her would wish to take down in shorthand, or by the aid of a phonograph, every word the queen said. This is so even when trivial matter is the subject. But when poetry or literature is the subject, then indeed she becomes the brightest and most animated of the company. The first work from her pen which was given to the world was "Les Pensées d'une Reine," which came out in Paris. Next appeared "Sturme," a collection of poems, published in Bonn, which was followed by a volume of "Felsech Legenda," more fancifully styled "From Carmen Sylva's Realm." One pleasing trait may be noted apropos of these royal essays in literature: her majesty disdained to exploit the queen in the interests of the writer or to make a hit by means of her position.

Her *Pensées* are frequently of striking originality and full of common sense. Here are a few examples:

"If a woman is bad, the man is the cause of it."

About "The Wife:"

"Among savages the woman is a beast of burden, among Turks an article of luxury, among Europeans both."

"A woman should possess great virtue, for it often happens that she has to provide enough for both herself and her husband."

Of love Carmen Sylva says:

True love knows nothing of forgiveness, for if one forgives one loves no longer.

The jealousy of those who love us is a flattery.

Husband and wife should never cease to make love to each other a little.

Here are a few more general reflections:

True happiness is duty. It takes hundreds of sweet smelling leaves to make a rose, and hundreds of purest joys to complete our happiness.

How unhappy must that man be who attempts twice to take his own life.

A too exacting housewife is in continual despair. One would often be glad to find a little less scrubbing and more repose in the home.

If two intellectual women cannot succeed in making anything out of a man, then there is nothing in him.

Carmen Sylva begins her literary work before it is day. She disturbs no one, neither his majesty nor even a maid. She lights her own lamp, and works till the sun brings more light. She is very cordial to her friends, who are made to feel thoroughly at home. While the king has a fondness for wearing his uniform when at Kastell Pelosch, the queen likes to be in walking costume or the pretty Roumanian peasant dress. Every day when the queen used to go to her sanctum amid the trees, the children of the work people engaged on the building of the palace were accustomed to run forward and kiss the royal hand. On one occasion one of her youthful friends was missing. She was found suffering from diphtheria in her parents' cottage, and the queen who loves children, nursed the little one until it died in her arms. She had the misfortune to lose her own and only son. It was the sorrow of her life, but instead of dulling its usefulness with any settled selfish melancholy, the loss was the beginning of a chapter of increased activity. Ever since the queen has been more thoughtful for those in trouble and more indefatigable in her efforts for education and on behalf of the women of Roumania, who certainly stand in need of all the help and encouragement they can get.

Mr. Chugwater Amiable.

Mrs. Chugwater, arrayed in her best, was sitting for her photograph. "Your expression—pardon me—is a little too severe," said the photographer, looking at her over his camera. "Relax the features a trifle. A little more please. Wait a moment."

He came back, made a slight change in the adjustment of the head rest, then stood off and inspected the result.

"Now, then, Ready. Beg pardon—the expression is still a little too stern. Relax the features a little. A little more, please. Direct your gaze at the card on this upright post and wink as often as you feel like it. All ready. One moment again—pardon me—the expression is still too severe. Relax the—"

"Sumanthal!" roared Mr. Chugwater, coming out from behind the screen and glaring at her savagely. "smile, darn you! Smile!"

Duty Before Pleasure.

Massachusetts woman—I suppose the women generally vote as their husbands do?

Wyoming woman—Oh, no; at least I don't. He is a Democrat and I am a Republican.

"And you don't quarrel?"

"No, indeed. It prevents quarrels, in fact. Whenever he starts in to grumbling about the biscuits I got him started on the tariff and he forgets the bread entirely."—Indianapolis Journal.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of The World.

Several Paris papers in reporting the death of Lawrence Barrett, the tragedian, spoke of him as "Madame Barrett." One paper said that Madame Barrett's husband was a captain in the confederate army.

The coinage of silver dollars will cease July 1.

Complaint is made of the scarcity of sailors for the navy department.

Successful experiments have been made in England with the dynamite gun.

Elevator men of North Dakota are up in arms against the new elevator law.

It is reported that Postmaster-General Raikes, of England, will have to leave the government because of his attempts to crush the district messenger service.

Gen. John W. Foster, special envoy of the United States to Spain, is confident that he will succeed in negotiating a favorable reciprocity treaty.

Europe is once more disturbed by a war scare. The supposed alliance between France and Russia is taken as evidence of an intention on the part of these two powers to make a move against Germany. Austria and Italy being parties to the triple alliance would in that event come to the assistance of Germany, and it is thought that England could be brought into line to help the Kaiser.

Secretary Foster has given the State of Indiana uneasiness by notifying the sub-treasurer at Chicago not to pay the Indiana quota of the direct-tax refund. The Hoosier State was to receive almost \$1,000,000 and all the formalities had been gone through with for securing the money, but Secretary Foster found that there were several old claims of the government against Indiana and concluded that this was a good time to strike a balance. The claims against Indiana amount to about \$30,000 and the State settles them. It cannot have the \$1,000,000. The Secretary says that this action is in line with what will be done in the case of other States which are delinquent to the government. Vermont has been behind on some small debts for several years and now she will have to pay up or go without her share of the direct tax.

Several Paris papers in reporting the death of Lawrence Barrett, the tragedian, spoke of him as "Madame Barrett." One paper said that Madame Barrett's husband was a captain in the confederate army.

The Union Pacific road has granted concessions to its dissatisfied employees which will insure their receiving better pay.

Michael Davitt declared that Mr. Parnell had no intention of resigning his seat in Parliament. He added that if Parnell did resign and offer himself as a candidate for re-election he would be defeated.

A banana train on the Illinois Central was wrecked near Kankakee, Ill., and thirteen cars of fruit were derailed. The loss is about \$20,000.

The Modock Democratic Tariff Reform Club of Keokuk, Iowa, sent silver medals to Dr. Moore and Mr. Cockrell, the two independent members of the Illinois Legislature who voted for Senator Palmer for United States Senator.

The will of Baroness Falkenberg, making provision for a charitable institution at Lexington, Ky., has been upheld by the Kentucky courts after many years of litigation on the part of the Baroness' relatives.

Pittsburg has 1,000 cases of grip. Street-car companies and large offices are affected.

In a two-glove glove contest near Harrisburg, Pa., Jim Daily stood up before Joe McAuliffe and required six rounds for a purse of \$1,000.

Details of a sensational episode at the Chicago Auditorium have just become public. A wealthy New Yorker, lured by jealousy and rage, attempted to murder his wife, but was prevented. He then took revenge by abducting their only child.

The failure of the Kansas Legislature to appropriate money for a State exhibit at the world's fair has led to a movement to raise by private subscription the funds requisite to give that State a creditable representation.

The Canadian Pacific company's iron steamer Batavia is aground in the Columbia river, near Tonawanda Point.

The Olympic club of New Orleans has offered a purse of \$1,000 to McAuliffe and Myer for a glove contest to take place in about six weeks. McAuliffe to answer within four days.

Ex-Senator Ingalls' interviews in the East regarding the Farmers' alliance are embarrassing Kansas Republicans, and they are gashing their teeth at their former leader.

Pearl Starr, daughter of the notorious Belle Starr and reputed daughter of the equally notorious Cole Younger, in connection with a young man stole two fine horses from a farmer near St. Joe, twenty miles west of Gainesville, Texas. Officers are in pursuit.

In the Michigan Legislature the Doran bill to tax iron and copper products of the upper peninsula was defeated.

Theodore Thomas has been selected to be musical director and William L. Tomlinson to be choral director of the world's fair.

Western railroads claim to hold enough proxies to elect new world's fair directors, who will insure the location of exposition buildings on the lake front.

Shaw Potter died at Boston. He aided largely in the cause of negro education in the South and in the establishment of schools and churches in the far West.

Gene al James A. Ekin, who was a member of the commission who tried Mrs. Burratt, died at his home at Louisville, Ky.

The bill making Labor day and Lincoln's birthday legal holidays passed the Illinois Senate—37 to 1.

At Easton, Pa., Millie Caplecco a 10-year-old girl, shot herself through the heart with a revolver rather than marry an old man, the choice of her parents.

The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, who has been so long in New York for several days, still lies in a critical condition.

Dubuque, Iowa, has 1,000 cases of the grip. Senator Allison being one of the victims.

Two miners were entombed near Ottawa, Ont., by an unexpected slide of rock within a hour.

J. C. Van Aliman of Olney, Ill., tax collector of the township, has been found to be short in his accounts to the extent of \$1,400.

Reports that Italians employed on the Pittsburg, Ohio Valley & Cincinnati railroad are drilling under arms are fully verified.

An error was discovered in the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill passed near the close of the Fifty-first Congress, by which several valuable clerks in the public service were practically isolated out of employment.

A gas explosion in St. Joseph's Catholic church at Detroit, Mich., caused a panic in which many women were trampled and bruised and Mrs. Weithoff, 70 years old, was fatally hurt.

United States Consul Maloney, at St. Johns, N. F., announces that bait license for American vessels this season will be free.

John McConney, a notorious burglar, has been arrested at Whiting, W. Va., for complicity in the robbery of the Freeport (Pa.) savings bank.

Inquiry shows that the lines of steamers plying between England and the continent make no charge for carrying royal passengers. Their royal highnesses serve as advertisements.

King Charles of Wurtemberg is making another onslaught on the socialists. In his kingdom because the newspapers of that party have been reproaching him for his marital infidelities.

At Mason City, Iowa, Walter Eldore, an orphan boy, died from the effects of beatings and other cruel treatment received at the hands of Peter McMahon. McMahon was arrested.

Capt. Charles Manley of Ann Arbor, Mich., has been appointed commander of the soldiers' home at Grand Rapids, Mich.

The young due d'Orleans, son of the Bourbon pretender to the throne of France, is said to have visited Paris this week disguised as a valet in the service of Mme. Milha, the opera singer, with whom the young duke is very much in love.

The marine court which investigated the Utopia disaster at Gibraltar found Capt. McKeague of the wrecked steamer guilty of errors of judgment.

Fred Douglas, Minister to Hayti, is dissatisfied because Admiral Gherard has been appointed special commissioner to conduct the negotiations for Mole St. Nicholas and says he will resign unless he is permitted to transact the business.

The total number of hogs packed in the west during the year ending March 1, was 17,719,000, against 18,745,000 the preceding year.

A fierce snowstorm in the Texas Panhandle will result, it is reported, in heavy losses to cattle men.

The governor of Iowa has appointed H. L. Mitchell, of Bloomfield, State Pharmacy Commissioner to succeed H. K. Snider.

In a collision near Rock Castle, Va., Fireman Mahone Sigfried was killed and Conductor Mosby was injured. Engineer Roberts was killed in a wreck near Sutton, Neb., and his fireman was hurt.

At Lyons, Kan., four miners were precipitated down a shaft 500 feet deep by an accident to the machinery. A heavy oak beam fell upon them from the top of the shaft. They were crushed into a shapeless mass.

Indiana bankers met at Indianapolis and formed a State association, electing Thomas W. Wollen, of Franklin, president.

It was announced that Russia will present President Carnot of France with the decoration of the grand coronal of the Order of St. Andrew. This was said to mean that a formal treaty of alliance between Russia and France had been concluded.

Eva Brannock, a faith curer at Pittsburg, is said to have just finished a fast of forty days, having during that time consumed nothing but water.

Helen H. Clark, an Indian girl teacher in the Carlisle Indian school, has been appointed special agent for the United States government and has left for Montana to assume the duties of her office.

Planning mill employees propose to start a co-operative mill at Indianapolis with \$100,000 capital, of which amount \$1,000 has been subscribed.

Members of the Herington family held a meeting at Meadville, Pa., to arrange to bring suit for the recovery of land upon which the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railway depot is situated in Chicago. The land belonged to James Herington, Sr., and was sold by a son who forged his father's name.

At Ironton, Ohio, Albert and William Kell attacked Arthur Haney for having betrayed their sister. Albert Kell was fatally shot by Haney, who afterward surrendered to the police.

Warren Barrett, the oldest man in Minnesota, died at Glenshaw, aged 103 years. He was born in Vermont in 1799.

The London News states that the Italian authorities will take active steps to force America to give satisfaction for the mobbing of the Mafia prisoners.

At Wichita, Kan., J. C. Adams, who killed Capt. Couch, the Oklahoma bomber, was found guilty of murder in the first degree.

John Hawk, being awakened by a man trying to break into his house, near North Eaton, Ohio, seized a shotgun and killed the intruder.

The treasurer of the Sherman statue fund at New York was instructed to announce that \$14,750, or enough to complete the statue had been received.

During the year ending Feb. 18, 829 persons were inoculated for dog and cat bites at the lastest institute at New York.

Anderson, Green & Co., wholesale dealers in dry goods, notions, etc., at Nashville, Tenn., failed, with liabilities and assets of \$175,000 each.

It is now claimed that Hugh Miller, the Brooklyn incendiary, is insane.

Chilian insurgents captured Iquique after having bribed the Government troops to join for as with them.

Commissioner Groff of the general land office has been notified that his resignation has been accepted.

Six people were dangerously injured in a wreck on the Louisville & Nashville road near Anchorage, fifteen miles from Louisville, Ky.

Charles City, Iowa, to which place it was recently voted by the board of trustees to move the German-English college in Galeana, is unable to raise the bonus of \$20,000 which was offered. It is now thought that the college will go to Storm Lake, Iowa.

Hugh C. Miller, 59 years old, has been arrested for setting fire to numerous tenement houses in Brooklyn during the past six weeks. Being confronted with evidence of his guilt he made a full confession.

SHOT TWO ACTRESSES.

JEALOUSY CAUSES A DOUBLE MURDER AND SUICIDE.

Supposed Case of Poisoning at Omaha, Neb.—Mrs. Niedeffer's Murder—or Suil at Large.

A double murder and suicide occurred at the Casino variety theater at Spokane Falls, Washington. Charles Elliott, a faro-dealer, who was occupying a box near the stage, drew a pistol and fired several shots at the people on the stage. One bullet took effect in the left breast of Mabel Deblanin, killing her almost instantly. Another bullet lodged in the back of Carrie Smith, also a variety actress, inflicting a fatal wound. Elliott then placed the muzzle of his revolver in his mouth and blew his own brains out. His shots were intended for an actress named Lulu Durand, who was on the stage at the time, and of whom Elliott was insanely jealous.

SUPPOSED CASE OF POISONING.

Mrs. Emma Anderson of Omaha Dies Under Peculiar Circumstances.

1 Omaha, Neb., telegram: What is believed to be a case of attempted poisoning of the family of J. S. Hascall, a prominent politician, has just been discovered. Last Tuesday, while Hascall was away from home, the members of his household were taken suddenly sick after dinner, and next morning Emma Anderson, his housekeeper, died. The others are recovering.

A doctor called to see Mrs. Anderson and said she was suffering with the grip, but another physician declared the patient had been poisoned.

The matter was not reported to the authorities and nothing was known of it till today, after Hascall had left for St. Edward, Neb., with the remains of Mrs. Anderson. Hascall had tried to keep the matter quiet, but the probabilities are that the body will be exhumed and an inquest held. Hascall is divorced from his wife, and it is alleged the Anderson woman was the cause of the separation. It is claimed threats had been made that she would not die a natural death.

Mrs. Niedeffer's Murderer at Large.

A telegram says an inquest was held by Dr. Pearson over the body of Mrs. Niedeffer, who was murdered in her home about eight miles east of Mitchell, Indiana. Nearly all the neighbors were present, and from the evidence given no clue could be obtained to the murder. The verdict was that the wound in her head had caused death and that the party inflicting it was unknown to the jury. The murder could not have been committed for money, as nothing was missing about the house.

GEN. JOHNSTON'S FUNERAL.

It Is Conducted Without Any Ostentatious Ceremonies.

The funeral services over the remains of the late Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, almost the last of the great commanders of the confederacy, took place in Washington, D. C.

By special request of the deceased the ceremonies were devoid of ostentation or unnecessary formality, and the simplicity



GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

of the service was in keeping with the character of the man. There was no display of uniforms or battle flags or military trappings, and as the family of the deceased had carried out the spirit of his injunction and declined the request of a number of confederate veteran associations to participate formally, there was nothing to distinguish the funeral from a private interment beyond the large attendants of distinguished persons.

There were no services at the residence of the deceased, but just before 11 o'clock the remains were taken quietly to St. John's Episcopal church, opposite Lafayette square, accompanied by the family and near friends.

CATTLEMEN DISMAYED.

Notified That Their Stock Will Not Be Allowed to Graze on Ozone Lands.

No small amount of excitement among cattlemen has been caused by the announcement that Government Agent Miles has sent marshes to the Ozone Nation in the Indian Territory to notify the stockmen that they will not allow cattle to graze in that reservation. The cattlemen have leased large tracts of grazing lands in the Ozone Nation at a heavy expense, and for the last two weeks a small estimate places the number of cattle shipped there at 100,000 head. No one seems to know why the government has taken this action, and the cattlemen are at a loss as to what disposition to make of their large herds purchased with a view of grazing on these lands until fall.

Prairie Fire in Kansas.

A Kansas City dispatch says: A disastrous prairie fire occurred twenty miles east of here. A large number of farms were swept clean of corn, houses, and barns, and large numbers of cattle and horses perished. It is feared that lives were lost, as a strong wind was blowing.

To Pension Ex-Confederate Soldiers. A recent dispatch from Little Rock, Arkansas says that the bill to pension disabled Confederate soldiers and their indigent widows, and to appropriate \$10,000 for a soldiers' home at Little Rock, has passed both Houses of the Arkansas Legislature.

Office for an Indian Girl.

Helen P. Clark, an Indian girl who was a teacher at the Carlisle Indian school, in Pennsylvania, has been appointed special agent by the United States government. She left for Montana to assume the duties her office.

TO ENLIST INDIAN SOLDIERS.

Orders to That Effect Issued from General Merritt's Headquarters.

Orders were issued from Gen. Merritt's headquarters in St. Louis to begin enlisting Indians in the regular army. In that department of the Missouri, Troop L, of the Fifth Cavalry and Company I, Twelfth Infantry, are to be composed wholly of Indians recruited from the Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Kiowas, and will be assigned to duty at Fort Sill. Troop J, Seventh Cavalry, and Company I, Seventh Infantry, recruited from the same tribes, are to be assigned to Oklahoma, and Company L, Thirtieth Infantry, allied from the same tribes and the Comanches, will be assigned to Fort Supply, I. T., for duty. The Indians are to be enlisted for five years and receive the same pay as the whites and negroes now in the service.

DROVE OUT THE RUM-SELLERS.

Bloomville, Ohio, People Determined to Rid Themselves of a Nuisance.

Tiffin, Ohio, telegram: The temperance warfare at Bloomville continues with additional riotous demonstrations. After the demolition of his saloon Tuesday night, William Miller procured a new stock of liquors and established himself in other quarters. His place was again visited by a company of thirteen men and eleven women, who assaulted the proprietor and his bar-keeper, injuring the latter severely. They gave both of them half an hour to leave town on penalty of more severe treatment. Among the leaders of the mob was the local Methodist minister. Miller came to this city, but announces his determination to return to Bloomville, when further serious trouble will be unavoidable.

PLEASURESEEKERS IN A WRECK.

Two Passengers Killed and Many Badly Injured in a Railroad Wreck.

A disastrous wreck occurred on the Easley City dummy line in Birmingham, Ala. A train fell down an embankment ten feet high.

A. L. Brown and Bob Taylor, two negro passengers, were instantly killed. Alf Rigaby, the engineer, was caught under the engine and horribly crushed. His sufferings are excruciating and he is momentarily expected to die. Dr. Ramsey was injured, and it is said her back was so injured that she will be an invalid for life. About ten negro passengers were hurt more or less. Two of them, it is said, will not recover. The engineer was trying to make up time, as he was behind the schedule.

BUILT A SALOON IN SECTIONS.

Novel Scheme of Iowa Liquor-Sellers to Evade the Law.

Peter McCaffrey and Jack Doyle, both of Barnum, Iowa, have a new scheme for evading the law. During the holidays they had constructed a saloon building in sections so that it could be taken apart and stored away. Recently the district court granted an injunction against the saloon, and the other night the proprietors took down their building and stored it away in a warehouse, so that when the sheriff of Webster county comes to serve the injunction he will find no saloon. During the trial of the injunction the saloon men hung one of the leading citizens in effigy.

Canadian Pacific Let Into New York.

New York telegram: The Canadian Pacific is now a full-fledged trunk line out of New York city. Mr. Van Horne, Chauncey Dapew and H. Walter Webb have completed the deal by which the New York Central railroad lets the Canadian Pacific bring its freight and passenger trains in over the West Shore and the Central with as good facilities as the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad gets. The Canadian Pacific will come down from Brookville over the new bridge, which is to be built at that point by way of the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg to Utica. After the main points of the agreement had been reached Mr. Van Horne declared the war at an end, and returned to Montreal on the night train.

Silver Found in Illinois.

Peoria, Ill., telegram: Philip Slattery, a farmer living nine miles from Peoria, discovered a rich lead of silver ore. He was digging a well and struck the vein of ore about thirty feet below the surface in a rock stratum. The vein is a rich one, and an assayer pronounced it a fine quality of silver ore. Arrangements are being made in this city to develop the mine, and the well and adjoining property is carefully guarded.

Fifteen Carloads of Fire Water.

There was sent out from Peoria, Illinois, from the Woolner distillery the largest shipment of spirits ever made, being the world's record. There were fifteen carloads or 1,000 barrels of spirits, containing \$2,400 tax-dollars. The tax collected by the government on this single shipment was \$74,311, and the entire day's business represented a deal of \$100,000. The goods went to New York, Cincinnati and Philadelphia.

Suicide of a Wealthy Nebraska Farmer.

OMAHA, March 31.—This morning William Milligan, a wealthy farmer near Stanton, shot himself three times in the head and neck, dying almost instantly. Financial troubles were the cause of the suicide.

Left the Town Without Water.

The stand pipe of the water works at Delaware, Ohio, collapsed and fell, wrecking the engine house and severely injuring several persons. The town is now without water.

Drowned in the Ohio Canal.

M. A. Pigot, inspector of boilers for Mohan Bros. works, St. Louis, was accidentally drowned in the Ohio canal at Akron, Ohio.

Negotiations with Hayti Fail.

Private advices seem to indicate that Admiral Gherard has failed in his mission to assist Mole St. Nicholas, Hayti, as a naval captain. It is a deep disappointment to him, for he has managed his part of the negotiations admirably.

Valuable Pine Lumber Burned.

Fire broke out on the lumber docks of Hovey & McCracken at Muskogee, Mich., and consumed 1,500,000 feet of white pine lumber. The loss is \$15,000, fully insured.

KILLED BY WHITE CAPS.

A KANSAS FARMER MURDERED IN HIS OWN HOUSE.

Shot Down by Masked Men for Stealing Wheat for Seed—Mysterious Murder Near Mitchell, Ind.

Topoka, Kan., telegram: Gov. Humphrey has offered a reward of \$300 for the arrest and conviction of each of the murderers of Thomas Duncan, a settler living in a Cheyenne county dug-out. The murder was committed March 16, but the letter of the prosecuting attorney to the governor got the first details and confirmed the many stories of White Cap outrages which have recently come from the extreme northwestern part of the State.

For some weeks past there have been rumors in Topoka of White Cap punishments in the sparsely settled outlying counties of the State, but they have lacked official confirmation and no further attention was paid to them.

According to the present attorney's letter Duncan was accused of pilfering grain in small quantities from his neighbors in order to get a sufficient amount of seed to plant his spring crops. Two days before the killing occurred one of the neighbors positively identified Duncan as he was making his way from a grain bin.

The neighbors were informed and about 8 o'clock on the evening of March 16 about twenty men with white-cap masks rode up to Duncan's house and were met at the door by his wife. The victim had heard them coming and had crawled into a storage-room leading from his soil house. The white caps started to raze the house, and Duncan announced that he would come out. He started to go into his yard, when fire was opened on him. One bullet pierced his heart and another his right side. The men rode off, leaving their victims lying across the threshold of his own house.

EIGHT LIVES LOST IN THE SEA.

Heroic Efforts of the Life-Savers Rewarded by Rescuing Ten Persons.

Norfolk, Va., telegram: The Norwegian bark Dictator, from Pensacola, Fla., to West Hartlepool, England, laden with pine lumber, with a crew of fifteen and the captain's young wife and little boy of 3 years, came ashore in a strong easterly gale four miles south of Cape Henry and two miles north of Virginia Beach hotel. The weather was so thick that the vessel was not seen until 9 o'clock, and then she was in the breakers, broadside on, within a quarter of a mile of the shore.

Full crews from two life-saving stations, those of Cape Henry and Seaside, under command of Capt. Drinkwater, were promptly on hand and began firing lines to the ill-fated bark. The guns could not deliver the lines so far, though they were repeatedly fired.

The ship finally succeeded in getting a line ashore tied to a barrel, which the surf carried to the life-savers. The breeches buoy was quickly rigged and sent to the vessel, but unfortunately the bark's crew was ignorant of its use, and the rescue was delayed until Capt. Drinkwater of the life-saving crew wrote instructions, put them in a bottle, and sent it to the Dictator by the line connecting the vessel with the shore.

The men on board broke the bottle at once, as could be seen by glasses from the shore, and proceeded to carry out the directions. The first man was delivered ashore in eight minutes, and seven others were rescued. Four of them came ashore in a life-boat, which was capsized, but the men succeeded in reaching the shore in a half-dazed condition. One man had his arm broken.

The captain had urged his wife all during the day to take the buoy and come ashore, but she steadily refused, as she would not leave her husband and child, and only one could take the buoy at a time. The bark finally went to pieces and the seven that remained on her had been lost, including the wife of the captain. The captain, just before the ship went to pieces sprang into the sea with his son strapped to his back and reached the shore alive, but the boy was lost, making a total of eight lives.

A CABINET MINISTER KILLED.

The Bulgarian Minister of Finance Shot Down.

At 8 o'clock in the evening, while Premier Stambuloff and Balcheff, Minister of Finance, of Bulgaria, who had been walking together, were about to enter their official residences, which adjoined each other, a man suddenly confronted them with a revolver, and fired three shots point blank at Stambuloff, who fell dead. The assassin succeeded in making good his escape. A number of persons who witnessed the murder report that the assassin had three accomplices who assisted him to escape. No motive has been suggested for the murder of the minister of finance, but it is presumed that the conspirators may have intended to take the life of Premier Stambuloff, but that in the darkness of the evening they mistook M. Balcheff for the man they had marked as their victim.

TWO MYSTERIOUS DEATHS.

Ugly Rumors About the Sudden Demise of the French Brothers.

A Terre Haute, Ind., special says: Daniel and John French, two young farmers living five miles south of here, died within twelve hours of one another from some unknown cause. Both died soon after eating meals. The family did not call in a physician and the neighbors notified the coroner, who left at noon to investigate the cases. Both men were in excellent health and ugly rumors have already been put in circulation hinting at poisoning by members of the family.

An Insane German Officer.

Berlin cablegram: Lieutenant of the Infantry Blum armed two squads of infantry in Naumburg, Germany, and ordered them to charge the unsuspecting citizens with drawn bayonets. Eight persons were mortally wounded. Blum, who is the son of a general, was intoxicated. The authorities declare him to be temporarily insane.

Fruit and Tree Planters for Tree Planters.

A new book for practical tree planters. The Orange Judd Farmer says: "This little book is ably written and gives trustworthy information for everyone growing fruit of any sort or kind." Sent free by Stark Bros., Louisiana, Mo.

They Quarreled About a Dog.

In a quarrel over a dog at Millidgeville, Florida, Joe Tucker was shot through the head five times with a Winchester rifle by Mr. Ennis and instantly killed.

HELPED TO KILL HIM.

Murdered Her Husband For Insurance Money.

A Mrs. Frances Calkins, on trial at Goshen, Ind., with Frank Hendrix for the murder of her husband at Elkhart last April, has turned State's evidence and made a full confession of the crime. This, coupled with other strong evidence adduced by the prosecution, has made the case look almost hopeless for Hendrix, who still stoutly maintains his innocence.

The sensational features of the day, after all other evidence for the prosecution was in, was the release of Mrs. Calkins from custody in order that she might appear on the stand as a witness for the prosecution. Her story of the awful crime, by means of which she and Hendrix hoped to become joint owners of over \$5,000, was graphic and at times brought the audience up to a high pitch of excitement. It is as follows:

In February, 1900, Mrs. Calkins, who was then a widow (Mrs. Whipple), was living in a flat at Elkhart on the same floor on which Hendrix had his insurance office. Edward Calkins, an old man possessed of some money and property and editor of the Labor Signal, State organ of the Knights of Labor, lived with her. She and Hendrix became quite intimate and soon formed a plan which, if successful, would result in her marrying Calkins, his

FOR THE LADIES.

INTERESTING ITEMS FOR YOUNG AND OLD FEMININITY.

A Hint of Poetry—The Decline of Marriage—Foundry Girls—Lettling a Man Alone—Etc., Etc.

Oh, in her sable garments the widow looked a queen,
For beauty in its sorrow is beauty's crown,
I ween;
The rosy pallor of her cheeks, in all their tender glow,
Was like a purple sunset upon a drift of snow;
And in her weeping eyes of blue such weird emotions lay,
Such deeper depths of sadness, and shadows dim and grey—
That you would fancy she had lost—poor, hapless Leonore—
Not one dear lord and master, but twenty-five or more.
She ran to me—she rushed to me with all her youth and gold,
And in soft, pleading accents, she asked to be consoled.
There was, she gasped, a vacant place upon her heart's throne still.
That somebody, if he knew how, could take by storm and fill.

Well, I knew how, for grasping both her jeweled hands in mine,
I quaffed from those ripe lips of hers a vintage rich as wine.
And while I tore the widow's serge right off her queenly head,
And told her that a living spouse was better than a dead,
She leant upon my bosom in tremulous surprise,
And sorrow's shadows vanished from the blue depths of her eyes.

To-day the ragman purchased the sable weeds I sold,
And now I own the widow—the widow and her gold.
—Eugene Davis, in West Shore.

The Decline of Marriage.

It appears to be an admitted fact that there is a yearly increasing falling off in the number of marriages which take place among the prosperous and highly educated classes, both in this country and in Europe. It has always been noticeable that the poorer and least educated portions of society have been the readiest to launch upon the sea of matrimony and have raised the largest families. The decline in the number of marriages among the wealthier and more cultivated classes has been commonly attributed to the increased cost of living, and the demands of luxury, pride and ostentation, but there are those who think it attributable principally to newer conceptions of what marriage should be. It is no longer the alliance for commonplace objects of two persons of opposite sexes with few or no mental needs or susceptibilities in common, but the union of two beings whose intellects, feelings, tastes and sympathies have been assiduously trained to a high point of development and sensitiveness. The man or woman of the highest culture and refinement excludes from his or her matrimonial scope the individual of the other sex of undeveloped powers. Imperfect sympathies and inelegant manners. A highly trained intellect must have a wide acquaintance with the objects of thought, and a wide acquaintance in society, does not stand in need of the perpetual companionship which is an absolute necessity to many. To a self-contained character of this sort a truly congenial marriage is undoubtedly an untold blessing, but the connubial state is not such an urgent necessity as to preclude deliberation, careful choice and some regard for consequences. A decline in hasty and ill-assorted marriages would prove a blessing to all grades of society and induce a much needed decline in divorces, which, for want of an international law, have grown to become quite too frequent for the public welfare.—The Home.

Foundry Girls.

According to reports received by the Workingwomen's society of New York, women have taken another step forward, and have gone in large numbers into an occupation which seems to be adapted only to men on account of the physical strength required, says the Commercial. They have actually gone into the great foundries at Pittsburgh, and today something like five hundred of them are "capping" nails and bolts—that is, putting heads on them. This is severe physical labor, and it takes a strong man to do the work. But the iron works find no difficulty in getting plenty of girls. Already the supply almost doubles the demand. This is the direct result: For the work mentioned men always received from \$14 to \$16 a week; the girls receive from \$4 to \$5 and are glad to get it. Now, men are practically thrown out of employment in a trade in which they used to earn living wages. It is the same old story.

But the idle men are enjoying a sweet little revenge. The girls who have taken their places are known everywhere in Pittsburgh as "the foundry girls." There is nothing shameful in this title, but it is considered shameful by other workingwomen in the Smoky City. The "foundry girl," it appears, can be recognized everywhere on account of older-stained face, or for some other reason unknown outside of Pittsburgh—and the "sales-ladies" and "factory-ladies" cross the street when they see her a block off. They cannot bear the idea of "the foundry lady" being added to their social list.

Yet even the foundry woman is held to be higher in the social scale than the woman engaged in domestic service. "The saleslady," it seems, is distinctly friendly to the "factory lady." The "factory lady" turns up her nose at the foundry girl. And the foundry girl is hardly condescending to the servant or nurse girl. It appears that there are finer distinctions in social scale among the Pittsburgh workingwomen than among the millionaires of New York.

THE CAMP FIRE.

OUR BRAVE OLD SOLDIERS IN WAR AND PEACE.

An Anecdote of General Sherman—Fast Torpedo Boats—Confederate Prisoners at the North—Etc.

At a joint Memorial meeting of all the Grand Army Posts of Toledo, O., in honor of Gen. W. T. Sherman, Past Commander-in-Chief John S. Kountz was the orator of the occasion. In the course of his address, which was a tribute to the memory of the departed hero, he related the following incident and anecdote connected with his own regiment, the 37th Ohio.

"I remember our arrival near Chattanooga and going into a concealed camp on the west side of the Tennessee, just opposite Chickamauga Creek, where Maj. Hipp, of my regiment, was placed in command of the detail which was to cross the river in small boats, and, if possible, secure a landing. Near midnight, Nov. 23, 1863, all was ready and the signal given to start; and when nearing the point where it was proposed to land, a rebel picket fire was discovered and our troops hurriedly landed and captured it. On returning to the other side, the darkness made it difficult for him to find our troops, and Maj. Hipp shouted for the Fifteenth Corps, when he was immediately answered in suppressed voices to keep still or he would be arrested. Having no time for explanation, becoming impatient, the Major cried out: 'Where in hell is Gen. Sherman?' The answer promptly came from the General himself, who was not more than 60 feet away. 'What do you want?' The Major answered, 'I want a brigade; the boats are in waiting.' The General at once asked, 'Did you make a landing?' Major Hipp answered, 'Yes, and captured the picket.' Gen. Sherman, who was on horseback, surrounded by his staff, was so elated that he took off his hat and cheered. I remember that after crossing to the south bank of the river our men throwing up earthworks, and how Gen. Sherman, who had crossed the river just behind us, told the boys to 'Pitch in; this is the last ditch.' The night's undertaking was grandly accomplished, and Gen. Sherman was perhaps the happiest man in Grant's army the morning of Nov. 24, 1863."

No figure in later years had become more familiar in New York than that of General Sherman. The simplicity, candor, and childlikeness of his nature, his ready sympathy and lively humor, and the great career of heroic achievement which lay behind him, made him a most interesting and memorable personality. His name is indissolubly associated with that of General Grant in the history of the civil war, and there is no more romantic and inspiring story in our national annals than that of the march to the sea.

The general was always welcome, not only because of his great renown and his illustrious services, but because of his personal charm. The papers have been full of conversations which recall his happy speeches, the constant flow of delightful anecdote, the pleasant dalliance of a great nature in repose. Edward Everett in his oration at the unveiling of the statue of Daniel Webster in Boston describes the Defender of the Constitution on the evening before the delivery of his most famous speech, the reply to Hayne, and on the next day at its delivery in the Senate. In the evening, says Everett, but in his most elaborate and consummate effective manner, he was like one of the boats he loved rocking and swinging on the gentle lap of the waves upon the shore. But the next day he was "a mighty admiral" in action on mid-ocean, with all his broadside thundering, his canvas strained, and his flags and pennants streaming.

Sherman, in his later days, as we have known him in New York, was the boat easily swinging on the tide, the lightning of battle sheathed, and the frowning tier on tier of guns invisible. It is perhaps not too much to say that the feeling with which in every company he was greeted was akin to love. It is good to think of him so, good that the last thought of a man whose name is honored and cherished by millions should be as kindly and gentle as it is admiring and grateful. So he would have had it, and would have asked no sweeter rosary for remembrance.—Harper's Weekly.

Fast Torpedo Boats.

Of course all builders strive for the greatest speed, and each year has seen a boat built which is faster than any before. The palm of the highest speed seems to lie at present between an English boat built for France by Thornycroft—the *Courier*; and a German boat built for Italy by Schlan—the *Nittbo*. Each of these boats can run nearly twenty-seven knots an hour. A knot, you know, is a sea mile, which is one and one-seventh mile, so these boats can make about thirty miles an hour, or about the average speed of a railroad passenger-train. Just think of a boat rushing through the water as fast as a train of cars runs over the land!

The next most important thing in a torpedo boat is quick turning; and for this purpose the largest Normand, Schlan, and Yarrow boats have two rudders, one in the usual place at the stern, and one under the bow. Mr. Thornycroft has another device. He puts two curved rudders near the stern and the propeller is between them, so that when the rudders are turned together, the water which the propeller is driving astern is turned a little to one side and helps to push around the boat.

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The latest idea in torpedo boats is to have their launching tubes mounted on turn-tables on deck instead of being fixed in the bow. With this improvement a boat will not have to steam straight at her enemy, stop, launch its torpedo, and then turn to run away; but it can train its tube on the big ship as if the tube were a gun, and launch the torpedo while rushing past at full speed. This would be less dangerous for the torpedo boat, for it would not afford the men on the ship a good aim at her.—John M. Ellicott, in St. Nicholas.

Hungry for Months.

As the months passed on a marked change was noticeable in the appearance of the men. They became depressed and listless, and unsuspected trails of disposition cropped to the surface. The parade-ground was dotted with gaunt, cadaverous men, with a far-away look in their eyes and with hunger and privation showing in every line of their emaciated bodies. It was believed by many among us that this mode of treatment was enforced as a retaliatory measure, and this belief certainly received strong support when, looking across the bay, we saw a city whose waste alone would have supplied our wants. I have seen a hungry "Reb" plunge his hand into the swill-barrel of some mess, and, letting the water drain through his fingers, greedily devour what chance had given him—if anything. Speaking for myself, and well aware of what I state, I assert that for months I was not free from the cravings of hunger. One-half of my loaf and the meat portion of my ration was eaten for dinner. I sipped on the remaining piece of bread, and breakfasted with "Duke Humphrey." I sometimes dreamed of food, but cannot remember in my dreams ever to have eaten it, becoming, as it were, a sort of Johnson's Island Tantalus.

When we arrived on the island the rats were so numerous that they were common sights on the parade-ground. Later on they disappeared. Many of the prisoners ate them. If asked if I myself have ever eaten one I answer no, because to cook a rat properly (like Mrs. Glass's hare) you must first catch him. I have sat half frozen in our mess kitchen armed with a stick, spiked with a nail, but was never fortunate enough to secure the game. A dog would have served the purpose better, but the chances were that some hungry "Reb" would have eaten the dog.—The Century.

At Fort Gregg.

William Talley, Co. D, 89th N. Y., having seen the statement by Comrade Leach, of the 12th W. Va., in which he says that Dandy's Brigade, Foster's Division, Gibson's Corps, did not take Fort Gregg, the writer agrees with him; but when he says that the fort was taken by the 12th W. Va. and the 23d Ill., he makes a misstatement. And when he says that two brigades of Ord's command, as stated by Gen. Grant, could not be used around a small fort, he might make the marines believe it, but an old soldier never. He further states that all were ordered to halt by some fool when within ten rods of the fort, but the writer thinks the rebels compelled them to halt, as it was a little too hot for them. When he says that there was not another man of any command in the ditch around the fort, except the 12th W. Va. and 23d Ill., he makes a false statement, for the writer was there, with the rest of the First Brigade, First Division, Twenty-fourth Corps, commanded by Gen. Fairchild.—National Tribune.

A Correction.

D. W. Light, Co. M, 5th Ohio Cav., thinks Comrade Hobart has forgotten about Herbert's old fighting Fourth Division, as they did not go to Bolivar until August or September, 1863. The writer has a faint recollection of the troops going on the trip mentioned, but cannot figure out where the Third Brigade of the Fourth Division came in. He is right, however, about whipping Price at the Hatchie, but is a little off about the commanders, for Herbert commanded until the infantry charged down to the river, when Ord superseded him. The first and second battalions of the regiment was with Herbert's Division from the day before the battle until Grant started for Vicksburg the first time, and he fails to remember that two brigades being in the division, one commanded by Veatch and the other by Lauman, and if the comrade was in the Third Brigade the writer would like to know who the other brigade commander was.—National Tribune.

A Monument for Sherman.

New York business men are moving in the matter of erecting an equestrian statue to Gen. Sherman. They have considerable courage to do this in face of the way New Yorkers have acted with reference to the Grant monument. But it appears that this movement is mainly among wealthy men who were personal friends and admirers of Gen. Sherman, and they can readily make up among themselves the relatively small amount—\$35,000—which it is proposed to expend upon the statue. They will make an effort to have the monument dedicated on the anniversary of the death of Gen. Sherman, which will be pretty rapid work.—National Tribune.

An Epitaph.

Dr. W. H. Russell closes an interesting article on Admiral Porter and General Sherman in the Army and Navy Gazette with the following tribute to the latter: "Alert, cheerful and confident, he was prompt and stern in action, a charming companion, full of anecdotes and of humor—dry, if you please, but sound and sweet—proud of the profession to which he belonged and a model soldier and gentleman."

FASHION IN SCALPING.

SOME OF THE VARIETIES OF HAIR RAISING.

While Men and Indians Have Different Methods of Cutting Off Their Enemies' Locks—Towards Sever Mutilated by the Savages, Who Hate Them.

It is the fall of 1878. The Cheyennes, dissatisfied with their place in the Indian Territory, have broken into small bands and are breaking for their old homes in the north. Two companies of United States cavalry are in pursuit, but the Indians outnumber the soldiers, and when the troops get too close they turn and fight like cornered wildcats. Every day the soldiers find fresh evidences of the ferocity of the savages they are pursuing. Every village along their path has been devastated. The mutilated bodies of men lie in the streets—four or five in every town. Finally the troops reached the village of the menomies. There they find twenty-seven dead men and boys, almost the entire male population of the town. The Indians were less merciful to the women. A fate worse than death was theirs. Several of them are found naked and stark wandering the prairie. There are other marauding bands of Indians in the country, but the work of the Cheyennes is unmistakable. The bodies are not scalped. This is the Cheyenne's way of expressing contempt for those he kills. There is no glory in carrying the scalp of a man who will not fight. One of the articles of the faith of the sect that constitutes the population of the village is abhorrence of war and all manner of bloodshed. There was not a stream in the village when the two hundred Indians swept through it. Further on the soldiers find a wounded horse lying on the prairie. Near him is a cowboy's hat, by it lie two or three empty rifle cartridges. There was a fight here. A hundred yards further on are more shells and the grass is spotted with blood. Fifty yards further they find the body of a cowboy. About him are more shells, pistol cartridges this time. The cowboy's long hair is gone. Here was an adversary whom there was some glory in killing. To the soldiers familiar with life and death on the plains there is no mystery about what they see on the prairie there.

The cowboy met the Indians and rode for his life away from them. But among all those who pursued some must have had horses swifter than the cowboy's pony. He tried to keep them back with his rifle, but the Cheyennes are not cowards. So the unequal race was run, the Indians firing as they pursued. They shot his horse and he tried to make a fort of the animal's body. Maybe he kept them off for a time—the empty shells would indicate as much. Then they began to circle out around him to take him from the rear. His fort was no longer tenable, and he ran again. Where the second shells and the blood-stained grass were found a bullet reached him, and he went down, still fighting. He must have recovered enough to make another effort. Another shot reached him as he dropped from exhaustion and he fought on to the end with his six-shooter. That is why they took his scalp. Just the hair on the top of the dead cowboy's head was gone. The scalping-knife cut around just below the line of the hair on the forehead. Then the knife circled his head, taking in that portion of the scalp where the hair divides behind. That is the way they scalp a white man.

Had their victim been a Sioux or a Kiowa they would not have taken so much. But a white man does not distinguish his scalplock. The scalplock consists of the axis of the scalp. Just that spot where the hair that you brush to the front and to the sides joins that which you brush back toward the neck. Nearly all the Indians take great trouble with the scalplock. They let the hair grow longer there than anywhere else and braid it as carefully as a Chinaman does his queue. Frequently they braid strings of buckskin or rabbit skin in with it and ornament it with bits of glass or bright metal. Death to one of these Indians, provided he does not lose his scalplock, means little. He is never dishonored while this wisp of hair is still attached to his skull.

In the earlier days of Indian fighting a whole tribe would hold a dance of rejoicing if they found their dead after a battle unscalped. Some of the western tribes have a belief that accounts for the consideration with which the scalplock is regarded. It is that the spirit of the dead Indian is lifted up to the happy hunting-grounds by his scalplock, and that without this appendage he can never reach the Indian paradise. So these Indians will do anything to prevent their scalps from ornamenting the belt or tepee of an enemy. There are numerous instances of warriors who, finding themselves cut off from all hope of escape, have ridden over precipices and gone down singing a song of triumph, because the enemy could not get their hair. This is also the reason that the Indians always carry off their dead and hide the bodies where they can never be found.

The sober second thought usually comes the next morning after the banquet.

WISCONSIN NEWS.

Major J. A. Davidson, of Sparta, is a horse thief operating around Trempealeau.

The new railway club house at Kaukauna is to cost \$8,000.

A young man named Jordan was accidentally shot at Eau Claire.

There is an epidemic of grip at Rushford, Winnebago county.

Ell Morgan, an old resident of Dodge county, died at Fox Lake.

Burglars took \$200 from the house of Anton Hanson, of Eau Claire.

Henderson Harvey died suddenly at Milton. He was 55 years of age.

Adam Blumer, a farmer near Monticello, sold his 470-acre farm for \$23,000.

Willie Meizer, aged 7 years, of Racine, is said to be suffering from hydrophobia.

Mrs. Joseph Laus, wife of an Oshkosh manufacturer, died at the age of forty-nine.

The Salvation Army absolute at Green Bay counts twenty-seven adult conversions.

The cannery project at Berlin bids fair to be realized. About \$15,000 will be required. The business that Fond du Lac furnishes the railway amounts to \$300,000 annually.

Janeville will vote on the question of license or no license at the ensuing election.

Maj. Fred C. Warner was buried among the old veterans in the Soldiers' Home cemetery.

There is strong probability of a general strike and lockout of plasterers in Milwaukee.

The La Crosse common council has changed the date of the bridge celebration to July 4.

Arrangements have been made at Klilbourn City to erect a creamery that will cost \$3,200.

Eau Claire's English-speaking priests have formed a branch of the American Clerical Union.

A watchmaker named Rosenow was fatally burned by an explosion of naphtha at Menasha.

Bishop Flatch of La Crosse, who was at the point of death recently, has gone South for his health.

Mrs. Ferdinand Richter of Burlington, wife temporarily insane committed suicide by drowning.

The realty of Chippewa Falls is valued at \$2,000,000. The personal property is estimated at \$1,000,000.

The Neenah Sons of Veterans have obtained 100 guns and 300 rounds of ammunition from the State.

Daniel H. Morris, one of the earliest Welsh settlers in this town of Utica, Winnebago county, is dead.

Four dangerous cases of trichinosis, caused by eating partially-cooked ham, are reported in Centerville.

Bishop Gratton has \$1,000 toward building a new edifice for the congregation of Grace church, Appleton.

Col. N. S. Gos, a noted ornithologist, who died recently at Neesho Falls, Wis., was once a resident of Pewaukee.

Day, according to a dispatch, is also wanted at Michigan City, Ind., for obtaining \$150 on a forged check.

Herman Falk, of the Eau Claire Light Guard, was killed while at work in a logging camp on the Flambeau river.

Ellsworth Dougherty, of Pewaukee, is reported to have married a New York heiress who is dying of consumption.

D. J. Spaulding, wagon manufacturer of Black River Falls, made an assignment. Liabilities, \$210,000; assets, \$700,000.

A child of Dan Elliot, a farmer in the town of Scott, Crawford county, was killed by the upsetting of a load of corn-fodder.

An official statement of the strength of the Farmers' Alliance in the State places the number of branch alliances at 221.

Lillian Curtis, a pretty 14-year-old girl who ran away from her home at Neenah, was arrested at a Milwaukee hotel and sent home.

James Sprawley, of Two Rivers, aged 43, unmarried, was arrested charged with attempting a criminal assault upon a married woman.

Michael Lesselung was arrested at Hurley and taken to Oshkosh on the charge of abandoning his wife, to whom he was married recently.

A man named Sigismund, of Antigo, was in Manitowish, having with him a few which trotted at his master's heels wherever he went.

The Assembly passed bills to provide for religious freedom in public reformatories, and making Sept. 1 a holiday to be known as Artisans' Day.

The residence of George Gerhard in Milwaukee was fired by an incendiary, and the prompt discovery of the fire saved the life of Gerhard's mother-in-law.

Oscar Huln, principal of a school in Manitowish, was fined \$10 for allowing a son of Charles Huln, a pupil, to be on the premises to settle an affair of the kind.

W. Stevens, of Green Lake county, has been declared sane and taken charge from the guardianship of his son. The son will appeal the case. Stevens is wealthy.

Negotiations are pending in Milwaukee for the purchase of Becker's Street railroad by the Villard street-car syndicate, which now owns the Green City and Milwaukee City railways.

Leonard Martin, one of the first settlers of Waushara county and well known as a pioneer merchant and hotel-keeper, died at his home at Big Bend. Death was caused by pneumonia.

A farmer by the name of Knoff, in the town of Eaton, Brown county, was arrested on a charge of criminally assaulting a 12-year-old girl, whom, it is alleged, he had enticed into a barn.

Fred W. Staples, charged with killing David Seely, at Staples, Jan. 17, pleaded guilty to manslaughter and was sentenced to Gratiot, and was sentenced to thirty days in jail and a fine of \$500.

Ellen Sanville, a 12-year-old girl, of Egg Harbor, took \$35 of her mother's money, went to Green Bay, and purchased a ticket to Montreal, Can. She was picked up by the police and sent home.

Jack Carlock has given up wrestling, and will engage in business. He says there is no longer any money in wrestling. Carlock retires with the honor of being the champion Cornish wrestler of the world.

Moritz Mursch, engineer at the Butte-Muelier saw-mill at Ellis Junction, was seriously hurt by the explosion of the boiler. Charles Wierzel, Will Waukon and Andrew Kniel, employees, were also injured.

Mrs. H. S. Richards, of Lake Geneva, by the death of her brother in Illinois, receives quite a fortune. She gets \$3,000 now and \$100 per month for ten years when she will receive \$25,000 more. Each of her children also receives \$1,000.

Thomas H. Farmer, the insurance agent who became insane and made it lively for people about Racine, remains in jail and is worse than ever. He raved and tore every stitch of clothing from his body and attacked the prisoners.

Neenah possesses three claimants for the French spoliation awards. They are S. E. A. S., and N. E. Trout. They are direct descendants of Adam Trout, who received fatal injuries on the privateer Enterprise under Deatur when attacked by a French fleet.

Senator Persons voted against the governor's continuance and bill, explaining his action by saying that he considers it a rise of the governor's salary under false pretenses. He wants the governor to give a detailed statement as to how he expends the fund.

THE TYPEWRITER TUNE.

Though its coming be slow, we can all feel
That the "popular song" has its end;
And the hand-organ lay cannot last all the
day.
Its horrors must cease to ascend.
But the typewriter tune, with its terrible
twist,
Incessant responds to the rubber-hung
wrist.
With its "plink, plack, clinkety, clang!
Pluckety, pluckety, bang!"
Your heart may be light and the future
seem bright,
Ere you come within range of its sound;
But your spirits will sink to your shoes in
a wink.
From the noises that hover around,
When the alphabet goblins, so crooked and
weak,
Are tortured till pain makes them shiver
and squeak,
With a pluck, plack, clinkety, clang!
Pluckety, pluckety, bang.

DEACON BLIFFEN'S SUIT.

Miss Caledonia stood shaking the
tablecloth out into the yard and scolding
the chickens as they darted about
greedily clucking over the rain of
crumbs that fell from the snowy linen
cloud. The lady was rather thin and
her hair showed a silver thread here
and there in her brown, straight bands,
but in Deacon Bliffen's eyes she was
very comely still. In her neat dark
dress, plain collar and white apron,
which had rather a coquettish looking
bow of ribbon at the waist-band, and
her eyes were bright and smiling in
spite of the forty years of life's storm
and gloom they had looked out on. The
deacon paused as he was riding by and
called good morning.

"La, Deacon Bliffen, is that you?"
said Miss Caledonia in reply, giving
the tablecloth a final shake before
folding it up.

"Yes'm; is Obadiah, as home? I—I
would."

"No, he's just gone. They're patch-
ing up the fence over in the meadow,
and he's there. But get down, deacon,
and I'll blow the horn for him."

The deacon alighted, and secured his
gray mare, but he caught Miss Caledonia's
hand as she put the horn to her
lips.

"Never mind about calling him,
ma'am; most likely he's busy, but if
you'll let me I'll just take a seat here
in your kitchen, and may be he'll come
—back to the house—for—something he's
forgotten."

"La!" said his hostess, eyeing him
in wonder. Then as a thought struck
her, her pale face flushed up like a
girl's and she said no more, but bustled
herself about her morning work, chat-
ing as she went to and fro to the de-
acon about Widow Green's sick cow, the
Sunday school work and the Deacons
Society. She made no sign but her
glance fell time and again anxiously at
the cloudy sky showing in gray patches
through the windows, and her thoughts
were busy depicting Obadiah's disgust
and wrath if it began to rain and he
returned to the house to find Deacon
Bliffen in her kitchen at 9 o'clock in
the morning.

That circumstance could, of course,
bear but one meaning, and Obadiah
hated courtship and lovers. Obadiah
would call her an old goose. She
knew he would, and Miss Caledonia
shivered to remember how he had
laughed five years before, when Lemuel
Crane had come to call on Sunday
evening, laughed till poor Lemuel had
crept away never to come back. It
had always been thus, even when she
was a girl.

In the meantime Obadiah worked
away at the meadow fence till a drop
like a big tear splashed on his hand.
He wiped it off, but twenty, thirty,
fifty came pelted after it. So he sent
his men away, and stood undecided for
a moment. He wanted to see Deacon
Bliffen about that mortgage Harker
wanted on his mill, and his advice as
to the value of the mill. The rain was
likely to drive the deacon home, too,
so he could not do better than to step
over to his house—it was as near as
his own—and talk the matter over
with him. He had to run for it, for
the rain was falling heavily, so he tore
up the deacon's steps and rapped at the
door with quite a glow on his face and
at his heart at his boyish run.

"Is your pa at home?" he said,
smiling with unusual pleasantness at
pretty Kitty Bliffen as she opened the
door. Strange he had never noticed
before how very pretty the girl was.
Why, her hair was like spun gold and
her eyes as blue as those flowers
Caledonia was always tending. What were
they? Oh, yes, forget-me-nots. No,
the deacon was not at home, but Mr.
Crump must walk in, for it was raining
so hard it would get him wet through.
This with many blushes and a dimple
playing in and out of her round cheek.
What did it remind him of?

Mr. Crump sat and pondered this for
quite a minute as he drew off his
dripping coat and put on the dry one
of her father's Kitty brought him.
Then he remembered with a pang such
as his heart scarcely understood. Oh,
yes, he remembered it well! She had
blue eyes, too, like those Kitty Bliffen
lifted up to his face, and in her rosy
cheek a dimple, too, played hide and
seek.

Poor girl! Her grave had known
the snow of thirty winters, for she had
slipped away from life while still a
child, but her memory had awakened
in the boyish heart of her lover, whose
only romance it had been, and softened
him most wonderfully toward Kitty
Bliffen, who hovered about him with
most flattering solicitude as he sat and
dried his feet at the cheery blaze she
had kindled at the hearth of the best
parlor. All her life she had admired
her father's friend, for it was said that
he hated woman, and she adored peo-
ple out of the ordinary.

Thus, while the deacon sat and helped
Miss Caledonia string pepper with their
chairs close together, Obadiah listened
to Kitty Bliffen's fresh young voice sing-
ing "Benlah Land" to the music of the
old spirit that had been her grand-
mother's and the falling rain beats soft
accompaniment to both pictures.

After that first morning it seemed to
poor conscience-stricken Miss Caledonia
that Obadiah was very often absent
from home, and never once did the de-
acon in his many visits run across him.
"Poor unsuspecting fellow!" thought
his sister. "I can hardly face him
when he does come in, and it really
seems as if he was kinder than he used
to be. He bought me that pink muslin
I said was pretty, as if I had any idea
of coming out at my age in a thing like
that. Though for the matter of that,
James—dear me; Deacon Bliffen, I
mean says I'm only in the prime of
life." She sighed, and smiled and sighed
again. "I can't tell Obadiah, I just
can't! He'd laugh at us both, a wide-
over like the deacon and an old maid
like me, besides I couldn't have the
heart to leave him here to look after
himself."

"No, I'll have to give James up,"
she concluded, and forthwith began to
cry, in which occupation the deacon
discovered her.

"Pshaw!" said that gentleman,
smiling. "We'll just make the foolish
fellow reason. Because he's a rusty,
crusty old hater of matrimony he
mustn't expect to make other people
such. He shall live with us, Caledonia,
and you shall be as devoted to a
little as you like, only you must spare
a little love for me. Now here is the
question, Will you tell him or shall I?"

Miss Caledonia shivered, but
answered bravely: "No, no. If I
must strike him this blow, let me be
the one to tell him. It shall be part
of my punishment." So after the
manner of women she cooked her
brother an unusually nice supper, and
made much of him when he came in.
Somehow he seemed very thoughtful,
and several times their anxious eyes
met by accident, when both faces
flushed and both hearts felt a pang of
keenest self-reproach. Obadiah scarcely
touched the marmalade poor Miss
Caledonia had brought out on this
special occasion because he was so
fond of it, and that lady noticed it in
dismay. "Can he have heard of it?
No, surely not." There was no hope
that some one else had saved her the
dreary task of breaking it to him.

After the things were cleared away
and the fire heaped up in a cheerful
dancing flame, Miss Caledonia drew
her chair close to where her brother
sat staring into the fire. "Obadiah,
dear brother," she faltered, "I must—
hem—I feel it my duty to speak to you
of something."

"Yes, yes, Caledonia, I know—I
know—I feared you would—you would,"
stammered Obadiah, embarrassed and
flushed as a school boy.

"It grieves me very much, dear
brother," went on his sister twisting
her apron round her trembling hands.
"I know it would, I know it."
"I cannot bear to think of leaving
you," said the poor lady bursting into
tears.

"Why must you not think of such a
thing. There, there, don't cry! Nothing
shall be changed. We will love each
other just as well, and you shall teach
Kitty all you know."

"Kitty?" echoed Miss Caledonia.
"Oh, yes, I shall love her as a daughter.
How good you are, Obadiah, to think
of her."

"Love her as a daughter. Humph!"
said Obadiah. "Why there's not all
that difference in your ages. Plenty of
sisters have the same years between
them. A daughter! You might have
spared that allusion, Caledonia, know-
ing I am only a few years younger
than you."

"Younger than me," cried Miss Caledonia,
bewildered and indignant. "Why
you know perfectly well, Obadiah
Crump, that you are five years older than
I am." Then melting she ran to her
brother and clasped him in her arms.
"I see how it is, my dear, dear brother,
I've grieved and upset you so you don't
know what you're saying. If you feel
so about it, I'll not go away from you,
no, not for all the Deacon Bliffens in
the whole world."

Obadiah raised her drooping head
from his breast and looked her in the
face, his lips twitching violently. "Caledonia,"
he said solemnly, "What have
you been talking about?"

"About—about my marrying Deacon
Bliffen next week!"

Obadiah gave a shout. "You were?
Well, I thought you were talking of my
marrying Kitty Bliffen the week after!"
Miss Caledonia burst into fresh tears.
"Oh, Obadiah, Obadiah. I am so happy!
May—may you be happy, brother.
But please forgive me—I'm afraid she
won't know how to roast your mutton
to the turn you like it, nor to season
the catnip as I did?"

No Use Voting.

At a local election in a town in
Louisiana I was in a grocery when an
old negro came in to fix his ticket.
There was only one in the field, but he
got out his pencil and looked it over
and said:

"I reckon dat first man on heah is
Mars Wheelock. He called me nigger
'tother day an' I'll scratch he off."

He ran his pencil through the name
and went on.

"Can't make out dat second name,
but I reckon it's Mars Tobias, who's
allus running fur office. Trowed a club
at me once an' I can't vote fur him."

There were twelve names on the
ticket, and though he couldn't read he
followed the list down one by one and
scratched out each name in succession,
alleging some excuse in each case.
When there were no more to scratch he
scratched his head instead and said:

"Why, dey is all done gone off de
ticket, an' so dey ain't no use to put it
in an' squabble around."—Free Press.

Poor Bear!

A tender young thing just married
who went to a Japan art store for a
japanned tin coal-scuttle and didn't
find it is positive that advertisements
are the wiles of a humbug and no signs
are to be relied upon.

FREE LOTS.

How Mr. Thompsons Got a Town Lot
Free.

I had heard about the man in Kan-
sas who was giving away town lots
free, and one day I left the train at a
small station and hired a man to
drive me over to the site of the future
great city. I found a sixty-acre farm
staked out into lots twenty feet front
by fifty feet deep, but only one house
and one person was in sight. The
house was a farm cabin, and the per-
son was the owner of it and the one I
wanted to see.

"Come for a lot?" he asked as we
drove up.

"Yes, in case my information is cor-
rect. Do you give them away free?"

"I do."

"I had heard so."
"Go right out and select any one
you like. Those selected are marked
with red stakes; those not yet taken
by black ones."

I took a walk around, and made a
selection, and he found the number and
said:

"You want an abstract of title, of
course. Here it is, and the fee is \$3."
When I had received it he hunted
out a deed already signed, and filled
my name in, called in the taxmaster
and his wife for witnesses, and said:

"Here is your deed, I'll have to
charge \$4 for that."

I paid the sum named, and he then
got down a big book, and said:

"You want it recorded, of course. I
am the County Clerk. The fee for re-
cording is \$3."

I had it duly recorded, and just then
dinner was ready. He invited me to
sit down, but when we were through,
he said:

"My charge for dinner is 75 cents.
The taxes on your lot will be due next
week, and is \$1.75 and my commis-
sion for recording will be 25 cents."

I paid him the sum named, and was
about to get into the wagon when he
said:

"The charges for bringing you over
and taking you back is \$2. Half be-
long to me, as I own the wagon.
One dollar, please."

"Can you think of anything further,"
I asked as I handed him the dollar.

"Well, you'll have to stop at the
junction about four hours before the
Eastern train comes along. I own the
restaurant there. Please eat all you
can."

"I have," I said, after a little figur-
ing, "paid you \$13.75 for a lot you
advertise to give away free. How
much do you call this land worth an
acre?"

"All of six dollars, sir. I've been of-
fered five and wouldn't take it."

"Then I've paid you more than the
value of two acres to get a lot large
enough to bury a couple of cows on!"

"Exactly, sir—exactly, and I con-
gratulate you on your bargain."

"Then you don't call it a swindle?"

"No, sir! No, sir! A man who will
kick on buying a chunk of the glorious
West for less than \$14 isn't straight,
and, Mr. Thompsons, I'd advise you to
keep an eye on him going back, and
see that he doesn't jump out of the
wagon and blink you out of your dol-
lar!"—N. Y. Sun.

GLASS MADE BY LIGHTNING.

Tubes in the Sand That Tell the
Diameter of the Fiery Bolt.

"Did you ever see the diameter of a
lightning flash measured?" asked a
geologist of a Washington Star man.

"Well, here is the case which once en-
closed a flash of lightning, fitting it
exactly, so that you can see just how
big it was. This is called a 'fulgurite'
or 'lightning-hole,' and the material it
is made of glass. I will tell you how
it was manufactured, though it took
only a fraction of a second to turn
it out."

"When a bolt of lightning strikes a
bed of sand it plunges downward into
the sand for a distance less or greater,
transforming simultaneously into
glass the silica in the material through
which it passes. Thus, by its great
heat, it forms at once a glass tube of
precisely its own size. Now and then
such a tube, known as a 'fulgurite,'
is found and dug up. Fulgurites have
been followed into the sand by excavat-
ing for nearly thirty feet; they vary
in interior diameter from the size of a
quill to three inches or more, accord-
ing to the force of the flash."

"But fulgurites are not alone pro-
duced in sand; they are found also in
solid rock, though very naturally of
slight depth and frequently existing
merely as a glassy coating on the sur-
face. Such fulgurites occur in
astounding abundance on the summit
of Little Arrarat in Armenia. The
rock is soft and so porous that blocks
a foot long can be obtained, perforated
in all directions by little tubes filled
with bottle-green glass, formed from
the fused rock. There is a small speci-
men in the National museum which
has the appearance of having been
bored by the tereido, the holes made
by the worm subsequently filled with
glass."

"Some wonderful fulgurites were
found by Humboldt on the high Nevada
de Toluca in Mexico. Masses of the
rock were covered with a thin layer
of green glass. Its peculiar shimmer
in the sun led Humboldt to ascend the
precipitous peak at the risk of his life."

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

A Farmer Who Didn't Want Any
Soap.

"You can either beat a farmer as
sick as greese or you can't beat him
at all," said the patient hay-fork man
as we were talking about his adven-
tures in the rural regions. "That is,
he is either gullible or over-suspicious,
some will refuse a good thing and
some will snap at a swindle. I think

I can illustrate my declarations right
here; or at least one of them. The
man in the seat over there is a farmer."

"I should say so."
"And he's one of the sort who sus-
pects every stranger. Watch me try
him."

He took a cake of toilet soap from
his satchel and going over to the
farmer saluted him in a pleasant
manner, and added:

"I have a new make of soap here
which I am introducing to the public.
It is worth fifteen cents a cake, but I'll
make the price only five."

"Don't want it," was the gruff re-
ply.

"With every cake goes a \$5 green-
bank, a gold bracelet, the deed of a
town lot in Kansas, a pocket-knife, a
pair of eye-glasses, and a solid gold
ring."

"Don't want 'em sir!"
"As I want your opinion of the
soap I will give it to you."

"I won't take it!"
"But, sir, in order to introduce it
into your neighborhood I will give
you 100 cakes free and at the same
time leave five watches and five deeds
to town lots."

"Look-a-here!" shouted the farmer,
as he jumped up and spat on his
hands. "You go away from me or I'll
smash you! I'm on to your tricks,
old man, and if you think you have
picked up a hay-seed, you are barking
up the wrong tree."

And the hay-fork man had to move
lively to escape the blow leveled at his
nose.—New York Sun.

Crotchets.

My friend P. would always have it
that the rulers of men do not
care for music, that Napoleon only
knew one air which he hummed as he
jumped into his carriage for his last
campaign in Belgium, "Malbrook
s'en va-t-en guerre, miraton, ton ton,
ton taine." Others have urged Gam-
betta as another instance of this de-
ficiency, who, when some delicious
music was pending, urged Rossini, of
all men, to come into the next room
and take a hand at billiards, so little
cared he for the crown of all the arts.

I have wondered whether there
was anything in this charge against
the completeness of great men, and
whether harmony in a man's mas-
terly disqualification for the mastery
of his fellow-creatures, or whether
after all there is nothing in it and that
some rulers of men have liked music
and others not, and have only reckon-
ed it as a "measured malice" as Lamb
calls it.

"I have sat through an Italian opera till,
for sheer pain and inexplicable anguish,
I have rushed out into the holiest places
of the crowded streets to solace myself
with sounds which I was not obliged to follow."

"I take refuge in the unpretend-
ing assemblage of honest common life
sounds, and the purgatory of Hogarth's
Enraged Musician becomes my paradise."

Thus Charles Lamb, who employed
his time at an oratorio, watching its
effect on the faces of the audience, and
contrasting their seriousness with
Hogarth's laughing audience.

Talfourd, in his "Memorials of
Lamb," (why is there not a Charles
Lamb society?) remarks that ex-
quisite humorist.

"was entirely destitute of what is common-
ly called a taste for music. A few old tunes
ran in his head, now and then the expres-
sion of a sentiment, though never of song,
touched him with rare and exquisite de-
light. . . . but usually music only
confused him, and an opera was to him a
noise of sound in which he almost lost his
wit."

Whatever Lamb thought of music,
his friend Coleridge said that good
music never tired him. "I feel physi-
cally refreshed and strengthened by it,"
as Milton said he did. He liked Beeth-
oven and Mozart, but loved Purcell,
and was I suppose, a melodist rather
than a harmonist.—Temple Bar.

The Paradise Fish.

The paradise fish, like the German
canary, is a product of cultivation, as
there is no place where it is found in a
wild state. It is a native of China.
There they are cultivated and kept in
aquaria, as ornamental fish only.
The male is the larger of the two sexes,
measuring when full grown, from the
mouth to the end of the caudal fin,
three and one-half inches. The body
is shaped very much like that of the
pumpkin seed sunfish. Its colors
surpass in brilliancy any fish heretofore
cultivated for the aquarium.

The head is ashy gray, mottled with
irregular dark spots. The gills are
azurine blue, bordered with brilliant
crimson. The eyes are yellow and red,
with a black pupil. The sides of the
body and the crescent shaped fin are
deep crimson; the former having 10 or
12 vertical blue stripes, while the lat-
ter is bordered with blue.

The under surface of the body is
continually changing color—sometimes
it is white, at others gray or black.
The dorsal and anal fins are remark-
ably large, hence the generic name of
the fish—macro, large; pondus, the foot
or fin. Both fins are shaped alike.
They are striped and dotted with
brown and bordered with blue. The
dull-colored ventral fins are protected
by a brilliant scarlet-color spine, ex-
tending three-fourths of an inch behind
the fins. The pectorals, situated di-
rectly above the ventral fins, are well
shaped, but, being transparent, show
no color.

All these colors above described are
most brilliant when the fish is excited.
For instance, when engaged in combat
for the possession of a female fish, or
when courting he shows the most bril-
liant colors, in order to attract the at-
tention of his lady love, she being es-
pecially fond of bright colors.—Hugo
Muller, in Nature's Realm.

CASTING BRONZE STATUES.

A Difficult Process that Involves Much
Time and Expense.

Several gentlemen were standing on
Pennsylvania avenue in front of the
president's house engaged in discussing
the advantages of the new site for the
Lafayette statue. The conversation
turned to other statues and one of the
gentlemen gave an interesting descrip-
tion of how the bronze statues of to-day
are molded and cast. He said that
compared with the improvements made
in other branches of art and mechan-
ical work very little progress had been
made in this direction, as the most suc-
cessful method of forming molds for
bronze statuary now in vogue was in-
vented by the Japanese and was adop-
ted by the French sculptors of some 200
years ago. It is known as the wax
process. The expense, however, is so
great that it is seldom used for large
pieces.

The usual method of casting bronze
statues is to take from the sculptor's
clay model a mold of plaster. When this
is hard the clay is cleaned out and
plaster poured in its place. When the
molds are removed a plaster cast cor-
responding to the clay model is left.
About the plaster cast a new mold is
formed, this one of fine sand, tamped
hard. The mold is removed from the
plaster, and in place of the latter is
inserted a sand core, not quite so large
as the plaster, so that when the molten
bronze is poured in it can run only be-
tween the surface of the mold and the
core, thus making the statue hollow.

For delicate work the objection to this
process is that by expansion and con-
traction of the plaster molds and casts,
and by the unequal pressure by the
tamping of the sand, the metal figure
is apt to vary somewhat from the
model. As the bronzecan not be altered,
the sculptor must be content to see his
idea interpreted in the metal with some
alterations of proportions.

It is to avoid this variation that the
wax process of molding is used. After
a plaster cast has been made the sur-
face of the latter is scraped off to a
depth of half an inch or more. It is
then replaced in the mold, which it no
longer fills, and melted wax is poured
into the vacant space. On taking off
the mold the statue is found to be
removed, but with a surface of wax.
The artist is then called in, and by
working upon the wax he can remedy
any defects which may have been
caused; molding, adding, or changing at
will till the surface is as delicate and
perfect as his art can make it.

When the sculptor has finished with
it the statue is turned over to women,
who, with very small brushes, cover
the wax with a fine dust or powder of
special composition. This dust adheres
to the wax, and as soon as one coat has
been put on another is given to it. This
process is kept up for weeks, and as
these coatings of earthen powder are
repeated they harden, and when the
layers have been built up till they form
a covering over the wax of about half
an inch in thickness, the work can pro-
gress more rapidly; for after that a
trowel can safely be used. Thus the
wax model is safely inclosed in a mass
of hard earthen material.

The entire mold, with the figure and
wax inside, is then placed in a furnace
in which a great heat is developed,
sufficient not only to melt the wax, but
to burn out every trace of it. This
leaves a perfect mold in which to pour
the molten bronze for the final casting,
and when the latter comes out it is
found to be an exact duplicate in bronze
of the wax model, with every line
brought out to a nicety. On account
of the great labor required in covering
the wax with the powdered earth, the
process is very expensive and is only
occasionally brought into use.—Wash-
ington Post.

Foods of the Land Are Cheap.

For those who do not enjoy hotel life
there are boarding houses, furnished
rooms and apartments everywhere.
They vary in style and range in price
from a mere song to Broadway figures.
Any one with a smattering of the
language of the place can live upon
the shores of the Mediterranean for
less than half of what it costs in
England or America. He must follow
to a great extent the ancient adage of
doing in Rome as the Romans do. For
such home delicacies as good roast
beef, fresh butter and apples he will
have to pay roundly, but the popular
foods of the land will cost but little.
While prices vary from point to point
on the Mediterranean, the general
average is about as follows: Pigeons,
7 cents apiece; chickens, 18 cents;
young turkeys, 35 cents; eggs, 4 cent
a piece; fish, 3 to 5 cents per pound;
snipe, 25 cents a dozen; quail, 40 cents
a dozen; corn meal, 3 cents per pound;
bread, 5 cents per loaf; table wine, 3
cents per quart; sugar, 7 cents per
pound; flour, 40 cents per barrel; fresh dates,
2 cents per pound; oranges, 4 and 1
cent each; lemons, 4 and 1; limes, 3
for a cent; native beef, veal, mutton
and lamb are of poor quality and bring
about two-thirds of what they do at
home.

The Horrors of War.

Miss Alice—"They say it's a treat to
hear you sing the regimental songs,
Captain Warhorse."

Captain Warhorse—"Come home
with us after the games, Miss Alice,
and you may judge for yourself. You
know my favorite—We drank from the
same canteen!"

Miss Alice—"Oh, I do love that song!
It gives one such a vivid realization of
the hardships of those terrible days, to
think that one canteen had to hold
enough for two Seventh regiment men."
—Lido.

Medical Advice.

New York doctor to dyspeptic: "If
you are very careful what you eat, and
yet you suffer severely, take my advice
and stop being so all-fired careful. Eat
in and eat good, sturdy food, and stop
thinking about your stomach."

THE OMNIBUS.

An old soldier—quicksand.
A regular figurehead—the account-
ant.

Hallstones should be classed as
shamrocks.
A boy can often make an ear-ring
with a whistle.

The more the girls pine for some
young men the more spruce they be-
come.

She—"Who gave the bride away?"
He—"Nobody; she brought a good fig-
ure."

The real estate agent never concedes
that there is such a thing as "slins
of commission."

Morning wraps were the invention
of the man who wakes up hotel guests
for the early train.

RACE WITH A MAN-EATER

STARTLING ADVENTURE IN THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

While Enjoying the Pastime of Plank Riding Through the Breakers an Enthusiastic Visitor Encounters a Savage Shark.

"I had been travelling around the world, after the fashion of Englishmen, and had stopped at the Samoan Islands on my way up from Australia to run them over and gain some information regarding the natives, their ways and customs, and as a result I became enamored of the place, climate and people, and remained there nearly a year.

"During that time I made myself familiar with nearly all the islands of the group, and one in particular had a peculiar fascination to me. It was called in our tongue Inaccessable, as during a majority of the time it was almost impossible to go ashore.

"We glided into a little bay and were soon on the beach, which led up to some high hills, well timbered with tropical trees and plants. I soon saw the cause of the trouble in landing. Once on the hill tops I looked down upon a long beach, upon which beat the finest surf I had ever seen. The waves were simply great rollers, which came in a slow, dignified fashion that was most impressive. The men, who had all been there before, ran down the shore, where I soon saw them hauling some planks from the bush, which I learned they had concealed on a former occasion. In short, the waves were utilized by them to enjoy one of the most exciting sports imaginable, and I was very quickly initiated into it.

"The men threw off what little clothing they wore. Then each seized a plank and attempted to launch it. This was easier said than done, and many were the upsets that ensued as the big rollers came in, but finally all of them got beyond the shore and beyond the point where waves broke, and then I saw where the sport came in. Turning in shore the men threw themselves upon the planks, and watching their opportunity, steered them so that they held their position on the crest of the roller and came in with it. Once under way the natives skillfully raised themselves to their feet, and so standing upright came rushing in.

"I was younger in those days than I am now and soon convinced myself that I should enjoy this sport as well as the natives, and, securing a plank, I, too, pushed out from the shore. The first wave that struck me nearly drowned me, but I dived into the next and my plank bent me in about two minutes. I was not easily discouraged, however, and kept at it with a persistency worthy of a better cause and finally secured my position upon a wave and felt for the first time the thrill and excitement of the onward rush. There was a fascination about it that I cannot explain."

"During that visit I did not attain sufficient skill to enable me to take the rattle standing, but on subsequent occasions I became barely proficient, and then the sport for a time became a veritable craze with me, and one day when the sea was particularly high and rolling very heavily, I met with my adventure.

"There were six of us enjoying the sport, with as many natives. I had a plank especially made for the purpose, wide and stout enough to bear my entire weight, and by lying upon it I soon forced my way over the incoming rollers and floated in the comparatively smooth water beyond. Here I turned my plank shoreward and waited for a good roller. Every third one was, as a rule, large, and finally a big green-bodied one came whirling in, shutting out the horizon. As it came I caught it, and as I felt the transferred motion lightly spring to my feet and steadied myself on the monster that extended up and down the shore and was rushing in to its own destruction. The exhilaration amounted almost to intoxication. On I went, the big wave beginning to comb and hiss, leaving me on the edge of a watery precipice into which I would apparently be thrown.

"On I went, shouting gaily to a companion on the beach. Then I suddenly became aware that something was beside me. I gave a side glance and the reality almost made me lose my foothold upon the rushing plank. What I saw was the sharp dorsal fin of a man-eater shark cutting along through the water like a knife. The monster was thirteen or more feet long and was partly turned up toward me, showing the white gleaming undersurface.

"What passed through my mind in those few seconds can hardly be imagined. I gave myself up for lost, as I believed that the shark would soon rush at the plank, when over I would go, an easy victim. I do not know that I have more than ordinary nerve, but it flashed through my mind that possibly the shark was waiting for me to fall and would not make an attack unless I did, and in some unaccountable way I was enabled to retain my self-possession. Every second I was gaining; every second brought the big wave nearer the beach. Now it was on the verge of breaking; still the shark maintained its position; then I heard the welcome roar above me, and down it came like an avalanche, scintillating and gleaming, until with one mighty burst the aquatic monster broke. For a single second I stood in the gleaming mass and then was dashed upon the beach safe and sound.

"The shark did not come in, which was evidence to me that it had not been overcome by the rush of the water, but was simply following me with due regard to its cuisine. I need hardly say that this was my last experience riding breakers here. Upon inquiry I learned that natives had been attacked by sharks during the sport on several occasions. When I look back upon it and recall the sensation of

rushing onward high on the crest of a big wave I almost wish I could indulge in the sport again, though without the shark accompaniment."

THE POETRY OF ICE.

What May be Seen by Watching a Pan of Water While It Freezes.

A person who has never closely observed the operation of nature's great ice factory will be surprised to find how interesting it is. You need not go outside of a comfortably heated room to do this. Just place a pan of water on the window sill, when the temperature is below the freezing point, and you will soon see something that cannot fail to interest you. If you happen to have a magnifying glass, a single lens, so much the better, for the magnifying power will reveal much of the delicate work of ice making that is invisible to the naked eye. Anyway, as you closely watch the surface of the water you will soon see tiny little lances, very beautiful when seen under the microscope, shooting hither and thither on the surface of the water. If it is cold enough to make ice in the sunlight the crystal lances will glow with all the colors of the rainbow, and as they dart about the rapid changes of color will remind you of the wonders of the kaleidoscope.

As the water continues to chill the little lances will come together, and then smaller and still more delicate crystals will be seen forming between the lances and welding them together. This process goes on until the surface is covered with a beautiful film of ice hardly strong enough to bear the weight of a mosquito. But the process goes on under this superficial layer, and a smooth and solid surface is the result.

Many people have the impression that the ice particles form at the bottom and float to the top of the water. If this were true our lakes and some of our large rivers would be glaciers, solid masses of ice all the year. At the surface, where the freezing process is going on, water is always colder than at any level below. In all our northern lakes and deep rivers the great body of water is from the five to eight degrees above the freezing point, even when heavy ice covers the surface.

Taught a Lesson.

A man with large business interests and a handsome income married a lady who, accustomed all her previous life to the luxuries of wealth, had never formed any clear conception of the worth and purchasing power of money. For some months the indulgent husband gratified his wife's every whim.

One day the lady, to carry out some caprice, asked for a check for so large a sum that the gentleman was disturbed. He saw that such prodigality, if persisted in, meant ruin; but not wishing to grieve his wife by a downright refusal, he determined to give her a lesson in finance. He therefore smilingly remarked that he could not give her a check as usual, but would send up the money from his store.

About noon the promised money came, not in crisp bills, as was expected, but in silver dollars, the sum total filling several specie bags.

The wife was at first vexed, then amused and finally, as the afternoon wore away, became deeply thoughtful. When her husband came home to supper, she took him gently by the arm, and leading him into the room where the ponderous bags of specie were still standing, said:

"My dear, is this the money I asked you for this morning?"

"It is, my love," was the reply.

"And did you have to take this money all in dollar by dollar, in the course of your business?" was the next question.

"Yes," he answered gently; "it represents the results of many weeks of hard labor."

"Well, then," she said, with tearful eyes, send a man to take it back to the bank in the morning. I can't use so much money for so trivial a purpose. I didn't understand about it before."

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

A Trifle Sarcastic.

"You drummers must have a nice time traveling over the country as you do," said a man the other day to a drummer.

"Yes, of course we do. It is just jolly to go to an average hotel in the country towns, sleep on hard beds and eat tinned victuals than you will find in a miners' or a railway construction camp. Why, I was up in Idaho the other week and was laid out at nearly all the sidetracks because of late trains, wrecks, etc. One night I sat up till 4, first waiting for the train, and then waiting to get off, and getting in town there was not a place to sleep, and not even a chair in a warm room where I could keep from getting frozen. After daylight I got breakfast, and, being detained till dinner, a friend asked if I was going in to eat. Looking at him, I replied: 'Well, I don't think I have strength enough. It takes a good deal of courage to attack such meals as we get here.' Yes, we drummers have a jolly time in our business, and it doesn't take much labor to unpack and pack one dozen or so sample trunks at every town. You ought to join our army of drummers if you want to enjoy life."

To Magnetize a Knife.

Take a pocket or a table knife and lay its blade flat upon the back of a fire shovel. With a pair of tongs held firmly in the hand rub the blade vigorously and always in the same direction, from point to base. Turn the blade over now and then, so that the friction may be applied to both sides. After a rubbing of from forty to fifty seconds the blade will be magnetized, and will be capable of lifting a needle with which it is placed in contact, point to point. The magnetization will last a long time. This experiment which is not put down in works on physics, is very interesting and worthy of study.

SEEK BUT NEVER FIND.

MEN WHO HUNT PERPETUAL MOTION.

There Are a Number of Frauds Seeking to Do the Utterly Impossible, but Many Here Are Lancelots—It Is a Very Ancient Hobby.

As is generally known, a perpetual motion machine is one to be moved by a power furnished by the machine itself and not from any source outside of it. A mill or a clock run by the incessant rise and fall of the tide is not perpetual motion. Neither is a machine that runs by the power of terrestrial or other magnetism, or of the wind, or of variations in the weight of the atmosphere, or by electricity coming from outside of the machine, or by the force of heat coming from the sun. A wheel that could always of itself keep more weight at one side than at the other and thus turn so long as its materials lasted would be perpetual motion, and such has been the form of most of the machines invented for the purpose.

It may be safely said that there are to-day as many minds afflicted with this mild form of insanity as there have been at any time in the past. Every city, town and hamlet possesses its would-be inventor who is striving to achieve the end that is to startle the world. Many who will not openly admit that they believe perpetual motion is possible are secretly thinking upon the matter and entertaining the hope that they may yet do what so many have failed in doing. No other fallacy has been so popular or has so long withstood the light of reason as has perpetual motion. Alchemy and the transmutation of metals, which for a season so occupied the minds of men, passed away to return no more. The philosopher's stone and the elixir vitae were believed in and earnestly sought after by the really scientific men of a few generations, but the search was finally given up. The phantom of perpetual motion, however, will not down.

But beckons men on and on, leading them all to the same inevitable result—total failure. Men are as far from the discovery of the secret to-day as they were seven centuries ago, and they will get no nearer to it until a weight placed upon the ground can lift itself up, or, as the idea is sometimes more strikingly presented, until one can lift himself off the floor by pulling his boot straps.

More than a century ago the Académie Royale des Sciences at Paris passed a resolution that they would no longer entertain communications about discoveries of perpetual motion. Men had worked for centuries on the theory that the discovery of perpetual motion was possible, nor did this authoritative opinion to the contrary alter their views. And they are still at it, and probably will to the end of time. Hundreds of patents have been granted for machines for the purpose, and the widespread and continued existence of the fallacy is clearly shown by the scores of designs and incomplete models in the patent office at Washington.

Honecourt, a French architect of the thirteenth century, left a drawing of a wheel that was to solve the problem, with this memorandum: "Many a time have skillful workmen tried to contrive a wheel that shall turn of itself. Here is a way to make such a one, by an uneven number of mallets or by quicksilver." But, unfortunately, he did not leave the wheel.

From this time on seekers after perpetual motion have been numerous, many of them supposed to be very respectable and intelligent men. Among the receivers of twenty-six English and twenty-three French patents taken out for perpetual motions between 1860 and 1869 were a colonial bishop, a professor of philosophy, one of languages, two barons, a Knight Templar, a doctor of medicine, two civil engineers, several mechanical engineers, etc.

Arkwright, the celebrated English inventor (in his younger days), and even Sir Isaac Newton, believed perpetual motion might be discovered. All so-called perpetual motion machines that have run have been impostures with secret clockwork or some other hidden source of propulsion. Fulton one time went to see a "perpetual motion" machine, having a friend with him. After sitting and listening and looking intently for a few minutes Fulton's sensitively accurate ear and eye told him that the machinery showed the recurring alternation of comparative speed and slowness which always comes from a crank turned by hand. In spite of the opposition of the enraged exhibitor, Fulton and his friend seized the machine, jerked away the table it stood on, found that a cord led through one leg and away under the floor, and following the track into the back yard they found the "motion"—a venerable beggar seated on a stool, munching a crust and grinding away at a crank.

And so it has been in a score of other cases in which men have been deceived, by the aid of levers, balls rolling on an inclined plane, the wheel and axle, the Archimedean screw, the pump, the syphon, the hydrostatic bellows, the hydraulic ram, etc., to have discovered perpetual motion. An authority in the study declares: "From the infant machines projected in the thirteenth century to the last hydraulic, pneumatic, weighted and

lever-worked pretensions patented as motions, no motion whatever has resulted from the one or the other to the present day. Not a solitary discovery is on record, not one absolutely ingenious scheme projected or one simple self-motive model accomplished."

Isn't it about time for some people to cease wasting time and money in seeking to discover perpetual motion and for those who persist in it to be placed in an asylum, if one large enough to contain them can be built, where they can laugh at each other's absurdities and be united in their purpose to achieve what reason and history declare is "The thing that can't be done?"

CATCHING AT STRAWS.

The Old Saying Realized in Every-Day Life on the Great Lakes.

"Yes," said an old lake captain in an interview last night, "a drowning man will catch at a straw. I have seen many illustrations thereof. Most people think the old proverb is a mere figure of speech, but it is a living truth."

"Is it true, captain," was asked, "that the first thing a rescued man thinks of is his hat?"

"Yes, sir," replied the captain, his face lighting up, "that is a fact, too. I have seen it emphasized many times in the course of my experience. Over and over again I have been called to the assistance of a drowning man; I would plunge in and rescue him just let us say, at the last instant. Dragged on the dock, gasping for breath, his voice choked with water, the man, if he follows his instincts, will, as soon as he gains the least degree of strength, suddenly rise from his prostrate posture and stretch his arms toward his head, then missing his hat (usually lost in the struggle), he will cry out desperately, pointing to his hat floating down the river, 'oh, save my hat! save my hat!'"

"And he will never think of himself, captain?"

"But seldom, sir," was the reply. "A rescued man is the most obstinate and headlong being imaginable. He wants to do all sorts of foolish things. He generally wants to rush up and be away before he has had time to recover his strength; or some bystander will insist on giving the man several large gulps of whiskey. This generally has the effect of turning the patient's stomach. But as I said before, a man under those circumstances seldom thinks of himself, much less the one who rescued his life. He means well enough, no doubt, but he nearly always forgets to present his obligations in tangible form."

Myths of the Sea's Saltiness.

There are hundreds of queer myths and traditions given to account for the fact that the sea is salt, says the St. Louis Republic.

The Arabs say that when the first pair sinned they were living in a beautiful garden on a tract of land joined to a mainland by a narrow neck or isthmus. When it became known to the Holy One that his people had sinned he went to the garden for the purpose of driving them out and across the narrow neck of land into the patch of thorns and brambles on the other side. Anticipating what would be the consequence of their heinous crime, they had prepared to leave their beautiful garden, and had actually gone so far as to send the children and the goats across into the thicket.

When the Holy One appeared on the scene the first pair started to run, but the woman looked back. For this the man cursed her, and for such a crime was almost immediately turned into a huge block of salt. (Compare with Genesis xix., 24.) The woman, more forgiving than her husband, stooped to pick up the shapeless mass of salt, when immediately the narrow neck of land began to crack and break. As she touched what had once been her companion she, too, was turned to salt just as the neck of land sank and the waters rushed through.

From that day to this, the Arabs say, all the waters of the ocean have rushed through that narrow channel at least once a year, constantly wearing away the salt of what was once our first parents, yet the bulk of the two salty objects is not diminished in the least.

Tons Raised by a Touch.

A powerful crane, capable of raising into the air, in response to the touch of an electric button, a locomotive weighing ninety tons has been put in operation at the Baldwin locomotive works. The huge engine rides smoothly on a heavy track elevated twenty-eight feet above the level of the floor of the main shop.

Formerly the work of raising from the ground a locomotive in the process of construction was accomplished with great difficulty by the aid of hydraulic jacks. At present the locomotive whose wheels, or other parts, are to be adjusted is grasped in a wrought-iron yoke, and, with surprising ease, lifted, in obedience to the engineer's touch, into mid-air, and shifted to any desired position in the shops.—Philadelphia Record.

A Pointer for Country Store Patrons Abraham Lincoln used to tell a story about two men who made a fortune in Kentucky. One of them minded his own business and the other let other people's business alone. Both of them got rich, lived long and died happy.

ARCTIC ANIMALS' FOOD.

THEY TAKE WHATEVER THEY CAN GET.

Frederick Schwatka, the Renowned Arctic Explorer Talks Interestingly on the Subject—The Whale and the Bear.

Everybody is interested in all talks referring to the polar regions—the vast extent of mystery land, water and ice embraced within the Arctic circle. Frederick Schwatka, in a recent letter on the subject of Polar Animals, and What They Live on in Summer and Winter, says:

"And why not tell how they live in the fall and spring?" one may ask, but when I say that in the coldest parts of the polar regions there is hardly any fall or spring, but summer rushes into winter at a rate we can hardly comprehend, while winter jumps with a suddenness that would sprain the back of the clerk of the weather if he attempted to follow its changes in these cold regions; when I explain this fact it is clear to see that no one would be called on to give a spring and fall catalogue of Arctic diet for its wild and savage denizens.

In the summer, as would be expected, the polar beasts and birds would have the easier time in procuring their food compared with winter.

The polar fox then finds an abundance of elder duck and dove-like eggs, and occasionally catches the birds themselves, while in the winter time he has to skidish around pretty lively among the ptarmigans and polar hares to keep his appetite down to zero. If a "fenced" whale, or one that has had his blubber stripped from it by the crew of a whaling ship floats ashore, there Reynard is sure to be for a royal feast, while he is usually surrounded by a perfect polar menagerie of white bears, wolves, wolverines, and others, all living in comparative harmony, for the simple reason that in the huge carcasses there is enough for all and ample to spare. But, as a usual thing, if such an enormous chunk of meat as that floats ashore in the Eskimo country the people are remarkably diligent about camping alongside of it, for then the problem of dog food for the winter is settled, while if a tight pinch comes in their own diet they are not averse to whale meat in the least. But usually when the Arctic whale is "fenced" of its blubber, or fat of a foot or two in depth it sinks and only floats ashore when the gases of putrefaction are developed and then its flesh is decidedly gamey, if not worse.

The polar whale, on its part, lives on a small marine creature not longer than a grain of corn, millions of which are needed to make a meal or even a mouthful for this monster. This minute elio borealis, as the scientists call it (not near so long as its name), or "whale grit," as the whalers, less poetically, style it, often abounds in such enormous quantities as to change the color of the sea to a deep olive green. Through this mass the whale lashes its way, right and left, the back part of its teeth (which furnishes the whale-bone we are so used to seeing) being covered with a sort of hair that interlaces to form a sieve or net when the huge beast ejects an enormous mouthful of water filled with grit, thus catching the elios by the myriads at each suction and ejection of the water in its mouth. This is its food in the fall, winter, spring and summer; but what the elios lives on no one has yet informed us.

The fox, on its part, occasionally furnishes food for the Eskimo; but as an Eskimo is not an animal we are not called on to show how he is fed, either in the summer or winter. Still, it may be interesting to note that no less a distinguished Arctic explorer than Sir John Ross has partaken of the polar fox and pronounced the meat of delicate flavor and excellent quality. The polar bear, besides refreshing himself on an occasional whale, does a good deal of fishing on a smaller scale, and in the summer months when the salmon are running up the Arctic rivers to spawn this boreal bruin can frequently be seen where the shallow rapids and riffles are located fishing with his paws for the salmon that have to run the gantlet here. He is a very great depredator on the reindeer caches or cairns of the natives, or where those people have hidden the meat of the slaughtered reindeer under huge stones. They—the Eskimo hunters—get as big ones as they can carry, and when there are several of them in the party these are pretty large, but the big polar bear is usually more than a match for all of them and can nearly always tear down the cairns if he can scent or smell the meat. To prevent their doing this the native hunter piles snow over the stone cache and converts it into ice by pouring water over it all, thus not only destroying or effectually imprisoning the smell of the meat but also furnishing a glacial mortar for the stonework that most thoroughly resists the stout claws of this huge beast. Still with all their precautions the Eskimo hunters lose caches of reindeer, seal, walrus, and musk-ox meat through the depredations of polar bears, wolves, wolverines, and even the weaker but more cunning animals as the foxes, snakes, etc., etc., and thus contribute in no small measure to the winter food of the Arctic animals.

The Wonder of Wonders.

When Mr. Loughton was Spanish consul at Boston he was one day standing near where some ballast-stones were being thrown overboard from a vessel that had recently arrived from a European seaport. Among this rubbish was a flint pebble somewhat larger than a hen's egg, which, when it struck one of the larger stones, separated in the middle. Mr. Loughton stooped and picked up the two halves. On each half, in marks made by the

natural growth of the stones, were two perfect human heads in profile, all of the outlines of features and hair being perfectly distinct, the natural portrait being much darker than the surrounding stone. The most surprising part of the whole incident is the fact that, even though the two halves fit together exactly, one of the faces was clearly that of a male, the other that of a female. Even the putting up of the hair was appropriate to the sex; yet, in the stone, they were face to face.

STARVING TO DEATH.

The Pangs of Hunger, as Described by One Who Has Suffered.

For the first two days through which a strong and healthy man is doomed to exist upon nothing his sufferings are, perhaps, more acute than in the remaining stages; he feels an inordinate, unappeasable craving at the stomach night and day. The mind runs upon beef and other substance, but in a great measure the body retains its strength, says a writer in the Yankee Blade.

On the third and fourth days, but especially on the fourth, this incessant craving gives place to a sinking and weakness of the stomach, accompanied by nausea. The unfortunate sufferer still desires food, but with a loss of strength he loses that eager craving which is felt in the earlier stages. Should he chance to obtain a morsel or two of food he swallows it with wolfish avidity, but five minutes afterward his sufferings are more intense than ever. He feels as if he had swallowed a living lobster, which is clawing and feeding upon the very foundation of his existence.

On the fifth day his cheeks suddenly appear hollow and sunken, his body attenuated; his color is ashy pale and his eyes wild, glassy and cannibal like. The different parts of the system now war with each other. The stomach calls upon the legs to go in quest of food; the legs, from weakness, refuse.

The sixth day brings with it increased suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in an overpowering languor and sickness. The head becomes giddy; the ghosts of well-remembered dinners pass in hideous procession through the mind.

The seventh day comes, bringing increased lassitude and further prostration of strength. The arms hang lifelessly; the legs drag heavily; the desire for food is still left to a degree, but it must be brought, not sought.

The miserable remnant of life which still hangs to the sufferer is a burden almost too grievous to be borne, yet this inherent love of existence induces a desire still to preserve it if it can be saved without a tax on bodily exertion. The mind wanders. At one moment he thinks his wearied limbs cannot sustain him a mile; the next he is endowed with natural strength, and if there be a certainty of relief before him dashes bravely and strongly forward, wondering whence proceeds his new and sudden impulse.

The Whankidoodles.

Of a word comes softly swelling Even in the busiest time; What it means there is no telling; Not for reason, 'tis for rhyme. 'Tis a name without a being. Yet when evening light gleams low You may fancy that you're seeing Where the Whankidoodles grow.

They are grouped along the edges Of the strangely tinted sedges, Near Forgetful River, flowing through the Land of Dreams. Where the Whick-whacks gaily wander And the Bilboks oft meander, And the Zinzers, too, disport him in that peacefullest of streams.

Parasites in What You Eat.

There is a man at a small stand in the lobby of an uptown hotel, says the New York Sun, who is doing a thriving business by illustrating to customers the truth from Butler's "Hudibras," which I cannot quote exactly at the moment, to the effect that great men have lesser men to bite 'em, and the lesser ones still smaller things, ad infinitum. He does it by displaying under a small but powerful microscope a piece of food—almost any kind of solid food—about the size of an ordinary pinhead. The revelation is startling to all, sickening to some; but suggestive to all who care to subject such supplies as cheese, for instance, to inspection. On a piece of Stilton cheese no larger than a pin's head I counted seven living and lively parasites, the largest apparently the size of my little finger nail. I may add in the interest of home manufacturers that a similar piece of Brie cheese of American make did not appear to disadvantage under the microscope, which I immediately secured for home use. This patriotic illustration of the microscopist, oft repeated, sells many an instrument and booms cheese made of American cream from an American dairy.

The Oldest Tree on Earth.

The oldest tree on earth, at least as far as anyone knows, is the "Boo" tree in the sacred city of Amarapura, Burmah. It was planted, the record says, in the year 288 B. C., and is, therefore, nearly 2,300 years old. Its great age is proved according to historic documents, says Sir James Emerson, who adds: "To it kings have dedicated their dominions in testimony of a belief that it is a branch of the identical fig tree under which Buddha reclined at Urumulva when he underwent his apothecosis." Its leaves are carried away by pilgrims as relics, but as it is too sacred to touch with a knife these leaves can only be gathered after they have fallen.

Can This Be So?

"Nothing wears a railroad traveler more than a straight track," says an old railroad man. "Any road with fifty miles of straight track would be shunned for one with three or four curves in that distance. I know legions of people who put themselves out to go by roads which wind and curve and give a new bit of scenery every few minutes."

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, AND FOR THE RIGHT AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

VOL. IV. NO. 30.

J. J. BURKE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 2, 1891.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

A BIG BLAZE.

The Entire Roger's Block A Heap of Smouldering Ruins.

O. O. FOLTZ' STORE AND THE
NEWS OFFICE ENTIRELY
WIPED OUT.

THE LOSS WILL AGGREGATE \$50,000

The prophetic warning uttered two years ago by the NEWS, that, unless steps were taken to provide this village with some mode of fire protection, its people would awaken some morning to find a good portion, if not all of it, a smouldering ruin, has borne fruit. To day what was once the fairest portion of the village is nothing but a pile of twisted iron, shattered foundation walls and smouldering cinders, with not a whole timber left to show where once stood the finest block of buildings in the village.

On Monday last as the people of our village were assembled at their homes enjoying their mid-day meal the terror laden cry of FIRE! FIRE! was heard, and with blanched faces and trembling limbs men, women and children rushed from their homes into the streets, terror stricken for the moment, for full well they knew what that awful cry meant to Antioch, where the slightest vestige of fire protection did not exist.

No pen can fully describe the awfulness of the scene. Men rushing here and there shouting to each other, women and children standing speechless and with whitened faces, not knowing but that their own fair homes lay in the track of the devouring monster, and the ever increasing cry of FIRE! FIRE! Foltz' store is on fire! made a picture that will not soon be forgotten.

Not until this latter cry of "Foltz' store is on fire!" was given did the people fully realize what was before them, and a rush was made for the immense building in question. So rapidly did the fire spread that people living but three blocks away reached the building in time only to see the flames burst forth from a back room and envelope the entire lower story in flame.

It was at once realized how futile would be an attempt to save the building, with the means at hand and the efforts of all present were turned towards saving the books and stock in the store, if possible. But the fire had already gained too much headway to permit of more than the books of the store and a few armfuls of clothing and shoes being saved. When it is considered that in the storage room where the fire started, there was located at the time a number of barrels of petroleum which quickly exploded; throwing their contents in a seething mass all over that portion of the building, and sending forth a dense volume of fire and smoke, of which almost a single breath would suffocate the strongest man, it is to be wondered that even the books were saved.

Situated thirty feet west of the burning building was another double building two stories high, one half of the lower story being occupied as a furniture store by M. A. Howard, and the other half as a lady's furnishing store and living rooms by Mrs. Turner. The upper story over the furniture store was used as a dining hall and parlor and was connected by an elevated passageway with the large hall over the Foltz building, while in the other

half of the upper story was located the News office.

Directly south of the Foltz building was the residence of W. B. Rogers, the owner of the buildings thus far described. As the flames gained headway they spread rapidly to this building, and but little time elapsed ere it too was a seething mass of flame, giving the occupants barely time to get out the articles of most value, so quickly did it burn.

In the buildings west of the fire almost superhuman efforts were being made to save the contents and so diligently did the crowd work that almost everything of value was removed from the furniture store ere the flames reached it.

The lady's furnishing store fared much worse, while from the News office very little of value was taken as the flames soon spread through an open passage way, leading from the dining room on the east, and cut off all further entrance to the building. Only a few cases of type badly broken into, and a small amount of stock was saved, while two presses, the newspaper and job press, and the office furniture and fixtures, the greater portion of the type belonging to the plant and nearly all of the stock went down with the building.

From here the flames spread across the street, demolishing a building belonging to Mr. Myron Emmons, and occupied by Christopher Larson as a dwelling house, giving the latter barely time to get his furniture out. And there been an efficient fire protection the flames could have been checked here, but as it was they rapidly spread from the News office to the two buildings directly west of it belonging to Mr. A. Chinn—the grocery store of Montgomery & Story being located in one of the buildings and the meat market of Arthur Edgars in the other. The loss to the first named firm was not very great, while that sustained by Edgars will be considerable greater as he had a large quantity of ice stored in the building.

The united efforts of all present were now used to save the adjoining dwelling houses but it would have been labor wasted had not the wind shifted to a more westerly direction and thus prevented a further spread of the fire. To this change in the wind and to the fact that a heavy shower of rain fell during the forenoon is due the preservation of our village. Had the buildings been thoroughly dry our limited means of protection could not have saved the place from total destruction. It would be hard to give an accurate showing of the loss on the burned buildings at the present writing but various estimates place it at about \$50,000 with an insurance of a little over one third that amount.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR. GENERAL LAND OFFICE.

Washington, D. C. Feb. 27, 1891.

Public notice is hereby given under section 2455, Rev. Stats. and the decision of the Honorable Acting Secretary of the Interior of September 6, 1890, that Netts Island in Pistakee Lake, section 4, township 45, north range 9 east 3d P. M. Illinois, containing 2371 acres will be offered at public sale to the highest bidder at the General Land Office Washington D. C., on Wednesday, April 15, 1891, at eleven o'clock A. M.

The offering will be made subject to the rights of John Netts, the applicant for the survey of the Island, to remove such of his improvements on the land as can be severed from the realty, and to any other rights on his part that on further investigation should be protected by the Government.

Lewis A. Groff,
Commissioner and ex-officio Register and Receiver, Act of March 3, 1877.

Annual Town Meeting.

Notice is hereby given that the annual town meeting of the Town of Antioch will be held at the house of L. J. Simons in the village of Antioch, on Tuesday the 7th day of April, 1891, for the purpose of electing one Supervisor, one Town Clerk, one Assessor, and one Commissioner of Highways, and for the transaction of any other business that in the pursuance of law may come before said meeting. The polls of said election will be open at 8 o'clock a. m. and continue open until 7 o'clock p. m. of the same day.

Dated at Antioch this 26th day of March 1891.

HARISON BUCK, Town Clerk.

Publishers' Notice.

Although temporarily without an office we shall continue the publication of the News and are prepared to attend to all orders for job work, having procured a press for that purpose which will be on hand by the time this paper reaches our readers. Election tickets, etc., we will print at home at our residence. Our friends who know themselves indebted to us on job or advertising accounts will confer a favor by a prompt settlement, as we are arranging to open an office here as soon as possible and need all money due. Truly,

J. J. BURKE, Editor.

Antioch, April 1st.

DR. SCHLEIMANN'S PALACE.

The Remarkable Home in Athens in Which Classical Greek was the Language.

I have visited many royal palaces, but Dr. Henry Schliemann's home in Athens surpassed them all in the beauty of its appointments and the loveliness of its embellishments, says a writer in the Chicago News. It is situated in the midst of a large garden, where in summer statues of Grecian gods and goddesses gleam through foliage of tropical richness. But my visit was in midwinter, and the streets of the fair city was covered with snow. The tinkling of sleigh bells seemed more in harmony with the scene than the soft notes of Apollo's lute.

Dr. Schliemann's marble palace is one of the most fashionable streets of Athens, and as I walked through the streets leading to it I saw no Greek girls who recalled Byron's beautiful "Maid of Athens," nor any Athenian women who resembled those proud dames of ancient times whose dark hair was adorned with the golden grasshopper as an announcement that they had "sprung from the soil." At I approached Dr. Schliemann's I was struck by the life-size marble statues of Grecian poets, philosophers, and heroes that embellish the roof of the stately pile. The door of the palace was opened by a tall footman who spoke French with a strong accent. Handing him my card I was invited to enter the library, which, with the exception of the Vatican library, is the most beautiful I have ever seen.

The walls of the stately apartment were hung with exquisite pictures representing classical subjects, and the corners were adorned with graceful statues. The dark bookcases were crowned by marble busts of Grecian poets and philosophers. The library was rich in classical literature, in which Greek, of course, predominated, for Dr. Schliemann was an enthusiast about ancient Greece—the language of Plato and Alcibiades being the language of his house. He made his butler take the classical name of Pelops and his cook that of Jocassoe.

Dr. Schliemann's wife is a Greek, beautiful and intelligent, but not a patriot, for she is the daughter of a shopkeeper of Athens. In this respect she is of the same social position as her husband, for he was originally a shop boy in Hamburg, and made his fortune in the indigo trade. He was nearly 70 years old at the time of my visit to Athens, but with all the physical vigor of 50. His wife was just about half his age, but wonderfully congenial and sympathetic.

Senator Berry's Ladder Romance.

Senator Berry, of Arkansas, who is serving his second term, says a Washington letter, was a poor boy and as ignorant as he was poor. In young manhood he made an earnest effort to rub off the rough corners by hard study, and, through pluck and enterprise, laid the foundation of future prosperity. He was forced to steal the woman he loved from a second-story window in the night, but the father-in-law would never let him enter his home through all the years that he was a teacher, lawyer, legislator and judge; but when he became governor of Arkansas, he wrote as follows: "My daughter was a better judge of men than I. Forgiving me, and during your administration, whenever you want to slip away from the capital to enjoy a brief respite from the cares of state, I do not invite, but beg, you to make my country house your home."

WHITE HOUSE HORSES.

THE PRESIDENTS WHO KNOW A GOOD ANIMAL.

Jackson's Thoroughbreds—The Horses of Later Days Also Have Had a Love for the Best of Thoroughbred Horse Flesh.

There have been on the whole more fine horses in the stables of the president of the United States during the century than horsemen generally think. President Washington was an excellent judge of a horse, as he had a right to be, inasmuch of the belt of country in which he was born and grew to manhood began very early in the life of the colony to import the very best sons and daughters of the Godolphin and Darley Arabian, the two horses to which the greatest racers in this country and in Europe trace their origin.

So it is natural that Washington, having been brought up under such auspices, should have been extremely particular in regard to the horses which he used in his coach. His famous gray war charger was a dapple gray, fifteen hands high, any of the finest form, symmetry and finish. Good judges of the horse now admit that he was the best Arabian ever imported to this country.

As evidence of Washington's remarkable knowledge of the qualities that contributed the making of a good horse it is related that at the siege of Boston his attention was attracted to the superiority of the steeds that composed the cavalry from the valley of the Connecticut. Calling "Light Horse" Harry Lee into his counsel, Captain Lindsey was promptly sent by them to the Connecticut valley to purchase a horse, and he was subsequently taken to Virginia, where he became known as the Lindsey Arabian. The horse General Putnam rode when he galloped down the steep declivity of 100 steps and escaped from the British was a full brother of Washington's charger.

President Jefferson, with more republican simplicity than the first president used for his coach the strong but ordinary Virginia horses that were bred at that period in the mountain region of Albemarle. They were not exactly plugs, as cold-blooded horses are sometimes called, but were fast, sleek and cumbersome in their gait, and safe for the ladies of the family, for Mr. Jefferson being a Virginia gentleman, scorned the effeminate practice of riding in a coach in his journeys to and from Richmond, Philadelphia, and later to Washington. His famous saddle-horse, Archy, was a son of the famous Sir Archy, and when Mr. Jefferson rode through the mud on Pennsylvania avenue en route to the capitol to attend his inauguration as president, and throw the reins of his steed over the fence pullings as he dismounted, it was the son of his favorite sire that bore him.

The Adamases, father and son, cared little for horses of any kind. The Puritans and their descendants were not fond of racing. Rather, they despised it as a worldly failing, and, therefore, gave the monopoly of it to the descendants of the cavaliers. On the other hand, that popular son of New England, Franklin Pierce, not only loved a good horse, but he bred several good ones. His menage while president was stocked with some of the best descendants of the Justin Morgan and Bishop's Hambletonian that could be procured in New England.

President Andrew Jackson had a profound contempt for a horse that was not thoroughbred. Poor as he was when he bade his old Irish mother good-by at the cabin door in the swamps of North Carolina, and swinging himself into the saddle, turned the head of his horse toward Tennessee to seek his fortune, he rode from the maternal homestead a well-bred horse, and throughout his life would mount none other.

President Zachary Taylor was, next to Washington and Jackson, the best judge of a horse that ever held the office. General Taylor rode only entire thoroughbreds in the army. His favorite saddle horses in the Mexican war and during his brief incumbency of the White House was a white thoroughbred stallion named "Old Whitey," an animal of great beauty, which was bred in Kentucky.

When President Lincoln became a resident of the white house there was purchased for him in central New York a pair of very stylish black carriage horses, the reputed price being \$5,000. Mr. Lincoln did not possess the proverbial Southern love for good horses, and was an indifferent judge of them. The black team were of the tough Morgan breed and lasted him as long as he lived. He seldom rode on horse-back during the term of his administration, although he was used to the saddle. He was an awkward-looking equestrian on account of his long limbs and bowed posture.

President Grant brought to the white house several fast trotting horses. His favorite saddle beast was a half-bred Spanish horse, called "Jeff Davis," which had been captured from the plantation of Joe Davis during the campaign in Mississippi. His carriage team were lofty bays of thoroughbred and trotting blood. A span of ponies were subsequently added to the menage

for the children. President Grant was a good reinsman and when on a good piece of road was not averse to testing the speed of his horses and that of other who tried to pass him.

The horses President Hayes used during his incumbency were ordinary animals, without any particular merits as to breeding.

Garfield was a good rider, and very fond of riding at high speed on a high-spirited horse. He had some good ones.

President Arthur loved horses, and while he did not claim to be an expert in horsemanship, he knew a good horse when he saw it. The White House stables were never so full of horses, except perhaps in Grant's time, as during Arthur's.

President Cleveland brought with him to the White House a very stylish team of seal browns of considerable bone and substance. They were high-headed, and during the four years they were Mr. Cleveland's property their necks were never constrained by the use of cheek reins.

President Harrison, as the grandson of a Virginian from the tidewater section of the state, naturally had an inherent love for a well-bred and a well-developed horse. His grandfather, President William Henry Harrison, admitted the thorough-bred, but on parade where martial music stirred their blood, and on the field of battle, he thought them to excitable, and, therefore, preferred the half or three-quarters bred horse as being safer and more tractable. President Benjamin Harrison brought with him to Washington three horses, and admirable specimens they are of the breeds they represent.

A DOZEN DEADHEADS.

How They Were Gotten into the Circus Without Pay.

People were willing to pay almost any price for tickets of admission to the last republican convention, and yet it was the easiest place in the world to get into, if one only had the requisite check. One man, and no very big one, either, but just one of the common herd, took a plain note-head and wrote "Chief doorkeeper republican convention: You will pass B. F. Jones and E. T. Smith," and merely signed his name to the order. It was good, and still the writer had no more right to make such a request than a tin soldier.

When a gentleman had related the above incident some one remarked that it might be easy to gain admission to a convention by the aid of check, but one couldn't work a circus that way.

"That's where you are wrong," said a third person; "I am well aware that check is a commodity the circus man has usually a large stock of, but I saw it most successfully used against him one day. It was circus day down on the lake front; the ordinary large crowd was there, standing around listening to the music and loading generally; the small boys were there waiting for any possible chance of 'gettin' in.' A man went up to a group of anxious urchins. 'Want to go in, boys?'" said he.

"Yes; but yer life we do," came in chorus from the lads. They marched up in front of the door-tender. "Count these boys," said the man, and the guardman of the great moral exhibition checked the lads off with his finger as they rushed by him and scattered on the inside.

"One, two, three," counted the doorkeeper, and finally announced "eleven."

"All right," said the man; "all right; that's all," and he turned away.

"Hold on there," said the circus man; "are you going to pay for these boys?"

"Pay for 'em," said the stranger; "well, I guess not; I said nothing about paying for 'em; I just wanted to know how many there were; you circus men are good at figures, and I ain't all I asked you to do was to count them. Much obliged." And away he went, astonishment at the surprising check preventing the doorkeeper from making any further effort to stop him. Oh, yes; the circus can be worked."

A Monster Block of Granite.

The Rockland (Me.) Opinion claims that the granite shaft quarried by the Bodwell Granite company, in Vinalhaven, is the largest mass of stone ever quarried upon the face of the earth, and that if erected it will be the highest, largest and heaviest single piece of stone now standing, or that ever stood, so far as there is any record.

It considerably exceeds in length any of the Egyptian obelisks, the tallest of which was brought to Alexandria from Heliopolis by Emperor Constantine and subsequently taken to Rome, where it now stands. This giant monument of faded grandeur, as it now stands, is 103 feet high. The Vinalhaven shaft will be 115 feet high, 10 feet square at the base and weighs 800 tons. It is understood that if Gen. Grant's remains are removed to Washington, Maine will offer the Vinalhaven shaft as her share towards a monster monument to the great commander.

Arctic Ice.

There is very little ebb or flow of tide in the Arctic, but occasionally there are very strong currents. All winter there is a general flow of tide and ice toward the south, while in summer this flow is northward.

CARMEN SYLVA.

She Is Reported to Be an Interesting Conversationalist.

Carmen Sylva, queen of Roumania, adds to her talent for reading aloud the talent for talking. It has been said that any one having the honor of a long conversation with her would wish to take down in shorthand, or by the aid of a phonograph, every word the queen said. This is no even when trivial matter is the subject. But when poetry or literature is the subject, then indeed she becomes the brightest and most animated of the company. The first work from her pen which was given to the world was "Les Penesee d'une Reine," which came out in Paris. Next appeared "Sturme," a collection of poems, published in Bonn, which was followed by a volume of "Telesch Legends," more fancifully styled "From Carmen Sylva's Realm." One pleasing trait may be noted apropos of these royal essays in literature; her majesty disdained to exploit the queen in the interests of the writer or to make a hit by means of her position.

Her *Penesee* are frequently of striking originality and full of common sense. Here are a few examples:

"If a woman is bad, the man is the cause of it."

About "The Wife:"

"Among savages the woman is a beast of burden, among Turks an article of luxury, among Europeans both."

"A woman should possess great virtue, for it often happens that she has to provide enough for both herself and her husband."

Of love Carmen Sylva says:

True love knows nothing of forgiveness, for if one forgives one loves no longer.

The jealousy of those who love us is a battery.

Husband and wife should never cease to make love to each other a little.

Here are a few more general reflections:

True happiness is duty. It takes hundreds of sweet smelling leaves to make a rose, and hundreds of purest joys to complete our happiness.

How unhappy must that man be who attempts twice to take his own life.

A too exacting housewife is in continual despair. One would often be glad to find a little less scrubbing and more repose in the home.

If two intellectual women cannot succeed in making anything out of a man, then there is nothing in him.

Carmen Sylva begins her literary work before it is day. She disturbs no one, neither his majesty nor even a maid. She lights her own lamp, and works till the sun brings more light. She is very cordial to her friends, who are made to feel thoroughly at home. While the king has a fondness for wearing his uniform when at Kastell Pelesch, the queen likes to be in walking costume or the pretty Roumanian peasant dress. Every day when the queen used to go to her sanctum amid the trees, the children of the work people engaged on the building of the palace were accustomed to run forward and kiss the royal hand. On one occasion one of her youthful friends was missing. She was found suffering from diphtheria in her parents' cottage, and the queen who loves children, nursed the little one until it died in her arms. She had the misfortune to lose her own and only son. It was the sorrow of her life, but instead of dulling its usefulness with any petted selfish melancholy, the loss was the beginning of a chapter of increased activity. Ever since the queen has been more thoughtful for those in trouble and more indefatigable in her efforts for education and on behalf of the women of Roumania, who certainly stand in need of all the help and encouragement they can get.

Mr. Chugwater Amused.

Mrs. Chugwater, arrayed in her best gown, was sitting for her photograph.

"Your expression—pardon me—is a little too severe," said the photographer, looking at her over his camera. "Relax the features a trifle. A little more please. Wait a moment."

He came back, made a slight change in the adjustment of the head rest, then stood off and inspected the result.

"Now, then, Ready. Beg pardon—the expression is still a little too stern. Relax the features a little. A little more, please. Direct your gaze at the card on this upright post and wink as often as you feel like it. All ready. One moment again—pardon me—the expression is still too severe. Relax the—"

"Samantha!" roared Mr. Chugwater, coming out from behind the screen and glancing at her savagely, "smile, damn you! Smile!"

Duty Before Pleasure.

Massachusetts woman—I suppose the women generally vote as their husbands do?

Wyoming woman—Oh, no; at least I don't. He is a Democrat and I am a Republican.

"And you don't quarrel?"

"No, indeed. It prevents quarrels, in fact. Whenever he starts in to grumbling about the biscuits I got him started on the tariff and he forgets the bread entirely."—Indianapolis Journal.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of The World.

Several Paris papers in reporting the death of Lawrence Barrett, the tragedian, spoke of him as "Madame Barrett." One paper said that Madame Barrett's husband was a captain in the Confederate army.

The coinage of silver dollars will cease July 1.

Complaint is made of the scarcity of sailors for the navy department.

Successful experiments have been made in England with the dynamite gun.

Elevator men of North Dakota are up in arms against the new elevator law.

It is reported that Postmaster-General Runkles, of England, will have to leave the government because of his attempts to crush the district messenger service.

Gen. John W. Foster, special envoy of the United States to Spain, is confident that he will succeed in negotiating a favorable reciprocity treaty.

Europe is once more disturbed by a war scare. The supposed alliance between France and Russia is taken as evidence of an intention on the part of these two powers to make a move against Germany. Austria and Italy being parties to the triple alliance would in that event come to the assistance of Germany, and it is thought that England could be brought into line to help the Kaiser.

Secretary Foster has given the State of Indiana uneasiness by notifying the sub-treasurer at Chicago not to pay the Indiana quota of the direct-tax refund. The Hoosier State was to receive almost \$1,000,000 and all the formalities had been gone through with for securing the money, but Secretary Foster found that there were several old claims of the government against Indiana and concluded that this was a good time to strike a balance. The claims against Indiana amount to about \$30,000 and until the State settles them it cannot have the \$1,000,000. The Secretary says that this action is in line with what will be done in the case of other States which are delinquent to the government. Vermont has been behind on some small debts for several years and now she will have to pay up or go without her share of the direct tax.

Several Paris papers in reporting the death of Lawrence Barrett, the tragedian, spoke of him as "Madame Barrett." One paper said that Madame Barrett's husband was a captain in the Confederate army.

The Union Pacific road has granted concessions to its dissatisfied employees which will insure their receiving better pay.

Michael Davitt declared that Mr. Parnell had no intention of resigning his seat in Parliament. He added that if Parnell did resign and offer himself as a candidate for re-election he would be defeated.

A banana train on the Illinois Central was wrecked near Kankakee, Ill., and thirteen cars of fruit were derailed. The loss is about \$10,000.

The Modock Democratic Tariff-Import Club of Keokuk, Iowa, sent silver medals to Dr. Moore and Mr. Cockrell, the two independent members of the Illinois Legislature who voted for Senator Palmer for United States Senator.

The will of Baroness Fahrenberg, making provision for a charitable institution at Lexington, Ky., has been upheld by the Kentucky courts after many years of litigation on the part of the Baroness' relatives.

Pittsburg has 1,000 cases of grip. Street-car companies and large offices are affected.

In a two-ounce glove contest near Harrisburg, Pa., Jim Daily stood up before Joe McAuliffe and required six rounds for a purse of \$1,000.

Details of a sensational episode at the Chicago Auditorium have just become public. A wealthy New Yorker, incited by jealousy and rage, attempted to murder his wife, but was prevented. He then took revenge by abducting their only child.

The failure of the Kansas Legislature to appropriate money for a State exhibit at the world's fair has led to a movement to raise by private subscription the funds requisite to give that State a creditable representation.

The Canadian Pacific company's iron steamer Entenza is aground in the Columbia river, near Tongue Point.

The Olympic club of New Orleans has offered a purse of \$3,000 to McAuliffe and Myer for a glove contest to take place in about six weeks. McAuliffe to answer within four days.

Ex-Senator Ingalls' interviews in the East regarding the Farmers' alliance are embarrassing Kansas Republicans, and they are gnashing their teeth at their former leader.

Paul Starr, daughter of the notorious Belle Starr and reputed daughter of the equally notorious Cole Younger, in connection with a young man stole two fine horses from a farmer near St. Joe, twenty miles west of Gainesville, Texas. Officers are in pursuit.

In the Michigan Legislature the Doran bill to tax iron and copper products of the upper peninsula was defeated.

Theodore Thomas has been selected to be musical director of the world's fair.

Western railroads claim to hold enough proxies to elect new world's fair directors who will insure the location of exposition buildings on the lake front.

Silas Potter died at Boston. He aided largely in the cause of negro education in the South and in the establishment of schools and churches in the far West.

Gene A. James A. Ekin, who was a member of the commission who tried Mrs. Burratt, died at his home at Louisville, Ky.

The 11th annual Labor day and Lincoln's birthday legal holidays passed the Illinois Senate—37 to 1.

At Hazelton, Pa., Millie Capleco a 10-year-old girl, shot herself through the heart with a revolver rather than marry an old man, the choice of her parents.

The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, who has been so lately ill at New York for several days, still lies in a critical condition.

Dubuque, Iowa, has 1,000 cases of the grip. Senator Allison being one of the victims.

Two miners were entombed near Ottawa, Ont., by an unexpected slide of rock within a shaft.

J. C. Van Alstman of Olney, Ill., tax collector of the township, has been found to be short in his accounts to the extent of \$1,400.

Reports that Italians employed on the Pittsburgh, Ohio Valley & Cincinnati railroad are drilling under arms are fully verified.

An error was discovered in the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill passed near the close of the Fifty-first Congress, by which several valuable clerks in the public service were practically isolated out of employment.

A gas explosion in St. Joseph's Catholic church at Detroit, Mich., caused a panic in which many women were trampled and bruised and Mrs. Wellhoff, 70 years old, was fatally hurt.

United States Consul Maloney, at St. Johns, N. F., announces that last license for a Mexican vessel this season will be free.

John Mooney, a notorious burglar, has been arrested at Whiting, W. Va., for complicity in the robbery of the Freepart (Pa.) savings bank.

Inquiry shows that the lines of steamers plying between England and the continent make no charge for carrying royal passengers. Their royal highnesses serve as advertisement.

King Charles of Wurtemberg is making another onslaught on the socialists. In his kingdom because the newspapers of that party have been reproaching him for his marital infidelities.

At Mason City, Iowa, Walter Eldore, an orphan boy, died from the effects of beatings and other cruel treatment received at the hands of Peter McMahon. McMahon was arrested.

Capt. Charles Manley of Ann Arbor, Mich., has been appointed commander of the soldiers' home at Grand Rapids, Mich.

The young duke d'Orleans, son of the Bourbon pretender to the throne of France, is said to have visited Paris this week disguised as a valet in the service of Mme. Milba, the opera singer, with whom the young duke is very much in love.

The marine court which investigated the Utopia disaster at Gibraltar found Capt. McKague of the wrecked steamer guilty of errors of judgment.

Fred Douglas, Minister to Hayti, is dissatisfied because Admiral Gherardi has been appointed special commissioner to conduct the negotiations for Mole St. Nicholas and says he will resign unless he is permitted to transact the business.

The total number of hogs packed in the west during the year ending March 1, was 17,713,000, against 13,745,000 the preceding year.

A fierce snowstorm in the Texas Panhandle will result, it is reported, in heavy losses to cattle men.

The governor of Iowa has appointed H. L. Mitchell, of Bloomfield, State Pharmacy Commissioner to succeed H. K. Snider.

In a collision near Rock Castle, Va., Francis Mahone Sigfried was killed and Conductor Mosley was injured. Engineer Roberts was killed in a wreck near Sutton, Neb., and his fireman was hurt.

At Lyons, Kan., four miners were precipitated down a shaft 500 feet deep by an accident to the machinery. A heavy oak beam fell upon them from the top of the shaft. They were crushed into a shapeless mass.

Indiana bankers met at Indianapolis and formed a State association, electing Thomas W. Wollen, of Franklin, president.

It was announced that Russia will present President Carnot of France with the decoration of the grand cordon of the Order of St. Andrew. This was said to mean that a formal treaty of alliance between Russia and France had been concluded.

Eva Braunock, a faith healer at Pittsburg, is said to have just finished a fast of forty days, having during that time consumed nothing but water.

Helen H. Clark, an Indian girl teacher in the Carlisle Indian school, has been appointed special allotment agent by the United States government and has left for Montana to assume the duties of her office.

Planning mill employees propose to start a co-operative mill at Indianapolis with \$100,000 capital, of which amount \$3,000 has been subscribed.

Members of the Harrington family held a meeting at Mendville, Pa., to arrange to bring suit for the recovery of land upon which the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railway depot is situated in Chicago. The land belonged to James Harrington, Sr., and was sold by a son who forgave his father's name.

At Ironton, Ohio, Albert and William Kell attacked Arthur Haney for having betrayed their sister. Albert Kell was fatally shot by Haney, who afterward surrendered to the police.

Warren Barrett, the oldest man in Minnesota, died at Glensmont, aged 102 years. He was born in Vermont in 1789.

The London News states that the Italian authorities will take active steps to force America to give satisfaction for the mobbing of the Mafia prisoners.

At Wichita, Kan., J. C. Adams, who killed Capt. Couch, the Oklahoma lawman, was found guilty of murder in the first degree.

John Hawk, being awakened by a man trying to break into his house, near North Eaton, Ohio, seized a shotgun and killed the intruder.

The treasurer of the Sherman statue fund at New York was instructed to announce that \$11,750, or enough to complete the statue had been received.

During the year ending Feb. 15, 823 persons were inoculated for dog and cat bites at the Institute at New York.

Anderson, Green & Co., wholesale dealers in dry goods, notions, etc., at Nashville, Tenn., failed, with liabilities and assets of \$175,000 each.

It is now claimed that Hugh Miller, the Brooklyn incendiary, is insane.

Chilian insurgents captured Iquique after having killed the Government troops to join for, as with them.

Commissioner Groff of the general land office has been notified that his resignation has been accepted.

Six people were dangerously injured in a wreck on the Louisville & Nashville road near Anchorage, fifteen miles from Louisville, Ky.

Charles City, Iowa, in which place it was recently voted by the board of trustees to move the German-English college in Galena, is unable to raise the bonus of \$50,000 which was offered. It is now thought that the college will go to Storm Lake, Iowa.

Hugh C. Miller, 22 years old, has been arrested for setting fire to numerous tenement houses in Brooklyn during the past six weeks. Being confronted with evidence of his guilt he made a full confession.

SHOT TWO ACTRESSES.

JEALOUSY CAUSES A DOUBLE MURDER AND SUICIDE.

Supposed Case of Poisoning at Omaha, Neb.—Mrs. Niedeffer's Murderer Still at Large.

A double murder and suicide occurred at the Casino variety theater at Spokane Falls, Washington. Charles Elliott, a faro-dealer, who was occupying a box near the stage, drew a pistol and fired several shots at the people on the stage. One bullet took effect in the left breast of Mabel Delahand, killing her almost instantly. Another bullet lodged in the back of Carrie Smith, also a variety actress, inflicting a fatal wound. Elliott then placed the muzzle of his revolver in his mouth and blew his own brains out. His shots were intended for an actress named Lulu Durand, who was on the stage at the time, and of whom Elliott was insanely jealous.

SUPPOSED CASE OF POISONING.

Miss Emma Anderson of Omaha Dies Under Peculiar Circumstances.

1 Omaha, Neb., telegram: What is believed to be a case of attempted poisoning of the family of J. S. Hascall, a prominent politician, has just been discovered. Last Tuesday, while Hascall was away from home, five members of his household were taken suddenly sick after dinner, and next morning Emma Anderson, his housekeeper, died. The others are recovering.

A doctor called to see Miss Anderson and said she was suffering with the grip, but another physician declared the patient had been poisoned.

The matter was not reported to the authorities and nothing was known of it till today, after Hascall had left for St. Edward, Neb., with the remains of Miss Anderson. Hascall had tried to keep the matter quiet, but the probabilities are that the body will be examined and an inquest held. Hascall is divorced from his wife, and it is alleged the Anderson woman was the cause of the separation. It is claimed threats had been made that she would not die a natural death.

Mrs. Niedeffer's Murderer at Large. A telegram says an inquest was held by Dr. Pearson over the body of Mrs. Niedeffer, who was murdered in her house about eight miles east of Mitchell, Indiana. Nearly all the neighbors were present, and from the evidence given no clue could be obtained to the murderer. The verdict was that the wound in her head had caused death and that the party inflicting it was unknown to the jury. The murder could not have been committed for money, as nothing was missing about the house.

GEN. JOHNSTON'S FUNERAL.

It Is Conducted Without Any Ostentatious Ceremonies.

The funeral services over the remains of the late Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, almost the last of the great commanders of the confederacy, took place in Washington, D. C.

By special request of the deceased the ceremonies were devoid of ostentation or unnecessary formality, and the simplicity

of the service was in keeping with the character of the man. There was no display of uniforms or battle flags or military trappings, and as the family of the deceased had carried out the spirit of the injunction and declined the request of a number of confederate veteran associations to participate formally, there was nothing to distinguish the funeral from a private interment beyond the large attendants of distinguished persons.

There were no services at the residence of the deceased, but just before 11 o'clock the remains were taken quietly to St. John's Episcopal church, opposite Lafayette square, accompanied by the family and near friends.

Fifteen Carloads of Fire Water. There was sent out from Peoria, Illinois, from the Woolner distillery the largest shipment of spirits ever made, beating the world's record. There were fifteen carloads or 1,000 barrels of spirits, containing 32,400 taxable gallons. The tax collected by the government on this single shipment was \$74,241, and the entire day's business represented a deal of \$100,000. The goods went to New York, Cincinnati and Philadelphia.

Suicide of a Wealthy Nebraska Farmer. OMAHA, March 31.—This morning William Milligan, a wealthy farmer near Stanton, shot himself three times in the head and neck, dying almost instantly. Financial troubles were the cause of the suicide.

Left the Town Without Water. The stand pipe of the water works at Delaware, Ohio, collapsed and fell, wrecking the engine house and severely injuring several persons. The town is now without water.

Drowned in the Ohio Canal. M. A. Pigot, inspector of boilers for Rolan Bros' works, St. Louis, was accidentally drowned in the Ohio canal at Akron, Ohio.

Negotiations with Hayti Fail. Private advice seems to indicate that Admiral General has failed in his mission to secure Mole St. Nicholas, Hayti, as a naval coaling station. It is a deep disappointment to him, for he has managed his part of the negotiations admirably.

Valuable Pine Lumber Burned. Fire broke out on the lumber docks of Hovey & McCracken at Muskegon, Mich., and consumed 1,500,000 feet of white pine lumber. The loss is \$15,000, fully insured.

Office for an Indian Girl. Helen P. Clark, an Indian girl who was a teacher at the Carlisle Indian school, in Pennsylvania, has been appointed special allotment agent by the United States government. She left for Montana to assume the duties her office.

TO ENLIST INDIAN SOLDIERS.

Orders to That Effect Issued from General Merrill's Headquarters.

Orders were issued from Gen. Merrill's headquarters in St. Louis to begin enlisting Indians in the regular army. In that department of the Missouri, Troop L of the Fifth Cavalry and Company I, Twelfth Infantry, will be to be composed wholly of Indians recruited from the Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Kiowas, and will be assigned to duty at Fort Sill. Troop L, Seventh Cavalry, and Company I, Seventh Infantry, recruited from the same tribes, are to be assigned to Oklahoma, and Company I, Thirteenth Infantry, filled from the same tribes and the Comanches, will be assigned to Fort Supply, L. T., for duty. The Indians are to be enlisted for five years and receive the same pay as the whites and negroes now in the service.

DROVE OUT THE RUM-SELLERS.

Bloomville, Ohio, People Determined to Rid Themselves of a Nuisance.

Tiffin, Ohio, telegram: The temperance warfare at Bloomville continues with additional riotous demonstrations. After the demolition of his saloon Tuesday night, William Miller procured a new stock of liquors and established himself in other quarters. His place was again visited by a company of thirteen men and eleven women, who assaulted the proprietor and his bar-keeper, injuring the latter severely. They gave both of them half an hour to leave town on penalty of more severe treatment. Among the leaders of the mob was the local Methodist minister. Miller came to this city, but announced his determination to return to Bloomville, where his other serious trouble will be unavoidable.

PLEASURE SEEKERS IN A WRECK.

Two Passengers Killed and Many Badly Injured in a Railroad Wreck.

A disastrous wreck occurred on the Ensley City dummy line in Birmingham, Ala. A train fell down an embankment ten feet high.

A. L. Brown and Bob Taylor, two negro passengers, were instantly killed. Alf Rigby, the engineer, was caught under the engine and horribly crushed. His sufferings are excruciating and death is momentarily expected. Mrs. Dr. Ramsey was badly crushed, and it is said her back was so injured that she will be invalid for life. About ten negro passengers were hurt more or less. Two of them, it is said, will not recover. The engineer was trying to make up time, as he was behind the schedule.

BUILT A SALOON IN SECTIONS.

Novel Scheme of Iowa Liquor-Sellers to Evade the Law.

Peter McCaffrey and Jack Doyle, both of Barnum, Iowa, have a new scheme for evading the law. During the holidays they had constructed a saloon building in sections, so that it could be taken apart and stored away. Recently the district court granted an injunction against the saloon, and the other night the proprietors took down their building and stored it away in a warehouse, so that when the sheriff of Webster county comes to serve the injunction he will find no saloon. During the trial of the injunction the saloon men hung one of the leading citizens in the city.

Canadian Pacific Let Into New York.

New York telegram: The Canadian Pacific is now a full-fledged trunk line out of New York city. Mr. Van Horn, Chauncey Dewey and H. Walter Webb have completed the deal by which the New York Central railroad lets the Canadian Pacific bring its freight and passenger trains in over the West Shore and the Central with as good facilities as the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad gets. The Canadian Pacific will come down from Brockville over the new bridge, which is to be built at that point by way of the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg to Utica. After the main points of the agreement had been reached Mr. Van Horn declared the war at an end, and returned to Montreal on the night train.

Silver Found in Illinois.

Peoria, Ill., telegram: Philip Slatery, a farmer living nine miles from Peoria, discovered a rich lead of silver ore. He was digging a well and struck the vein of ore about thirty feet below the surface in a rock stratum. The vein is a rich one and an assayer has pronounced it a quality of silver ore. Arrangements are being made in this city to develop the mine and the well and adjoining property is carefully guarded.

Shot Down.

At 8 o'clock in the evening, while Premier Stambuloff and Balcheff, Minister of Finance, of Bulgaria, who had been walking together, were about to enter their official residences, when a man with a revolver suddenly confronted them with a revolver, and fired three shots point blank at M. Balcheff, who died. The assassin succeeded in making good his escape. A number of persons who witnessed the murder report that the assassin had three accomplices who assisted him to escape. No motive has been suggested for the murder of the minister of finance, but it is presumed that the conspirators may have intended to take the life of Premier Stambuloff, but that in the darkness of the evening they mistook M. Balcheff for the man they had marked as their victim.

TWO MYSTERIOUS DEATHS.

Ugly Rumors About the Sudden Deaths of the French Brothers.

A Terre Haute, Ind., special says: Daniel and John French, two young farmers living five miles south of here, died within twelve hours of one another from some unknown cause. Both died soon after eating meals. The family did not call in a physician and the neighbors notified the coroner, who left at noon to investigate the cases. Both men were in excellent health and ugly rumors have already been put in circulation hinting at poisoning by members of the family.

An Insane German Officer.

Norfolk telegram: Lieutenant of the Infantry Blum named two squads of infantry in Naumburg, Germany, and ordered them to charge the unsuspecting citizens with drawn bayonets. Eight persons were mortally wounded. Blum, who is the son of a general, was intoxicated. The authorities declare him to be temporarily insane.

Fruit and Tree Points for Tree Planters.

A new book for practical tree planters. The Orange Judd Farmer says: "This entire book is ably written and gives trustworthy information for everyone growing fruit of any sort or kind." Sent free by Stark Bros., Louisiana, Mo.

They Quarreled About a Dog.

In a quarrel over a dog at Milledgeville, Florida, Joe Tucker was shot through the head five times with a Winchester rifle by M. Tunn and instantly killed.

KILLED BY WHITE CAPS.

A KANSAS FARMER MURDERED IN HIS OWN HOUSE.

Shot Down by Masked Men for Stealing Wheat for Seed—Mysterious Murder Near Mitchell, Ind.

Topeka, Kan., telegram: Gov. Humphrey has offered a reward of \$3,000 for the arrest and conviction of each of the murderers of Thomas Duncan, a settler living in a Cheyenne county dug-out. The murder was committed March 16, but the letter of the prosecuting attorney to the governor gave the first details and confirmed the many stories of White Cap outrages which have recently come from the extreme northwestern part of the State.

For some weeks past there have been rumors in Topeka of White Cap punishments in the sparsely settled outlying counties of the State, but they have lacked official confirmation and no further attention was paid to them.

According to the present attorney's letter Duncan was accused of pilfering grain in small quantities from his neighbors in order to get a sufficient amount of seed to plant his spring crops. Two days before the killing occurred one of the neighbors positively identified Duncan as he was making his way from a grain bin.

The neighbors were informed and about 8 o'clock on the evening of March 16 about twenty men with white-cap masks rode up to Duncan's house and were met at the door by his wife. The victim had heard them coming and had crawled into a storeroom leading from his sod house. The white caps started to raze the house, and Duncan announced that he would come out. He started to go into his yard, when fire was opened on him. One bullet pierced his heart and another his right side. The men rode off, leaving their victim lying across the threshold of his own house.

EIGHT LIVES LOST IN THE SEA.

Heroic Efforts of the Life-Savers Rewarded by Rescuing Ten Persons.

Norfolk, Va., telegram: The Norwegian bark Dictator, from Pensacola, Fla., to West Hartlepool, England, laden with pine lumber, with a crew of fifteen and the captain's young wife and little boy of 3 years, came ashore in a strong easterly gale four miles south of Cape Henry and two miles north of Virginia Beach hotel. The weather was so thick that the vessel was not seen until 9 o'clock, and then she was in the breakers, broadside on, within a quarter of a mile of the shore.

Full crews from two life-saving stations, those of Cape Henry and Seaside, under command of Capt. Drinkwater, were promptly on hand and began firing lines to the ill-fated bark. The guns could not deliver the lines so far, though they were repeatedly fired.

The ship finally succeeded in getting a line ashore tied to a barrel, which the surf carried to the life-savers. The breeches buoy was quickly rigged and sent to the vessel, but unfortunately the bark's crew was ignorant of its use, and the captain was delayed until Capt. Drinkwater of the life-saving crew wrote instructions, put them in a bottle, and sent it to the Dictator by the line connecting the vessel with the shore.

The men on board broke the bottle at once, as could be seen by glasses from the shore, and proceeded to carry out the directions. The first man was delivered ashore in eight minutes, and seven others were rescued. Four of them came ashore in a lifeboat, which was capsized, but the men succeeded in reaching the shore in a half-dead condition. One man had his arm broken.

The captain had urged his wife all during the day to take the buoy and come ashore, but she steadily refused, as she would not leave her husband and child, and only one could take the buoy at a time. The bark finally went to pieces and the seven that remained on her have been lost, including the wife of the captain. The captain, just before the ship went to pieces, sprang into the sea with his son strapped to his back and reached the shore alive, but the boy was lost, making a total of eight lives.

A CABINET MINISTER KILLED.

The Bulgarian Minister of Finance Shot Down.

At 8 o'clock in the evening, while Premier Stambuloff and Balcheff, Minister of Finance, of Bulgaria, who had been walking together, were about to enter their official residences, when a man with a revolver suddenly confronted them with a revolver, and fired three shots point blank at M. Balcheff, who died. The assassin succeeded in making good his escape. A number of persons who witnessed the murder report that the assassin had three accomplices who assisted him to escape. No motive has been suggested for the murder of the minister of finance, but it is presumed that the conspirators may have intended to take the life of Premier Stambuloff, but that in the darkness of the evening they mistook M. Balcheff for the man they had marked as their victim.

HELPED TO KILL HIM.

Murdered Her Husband For Insurance Money.

4 Mrs. Frances Calkins, on trial at Goshen, Ind., with Frank Hendrix for the murder of her husband at Elkhart last April, has turned State's evidence and made a full confession of the crime. This, coupled with other strong evidence adduced by the prosecution, has made the case look almost hopeless for Hendrix, who still stoutly maintains his innocence.

The sensational feature of the day, after all other evidence for the prosecution was in, was the release of Mrs. Calkins from custody in order that she might appear on the stand as a witness for the prosecution. Her story of the awful crime, by means of which she and Hendrix hoped to become joint owners of over \$5,000, was graphic and at times brought the audience up to a high pitch of excitement. It is as follows:

In February, 1890, Mrs. Calkins was then a widow (Mrs. Whipple), was living in a flat at Elkhart on the same floor on which Hendrix had his insurance office. Edward Calkins, an old man possessed of some money and property and editor of the Labor Signal, State organ of the Knights of Labor, boarded with her. She and Hendrix became quite intimate and soon formed a plan which, if successful, would result in her marrying Calkins, his getting his life insured for \$5,000, willing his property to her and then being "removed."

Everything went well. Mrs. Whipple, who was a fascinating widow of 45, was married to Calkins March 25. A few days later Hendrix induced him to take out an accident insurance policy for \$5,000, payable to his wife, and also to will his estate and property to her. Everything being now in readiness for the final blow of April 3, they took Calkins to bed, drugged him with liquor, and when he got up to change his seat Hendrix threw him into the river. They then went their clothing thoroughly and returned, telling every one that the boat had capsized and that Calkins was drowned.

During the recital of this story by Mrs. Calkins Hendrix was apparently moved. He claims that she is a mad and designing woman, and that the whole scheme is one of blackmail.

"BABY BUNTING" DEAD.

Millionaire Charles Arbuckle, Expires of Pneumonia.

Charles Arbuckle, the millionaire coffee merchant, died in Brooklyn, in his fifty-ninth year. Mr. Arbuckle was brought into notoriety about three years ago as defendant in the famous breach of promise suit for \$100,000 instituted by Miss Clara Campbell. His love letters to Miss Campbell were published all over the country, and the signature of "Baby Bunting," which he appended to some of them, was for a time everybody's mouth.

MISS COATS COMMITS SUICIDE.

A Young and Beautiful Woman Grows Tired of Life.

6 Miss Myrtle Coats, 18 years old, pretty and prominent in society circles Lansing, Mich., committed suicide by poison. The cause of her illness was not known until she was dying, when a lengthy letter addressed to her parents was found in her corage. In this she admitted that she had purchased strychnine for

FOR THE LADIES.

INTERESTING ITEMS FOR YOUNG AND OLD FEMININITY.

A Hint of Poetry—The Decline of Marriage—Foundry Girls—Lettling a Man Alone—Etc., Etc.

Oh, in her sable garments the widow looked a queen.
For beauty in its sorrow is beauty's crown,
I ween;
The rosy pallor of her cheeks, in all their tender glow,
Was like a purple sunset upon a drift of snow;
And in her weeping eyes of blue such wild emotions lay—
Such deeper depths of sadness, and shadows dim and grey—
That you would fancy she had lost—poor, hapless Leonore—
Not one dear lord and master, but twenty-five or more.
She ran to me—she rushed to me with all her youth and gold—
In soft, pleading accents, she asked to be consoled.
There was, she gasped, a vacant place upon her heart's throne still.
That somebody, if he knew how, could take by storm and fill.

Well, I knew how, for grasping both her jeweled hands in mine,
I quaffed from those ripe lips of hers a vintage rich as wine.
And while I tore the widow's verge right off her queenly head,
And told her that a living spouse was better than a dead,
She leant upon my bosom in tremulous surprise,
And sorrow's shadows vanished from the blue depths of her eyes.

To-day the ragman purchased the sable weeds I sold,
And now I own the widow—the widow and her gold.
—Eugene Davis, in West Shore.

The Decline of Marriage.

It appears to be an admitted fact that there is a yearly increasing falling off in the number of marriages which take place among the prosperous and highly educated classes, both in this country and in Europe. It has always been noticeable that the poorer and least educated portions of society have been the readiest to launch upon the sea of matrimony and have raised the largest families. The decline in the number of marriages among the wealthier and more cultivated classes has been commonly attributed to the increased cost of living, and the demands of luxury, pride and ostentation, but there are those who think it attributable principally to newer conceptions of what marriage should be. It is no longer the alliance for commonplace objects of two persons of opposite sexes with few or no mental needs or susceptibilities in common, but the union of two beings whose intellects, feelings, tastes and sympathies have been assiduously trained to a high point of development and sensitiveness. The man or woman of the highest culture and refinement excludes from his or her matrimonial scope the individual of the other sex of undeveloped powers, imperfect sympathies and inelegant manners. A highly trained intellect and taste with multitudinous objects of thought, and a wide acquaintance in society, does not stand in need of the perpetual companionship which is an absolute necessity to many. To a self-contained character of this sort a truly congenial marriage is undoubtedly an untold blessing, but the conjugal state is not such an urgent necessity as to preclude deliberation, careful choice and some regard for consequences. A decline in hasty and ill-assorted marriages would prove a blessing to all grades of society and induce a much needed decline in divorces, which, for want of an international law, have grown to become quite too frequent for the public welfare.—The Home.

Foundry Girls.

According to reports received by the Workingwomen's society of New York, women have taken another step forward, and have gone in large numbers into an occupation which seems to be adapted only to men on account of the physical strength required, says the Commercial. They have actually gone into the great foundries at Pittsburgh, and today something like five hundred of them are "scalping" nails and bolts—that is, putting heads on them. This is severe physical labor, and it takes a strong man to do the work. But the iron works find no difficulty in getting plenty of girls. Already the supply almost doubles the demand. This is the direct result: For the work mentioned men always received from \$14 to \$16 a week; the girls receive from \$4 to \$5 and are glad to get it. Now, men are practically thrown out of employment in a trade in which they used to earn living wages. It is the same old story.

But the idle men are enjoying a sweet little revenge. The girls who have taken their places are known everywhere in Pittsburgh as "the foundry girls." There is nothing shameful in this title, but it is considered shameful by other workingwomen in the Smoky City. The "foundry girl," it appears, can be recognized everywhere on account of slender-stained face, or for some other reason unknown outside of Pittsburgh—and the "sales-ladies" and "factory-ladies" cross the street when they see her block off. They cannot bear the idea of "the foundry lady" being added to their social list.

Yet even the foundry woman is held to be higher in the social scale than the woman engaged in domestic service. The "saleslady," it seems, is distinctly friendly to the "factory lady." The "factory lady" turns up her nose at the foundry girl. And the foundry girl is hardly condescending to the servant or nurse girl. It appears that there are finer distinctions in social caste among the Pittsburgh workingwomen than among the millionaires of New York.

THE CAMP FIRE.

OUR BRAVE OLD SOLDIERS IN WAR AND PEACE.

An Anecdote of General Sherman—Fast Torpedo Boats—Confederate Prisoners at the North—Etc.

At a joint Memorial meeting of all the Grand Army Posts of Toledo, O., in honor of Gen. W. T. Sherman, Past Commander-in-Chief John S. Kountz was the orator of the occasion. In the course of his address, which was a fine tribute to the memory of the departed hero, he related the following incident and anecdote connected with his own regiment, the 37th Ohio:

"I remember our arrival near Chattanooga and going into a concealed camp on the west side of the Tennessee, just opposite Chickamauga Creek, where Maj. Hipp, of my regiment, was placed in command of the detail which was to cross the river in small boats, and, if possible, secure a landing. Near midnight, Nov. 23, 1863, all was ready and the signal given to start; and when nearing the point where it was proposed to land, a rebel picket fire was discovered and our troops hurriedly landed and captured it. On returning to the other side, the darkness made it difficult for him to find our troops, and Maj. Hipp shouted for the Fifteenth Corps, when he was immediately answered in suppressed voices to keep still or he would be arrested. Having no time for explanation, becoming impatient, the Major cried out: 'Where in hell is Gen. Sherman?' The answer promptly came from the General himself, who was not more than 60 feet away. 'What do you want?' The Major answered, 'I want a brigade; the boats are in waiting.' The General at once asked, 'Did you make a landing?' Major Hipp answered, 'Yes, and captured the picket.' Gen. Sherman, who was on horseback, surrounded by his staff, was so elated that he took off his hat and cheered. I remember that after crossing to the south bank of the river our men throwing up earthworks, and how Gen. Sherman, who had crossed the river just behind us, told the boys to 'Pitch in; this is the last ditch.' The night's undertaking was grandly accomplished, and Gen. Sherman was perhaps the happiest man in Grant's army the morning of Nov. 24, 1863."

No figure in late years had become more familiar in New York than that of General Sherman. The simplicity, candor, and childlike kindness of his nature, his manly cordiality of manner, his ready sympathy and lively humor, and the great career of heroic achievement which lay behind all, made him a most interesting and memorable personality. His name is indissolubly associated with that of General Grant in the history of the civil war, and there is no more romantic and inspiring story in our national annals than that of the march to the sea.

The general was always welcome, not only because of his great renown and his illustrious services, but because of his personal charm. The papers have been full of conversations which recall his happy speeches, the constant flow of delightful anecdote, the pleasant dalliance of a great nature in repose. Edward Everett in his oration at the unveiling of the statue of Daniel Webster in Boston describes on the evening before the delivery of his most famous speech, the reply to Hayne, and on the next day at its delivery in the Senate. In the evening, says Everett, but in his most elaborate and consummate effective manner, he was like one of the boats he loved rocking and swinging on the gentle lap of the waves upon the shore. But the next day he was "a mighty admiral" in action on mid-ocean, with all his broadsides thundering, his canvas strained, and his flags and pennants streaming.

Sherman, in his later days, as we have known him in New York, was the boat easily swinging on the tide, the lightning of battle shentied, and the frowning tier on tier of guns invisible. It is perhaps not too much to say that the feeling with which in every company he was greeted was akin to love. It is good to think of him so, good that the last thought of a man whose name is honored and cherished by millions should be so kindly and gentle as it is admiring and grateful. So he would have had it, and would have asked no sweeter rosemary for remembrance.—Harper's Weekly.

Fast Torpedo Boats.

Of course all builders strive for the greatest speed, and each year has seen a boat built which is faster than any before. The palm of the highest speed seems to lie at present between an English boat built for France by Thornycroft—the *Courcour*; and a German boat built for Italy by Schichau—the *Nibbio*. Each of these boats can run nearly twenty-seven knots an hour. A knot, you know, is a sea mile, which is one and one-seventh land miles, so these boats can make about thirty miles an hour, or about the average speed of a railroad passenger-train. Just think of a boat rushing through the water as fast as a train of cars runs over the land!

The next most important thing in a torpedo boat is quick turning; and for this purpose the largest Norman, Schichau, and Yarrow boats have two rudders, one in the usual place at the stern, and one under the bow. Mr. Thornycroft has another device. He puts two curved rudders near the stern and the propeller is between them, so that when the rudders are turned together, the water which the propeller is driving astern is turned a little to one side and helps to push around the boat.

The latest idea in torpedo boats is to have their launching tubes mounted on turn-tables on deck instead of being fixed in the bow. With this improvement a boat will not have to steam straight at her enemy, stop, launch its torpedo, and then turn to run away; but it can train its tube on the big ship as if the tube were a gun, and launch the torpedo while rushing past at full speed. This would be less dangerous for the torpedo boat, for it would not afford the men on the ship a good aim at her.—John M. Ellicott, in St. Nicholas.

Hungry for Months.

As the months passed on a marked change was noticeable in the appearance of the men. They became depressed and listless, and unsuspected trails of disposition cropped to the surface. The parade-ground was dotted with gaunt, cadaverous men, with a far-away look in their eyes and with hunger and privation showing in every line of their emaciated bodies. It was believed by many among us that this mode of treatment was enforced as a retaliatory measure, and this belief certainly received strong support when, looking across the bay, we saw a city whose wants alone would have supplied our needs. I have seen a hungry "Reb" plunge his hand into the will-barrel of some mess, and letting the water drain through his fingers, greedily devour what chance had given him—if anything. Speaking for myself, and well aware of what I state, I assert that for months I was not free from the cravings of hunger. One-half of my loaf and the meat portion of my ration was eaten for dinner. I supped on the remaining piece of bread, and breakfasted with "Duke Humphrey." I sometimes dreamed of food, but cannot remember in my dreams ever to have eaten it, becoming, as it were, a sort of Johnson's Island Tantalus.

When we arrived on the island the rats were so numerous that they were common sights on the parade-ground. Later on they disappeared. Many of the prisoners ate them. If asked if I myself have ever eaten one I answer no, because to cook a rat properly (like Mrs. Glass's hare) you must first catch him. I have sat half frozen in our mess kitchen armed with a stick, spiked with a nail, but was never fortunate enough to secure the game. A dog would have served the purpose better, but the chances were that some hungry "Reb" would have eaten the dog.—The Century.

At Fort Gregg.

William Taft, Co. D, 89th N. Y., having seen the statement by Comrade Leach, of the 12th W. Va., in which he says that Dandy's Brigade, Foster's Division, Gibbon's Corps, did not take Fort Gregg, the writer agrees with him; but when he says that the fort was taken by the 12th W. Va. and the 23d Ill., he makes a mistake. And when he says that two brigades of Ord's command, as stated by Gen. Grant, could not be used around a small fort, he might make the marines believe it, but an old soldier never. He further states that all were ordered to halt by some fool when within ten rods of the fort, but the writer thinks the rebels compelled them to halt, as it was a little too hot for them. When he says that there was not another man of any command in the ditch around the fort, except the 12th W. Va. and 23d Ill., he makes a false statement, for the writer was there, with the rest of the First Brigade, First Division, Twenty-fourth Corps, commanded by Gen. Fairchild.—National Tribune.

A Correction.

D. W. Light, Co. M, 5th Ohio Cav., thinks Comrade Hobart has forgotten about Herbert's old fighting Fourth Division, as they did not go to Bollivar until August or September, 1863. The writer has a faint recollection of the troops going on the trip mentioned, but cannot figure out where the Third Brigade of the Fourth Division came in. He is right, however, about whipping Price at the Hatchie, but is a little off about the commanders, for Herbert commanded until the infantry charged down to the river, when Ord superseded him. The first and second battalions of the regiment was with Herbert's Division from the day before the battle until Grant started for Vicksburg the first time, and he fails to remember but two brigades being in the division, one commanded by Vanech and the other by Lauman, and if the comrade was in the Third Brigade the writer would like to know who the other brigade commander was.—National Tribune.

A Monument for Sherman.

New York business men are moving in the matter of erecting an equestrian statue to Gen. Sherman. They have considerable courage to do this in face of the way New Yorkers have acted with reference to the Grant monument. But it appears that this movement is mainly among wealthy men who were personal friends and admirers of Gen. Sherman, and they can readily make up among themselves the relatively small amount—\$35,000—which it is proposed to expend upon the statue. They will make an effort to have the monument dedicated on the anniversary of the death of Gen. Sherman, which will be pretty rapid work.—National Tribune.

An Enigma.

Dr. W. H. Russell closes an interesting article on Admiral Porter and General Sherman in the Army and Navy Gazette with the following tribute to the latter: "Alert, cheerful and confident, he was prompt and stern in action, a charming companion, full of anecdotes and of humor—dry, if you please, but sound and sweet—proud of the profession to which he belonged and a model soldier and gentleman."

FASHION IN SCALPING.

SOME OF THE VARIETIES OF HAIR RAISING.

White Men and Indians Have Different Methods of Cutting Off Their Enemies' Locks—Cowards Never Mutilated by the Savages, Who Hate Them.

It is the fall of 1878. The Cheyennes, dissatisfied with their place in the Indian Territory, have broken into small bands and are breaking for their old homes in the north. Two companies of United States cavalry are in pursuit, but the Indians outnumber the soldiers, and when the troops get too close they turn and fight like cornered wildcats. Every day the soldiers find fresh evidences of the ferocity of the savages they are pursuing. Every village along their path has been devastated. The mutilated bodies of men lie in the streets—four or five in every town. Finally the troops reached the village of the menomies. There they find twenty-seven dead men and boys, almost the entire male population of the town. The Indians were less merciful to the women. A fate worse than death was theirs. Several of them are found naked and stark wandering the prairie. There are other marauding bands of Indians in the country, but the work of the Cheyennes is unmistakable. The bodies are not scalped. This is the Cheyenne's way of expressing contempt for those he kills. There is no glory in carrying the scalp of a man who will not fight. One of the articles of the faith of the sect that constitutes the population of the village is abhorrence of war and all manner of bloodshed. There was not a firearm in the village when the two hundred Indians swept through it. Further on the soldiers find a wounded horse lying on the prairie. Near him is a cowboy's hat, by it lie two or three empty rifle cartridges. There was a fight here. A hundred yards further on are more shells and the grass is spotted with blood. Fifty yards further they find the body of a cowboy. About him are more shells, pistol cartridges this time. The cowboy's long hair is gone. Here was an adversary whom there was some glory in killing. To the soldiers familiar with life and death on the plains there is no mystery about what they see on the prairie there.

The cowboy met the Indians and rode for his life away from them. But among all those who pursued some must have had horses swifter than the cowboy's pony. He tried to keep them back with his rifle, but the Cheyennes are not cowards. So the unequal race was run, the Indians firing as they pursued. They shot his horse and he tried to make a fort of the animal's body. Maybe he kept them off for a time—the empty shells would indicate as much. Then they began to circle out around him to take him from the rear. His fort was no longer tenable, and he ran again. Where the second shells and the blood-stained grass were found a bullet reached him, and he went down, still fighting. He must have recovered enough to make another effort. Another shot reached him as he dropped from exhaustion and he fought on to the end with his six-shooter. That is why they took his scalp. Just the hair on the top of the dead cowboy's head was gone. The scalping-knife cut around just below the line of the hair on the forehead. Then the knife circled his head, taking in that portion of the scalp where the hair divides behind. That is the way they scalp a white man.

Had their victim been a Sioux or a Kiowa they would not have taken so much. But a white man does not distinguish his scalplock. The scalplock consists of the axis of the scalp. Just that spot where the hair that you brush to the front and to the sides joins that which you brush back toward the neck. Nearly all the Indians take great trouble with the scalplock. They let the hair grow longer there than anywhere else and braid it as carefully as a Chinaman does his queue. Frequently they braid strings of buckskin or rabbit skin in with it and ornament it with bits of glass or bright metal. Death to one of these Indians, provided he does not lose his scalplock, means mutilation. He is never dishonored while this wisp of hair is still attached to his skull.

In the earlier days of Indian fighting a whole tribe would hold a dance of rejoicing if they found their dead after a battle unscalped. Some of the western tribes have a belief that accounts for the consideration with which the scalplock is regarded. It is that the spirit of the dead Indian is lifted up to the happy hunting-grounds by his scalplock, and that without this appendage he can never reach the Indian paradise. So these Indians will do anything to prevent their scalp from ornamenting the belt or top of an enemy. There are numerous instances of warriors who, finding themselves cut off from all hope of escape, have ridden over precipices and gone down singing a song of triumph, because the enemy could not get their hair. This is also the reason that the Indians always carry off their dead and hide the bodies where they can never be found.

The sober second thought usually comes the next morning after the banquet.

WISCONSIN NEWS.

Major J. A. Davidson, of Sparta, is dead. His relatives are operating around Trempealeau.

The new railway club house at Kaukauna is to cost \$8,000.

A young man named Jordan was accidentally shot at East Claire.

There is an epidemic of grip at Rushford, Winnebago county.

Ed Morgan, an old resident of Dodge county, died at Fox Lake.

Burglars took \$200 from the house of Anton Hanson, of East Claire.

Henderson Harvey died suddenly at Milton. He was 75 years of age.

Adam Blumer, a farmer near Monticello, sold his 470-acre farm for \$23,000.

Willie Meiner, aged 7 years, of Racine, is said to be suffering from hydrophobia.

Mrs. Joseph Lais, wife of an Oshkosh manufacturer, died at the age of forty-nine.

The Salvaterra army squad at Green Bay counts twenty-two absolute conversions.

The summer project of a new bridge over the Wisconsin river will be required.

The business that Fond du Lac furnishes the railways amounts to \$500,000 annually.

Jamestown will vote on the question of license or no license at the ensuing election.

Maj. Fred C. Warner was buried among the old veterans in the Soldiers' Home cemetery.

There is strong probability of a general strike and lockout of plasterers in Milwaukee.

The La Crosse common council has changed the date of the bridge celebration to July 4.

Arrangements have been made at Keshiwa, City to erect a crematory that will cost \$3,200.

East Claire's English-speaking priests have formed a branch of the American Clerical Union.

A watchmaker named Rosenow was fatally burned by an explosion of naphtha at Menasha.

Bishop Flatch of La Crosse, who was at the point of death recently, has gone South for his health.

Mrs. Ferdinand Richter of Burlington, who temporarily insane committed suicide by drowning.

The realty of Chippewa Falls is valued at \$2,000,000. The personal property is estimated at \$1,000,000.

The Neenah Sons of Veterans have obtained 100 guns and 500 rounds of ammunition from the State.

Daniel H. Morris, one of the earliest Welsh settlers in the town of Utica, Winnebago county, is dead.

Four dangerous cases of trichinosis, caused by eating partially-cooked ham, are reported in Centerville.

Bishop Gratton has \$1,000 toward building a new edifice for the congregation of Grace church, Appleton.

Col. N. S. Goss, a noted ornithologist, who died recently at Neenah Falls, Kas., was once a resident of Pewaukee.

Day, according to a dispatch, is also wanted at Alhambra City, Ind., for obtaining \$500 on a forged check.

Herman Falk, of the Eau Claire Light Guard, was killed while at work in a logging camp on the Flambeau river.

Ellsworth Dougherty, of Pewaukee, is reported to have married a New York belle who is dying of consumption.

D. J. Spaulding, wagon manufacturer of Black River Falls, made his statement. Liabilities, \$210,000; assets, \$700,000.

A child of Dan Elliot, a farmer in the town of Scott, Crawford county, was killed by the upsetting of a load of corn-fodder.

An official statement of the strength of the Farmers' Alliance in the State places the number of branch alliances at 221.

Lillian Curtis, a pretty 14-year-old girl who ran away from her home at Neenah, was arrested at a Milwaukee hotel and sent home.

James Sprawley, of Two Rivers, aged 45, unmarried, was arrested charged with attempting a criminal assault upon a married woman.

Michael Lessinghous was arrested at Hurley and taken to Oshkosh on the charge of abandoning his wife, to whom he was married recently.

A man named Sigismund, of Antigo, was in Manitowish, having with him a fawn which trotted at its master's heels wherever he went.

The Assembly passed bills to provide for religious freedom in public reformatories, and making Sept. 1 a holiday to be known as Artisan's Day.

The residence of George Gerhard in Milwaukee was fired by an incendiary and the prompt discovery of the fire saved the life of Gerhard's mother-in-law.

Oscar Huhn, principal of a school in Manitowish, was fined \$10 for allowing a son of Charles Lucas, a local school teacher, to be on the premises.

M. W. Stevens, of Green Lake county, has been declared sane, at Oshkosh, and discharged from the guardianship of his son. The son will appeal the case. Stevens is wealthy.

Negotiations are pending in Milwaukee for the purchase of Becker's Street railroad by the Villard street-car syndicate, which now owns the Cream City and Milwaukee City railways.

Leonard Martin, one of the first settlers of Waushara county and well known as a pioneer in the West, died at his home at Big Bend. Death was caused by pneumonia.

A farmer by the name of Knoff, in the town of Eaton, Brown county, was arrested on a charge of criminally assaulting a 12-year-old girl, whom, it is alleged, he had enticed into a barn.

Fred W. Staples, charged with killing David Seely, at Staples, Jan. 17, pleaded guilty to manslaughter in the fourth degree at Grand Jurors, and was sentenced to thirty days in jail and a fine of \$500.

Ellen Saville, a 12-year-old girl, of Egg Harbor, took \$51 of her mother's money, went to Green Bay, and purchased a ticket to Montreal, Can. She was picked up by the police and sent home.

Jack Carkeek has given up wrestling, and will engage in business. He says there is no longer any money in wrestling. Carkeek retires with the honor of being the champion Cornish wrestler of the world.

Moritz Mursch, engineer at the Huttel-Mittler saw-mill, Ellis Junction, was seriously hurt by the explosion of the boiler. Charles Woertzel, Will Wauson and Andrew Kinsler, employees, were also injured.

Mrs. H. S. Richards, of Lake Geneva, by the death of her brother in Illinois, received quite a fortune. She gets \$5,000 now and \$100 per month for ten years when she will receive \$20,000 more. Each of her children also receives \$1,000.

Thomas H. Farmer, the insurance agent who became insane and made it lively for people about Racine, remains in jail and is worse than ever. He raved and tore every stitch of clothing from his body and attacked the prisoners.

Neenah possesses three claimants for the French spoliation awards. They are S. E. A. N., and N. E. Trout. They are direct descendants of Adin Trout, who received fatal injuries on the privateer Enterprise under Decatur when attacked by a French fleet.

Senator Persons voted against the governor's contingent fund bill, and explains his action by saying that he considers it a raise of the governor's salary under false pretences. He wishes the governor to give a detailed statement as to how he expends the fund.

THE TYPEWRITER TUNE.

Though its coming be slow, we can all feel
That the "popular song" has its end;
And the hand-organ lay cannot last all the
day.
Its horrors must come to an end,
But the typewriter tune, with its terrible
twist,
Incessant responds to the rubber-hung
wrist.
With its "plink, plack, clinkety, clang!
Pluckety, pluckety, bang!"
Your heart may be light and the future
seem bright,
Ere you come within range of its sound;
But your spirits will sink to your shoes in
a wink.
From the noises that hover around,
When the alphabet goblins, so crooked and
weak,
Are tortured till pain makes them shiver
and squeak.
With a plink, plack, clinkety, clang!
Pluckety, pluckety, bang.

DEACON BLIFFEN'S SUI.

Miss Caledonia stood shinking the
tablecloth out into the yard and scold-
ing the chickens as they darted about
greedily clucking over the rain of
crumbs that fell from the snowy linen
cloud. The lady was rather thin and
her hair showed a silver thread here
and there in its brown, straight bands,
but in Deacon Bliffen's eyes she was
very comely still, in her neat dark
dress, plain collar and white apron,
which had rather a coquettish looking
bow of ribbon at the waist-band, and
her eyes were bright and smiling in
spite of the forty years of life's storm
and gloom they had looked out on. The
deacon paused as he was riding by and
called good morning.

"La, Deacon Bliffen, is that you?"
said Miss Caledonia in reply, giving
the tablecloth a final shake before
folding it up.

"Yes; is Obadiah at home? I—I
would—"

"No, he's just gone. They're patch-
ing up the fence over in the meadow,
and he's there. But get down, deacon,
and I'll blow the horn for him."

The deacon alighted, and secured his
gray mare, but he caught Miss Caledonia's
hand as she put the horn to her
lips.

"Never mind about calling him,
ma'am; most likely he's busy, but if
you'll let me I'll just take a sent here
in your kitchen, and may be he'll come
back to the house—for—something
he's forgotten."

"La!" said his hostess, eyeing him
in wonder. Then as a thought struck
her, her pale face flushed up like a
girl's and she said no more, but bustled
herself about her morning work, chat-
ing as she went to and fro to the deacon
about Widow Green's sick cow, the
Sunday school work and the Deacons
Society. She made no sign but her
glance fell time and again anxiously at
the cloudy sky showing in gray patches
through the windows, and her thoughts
were busy depicting Obadiah's disgust
and wrath if it began to rain and he
returned to the house to find Deacon
Bliffen in her kitchen at 9 o'clock in
the morning.

That circumstance could, of course,
bear but one meaning, and Obadiah
hated courtship and lovers. Obadiah
would call her an old goose. She
knew he would, and Miss Caledonia
shivered to remember how he had
laughed five years before, when Lemuel
Crane had come to call on Sunday
evening, laughed till poor Lemuel had
crept away never to come back. It
had always been thus, even when she
was a girl.

In the meantime Obadiah worked
away at the meadow fence till a drop
like a big tear splashed on his hand.
He wiped it off, but twenty, thirty,
fifty came pelting after it. So he sent
his men away, and stood undecided for
a moment. He wanted to see Deacon
Bliffen about that mortgage harker
wanted on his mill, and his advice as
to the value of the mill. The rain was
likely to drive the deacon home, too,
so he could not do better than to step
over to his house—it was as near as
his own—and talk the matter over
with him. He had to run for it, for
the rain was falling heavily, so he tore
up the deacon's steps and rapped at the
door with quite a glow on his face and
at his heart at his boyish run.

"Is your pa at home?" he said,
smiling with unusual pleasantness at
pretty Kitty Bliffen as she opened the
door. Strange he had never noticed
before how very pretty the girl was.
Why, her hair was like spun gold and
her eyes as blue as those flowers Caledonia
was always tending. What were they?
Oh, yes, forget-me-nots. No, the deacon
was not at home, but Mr. Crump
must walk in, for it was raining so
hard it would get him wet through.
This with many blushes and a dimple
playing in and out of her round cheek.
What did it remind him of?

Mr. Crump sat and pondered this for
quite a minute as he drew off his
dripping coat and put on the dry one
of her father's Kitty brought him.
Then he remembered with a pang such
as his heart scarcely understood. Oh,
yes, he remembered it well! She had
blue eyes, too, like those Kitty Bliffen
lifted up to his face, and in her rosy
cheek a dimple, too, played hide and
seek.

Poor girl! Her grave had known
the snow of thirty winters, for she had
slipped away from life while still a
child, but her memory had awakened
in the boyish heart of her lover, whose
only romance it had been, and softened
him most wonderfully toward Kitty
Bliffen, who hovered about him with
most flattering solicitude as he sat and
dried his feet at the cheery blaze he
had kindled at the hearth of the best
parlor. All her life she had admired
her father's friend, for it was said that
he hated women, and she adored peo-
ple out of the ordinary.

Thus, while the deacon sat and helped
Miss Caledonia string pepper with their
chairs close together, Obadiah listened
to Kitty Bliffen's fresh young voice sing-
ing "Beulah Land" to the music of the
old spinnet that had been her grand-
mother's and the falling rain beat a soft
accompaniment to both pictures.

After that first morning it seemed to
poor conscience-stricken Miss Caledonia
that Obadiah was very often absent
from home, and never once did the deacon
in his many visits run across him.
"Poor unsuspecting fellow!" thought
his sister. "I can hardly face him
when he does come in, and it really
seems as if he was kinder than he used
to be. He bought me that pink muslin
I said was pretty, as if I had any idea
of coming out at my age in a thing like
that. Though for the matter of that,
James—dear me; Deacon Bliffen, I
mean says I'm only in the prime of
life." She sighed, and smiled and sighed
again. "I can't tell Obadiah, I just
can't! He'd laugh at us both, a wild-
ower like the deacon and an old maid
like me, besides I couldn't have the
heart to leave him here to look after
himself."

"No, I'll have to give James up,"
she concluded, and forthwith began to
cry, in which occupation the deacon
discovered her.

"Pshaw!" said that gentleman,
smiling. "We'll just make the foolish
fellow reason. Because he's a rusty,
crusty old hater of matrimony he
mustn't expect to make other people
such. He shall live with us, Caledonia,
and you shall be as devoted to
him as you like, only you must spare a
little love for me. Now here is the
question, Will you tell him or
shall I?"

Miss Caledonia shivered, but
answered bravely: "No, no. If I
must strike him this blow, let me be
the one to tell him. It shall be part
of my punishment." So after the
manner of women she cooked her
brother an unusually nice supper, and
made much of him when he came in.
Somehow he seemed very thoughtful,
and several times their anxious eyes
met by accident, when both faces
flushed and both hearts felt a pang of
keenest self-reproach. Obadiah scarcely
touched the marmalade poor Miss
Caledonia had brought out on this
special occasion because he was so
fond of it, and that lady noticed it in
dismay. "Can he have heard of it?
No, surely not." There was no hope
that some one else had saved her the
dreadful task of breaking it to him.

After the things were cleared away
and the fire heaped up in a cheerful
dancing flame, Miss Caledonia drew
her chair close to where her brother
sat staring into the fire. "Obadiah,
dear brother," she faltered, "I must—
hem—I feel it my duty to speak to you
of something."

"Yes, yes, Caledonia, I know—I
know—I feared you would—you would,"
stammered Obadiah, embarrassed and
flushed as a school boy.

"It grieves me very much, dear
brother," went on his sister twisting
her apron around her trembling hands.
"I know it would, I know it."
"I cannot bear to think of leaving
you," said the poor lady bursting into
tears.

"Why you must not think of such a
thing. There, there, don't cry! Nothing
shall be changed. We will love each
other just as well, and you shall teach
Kitty all you know."

"Kitty?" echoed Miss Caledonia.
"Oh, yes, I shall love her as a daughter.
How good you are, Obadiah, to think
of her."

"Love her as a daughter. Humph!"
said Obadiah. "Why there's not all
that difference in your ages. Plenty of
sisters have the same years between
them. A daughter! You might have
spared that allusion, Caledonia, know-
ing I am only a few years younger
than you."

"Younger than me," cried Miss Caledonia,
bewildered and indignant. "Why
you know perfectly well, Obadiah,
Crump, that you are five years older than
I am." Then melting she ran to her
brother and clasped him in her arms.
"I see how it is, my dear, dear brother,
I've grieved and upset you so you don't
know what you're saying. If you feel
so about it, I'll not go away from you,
no, not for all the Deacon Bliffens in
the whole world."

Obadiah raised her drooping head
from his breast and looked her in the
face, his lips twitching violently. "Caledonia,"
he said solemnly, "What have
you been talking about?"

"About—about my marrying Deacon
Bliffen next week!"
Obadiah gave a shout. "You were?
Well, I thought you were talking of my
marrying Kitty Bliffen the week after!"
Miss Caledonia burst into fresh tears.
"Oh, Obadiah, Obadiah, I am so happy!
May—may you be happy, brother,
but please forgive me—I'm afraid she
won't know how to roast your mutton
to the turn you like it, nor to—season
the catnip as I did?"

No Use Voting.

At a local election in a town in
Louisiana I was in a grocery when an
old negro came in to fix his ticket.
There was only one in the field, but he
got out his pencil and looked it over
and said:

"I reckon dat first man on heah is
Mars Wheelock. He called me nigger
'tho' day an' I'll scratch he off."

He ran his pencil through the name
and went on.

"Can't make out dat second name,
but I reckon it's Mars Tobias, who's a
allus running fur office. Trowed a club
at me once an' I can't vote fur him."

There were twelve names on the
ticket, and though he couldn't read he
followed the list down one by one and
scratched out each name in succession,
alleging some excuse in each case.
When there were no more to scratch he
scratched his head instead and said:

"Why, dey is all done gone off de
ticket, an' so dey ain't no use to put it
in an' squabble around."—Free Press.

Poor Dear!

A tender young thing just married
who went to a Japan art store for a
spanned tin coal-scuttle and didn't
find it is positive that advertisements
are the wiles of a humbug and no signs
are to be relied upon.

FREE LOTS.

How Mr. Thompkins Got a Town Lot
Free.

I had heard about the man in Kansas
who was giving away town lots
free, and one day I left the train at a
small station and hired a man to
drive me over to the site of the future
great city. I found a sixty-acre farm
staked out into lots twenty feet front
by fifty feet deep, but only one house
and one person was in sight. The
house was a farm cabin, and the person
was the owner of it and the one I
wanted to see.

"Come for a lot?" he asked as we
drove up.

"Yes, in case my information is cor-
rect. Do you give them away free?"

"I do."

"I had heard so."

"Go right out and select any one
you like. Those selected are marked
with red stakes; those not yet taken
by black ones."

I took a walk around, and made a
selection, and he found the number
and said:

"You want an abstract of title, of
course. Here it is, and the fee is \$3."

When I had received it he hunted
out a deed already signed, and filled
my name in, called in the teamster
and his wife for witnesses, and said:

"Here is your deed, I'll have to
charge \$4 for that."

I paid the sum named, and he then
got down a big book, and said:

"You want it recorded, of course. I
am the County Clerk. The fee for re-
cording is \$3."

I had it duly recorded, and just then
dinner was ready. He invited me to
sit down, but when we were through,
he said:

"My charge for dinner is 75 cents.
The taxes on your lot will be due next
week, and is \$1.75, and my commis-
sion for recording will be 25 cents."

I paid him the sum named, and
was about to get into the wagon when
he said:

"The charges for bringing you over
and taking you back is \$2. Half be-
long to me, as I own the wagon.
One dollar, please."

"Can you think of anything further,"
I asked as I handed him the dollar.

"Well, you'll have to stop at the
junction about four hours before the
Eastern train comes along. I own the
restaurant there. Please eat all you
can."

"I have," I said, after a little figur-
ing, "paid you \$13.75 for a lot you
advertise to give away free. How
much do you call this land worth an
acre?"

"All of six dollars, sir. I've been of-
fered five and wouldn't take it."

"Then I've paid you more than the
value of two acres to get a lot large
enough to bury a couple of cows on!"

"Exactly, sir—exactly, and I con-
gratulate you on your bargain."

"Then you don't call it a swindle?"

"No, sir! No, sir! A man who will
kick on buying a chunk of the glorious
West for less than \$14 isn't straight,
and Mr. Thompkins, I'd advise you to
keep an eye on him going back, and
see that he doesn't jump out of the
wagon and bilk you out of your dol-
lar!"—N. Y. Sun.

GLASS MADE BY LIGHTNING.

Tubes in the Sand That Tell the
Diameter of the Flery Bolt.

"Did you ever see the diameter of a
lightning flash measured?" asked a
geologist of a Washington Star man.
"Well, here is the case which once en-
closed a flash of lightning, fitting it
exactly, so that you can see just how
big it was. This is called a 'fulgurite'
or 'lightning-hole,' and the material it
is made of is glass. I will tell you how
it was manufactured, though it took
only a fraction of a second to turn it
out."

"When a bolt of lightning strikes a
bed of sand it plunges downward into
the sand for a distance less or greater,
transforming simultaneously into
glass the silica in the material through
which it passes. Thus, by its great
heat, it forms at once a glass tube of
precisely its own size. Now and then
such a tube, known as a 'fulgurite,'
is found and dug up. Fulgurites have
been followed into the sand by exca-
vation for nearly thirty feet; they vary
in interior diameter from the size of a
pencil to three inches or more, accord-
ing to the force of the flash."

"But fulgurites are not alone pro-
duced in sand; they are found also in
solid rock, though very naturally of
slight depth and frequently existing
merely as glassy coating on the sur-
face. Such fulgurites occur in
astonishing abundance on the sum-
mit of Little Ararat in Armenia. The
rock is soft and so porous that blocks
a foot long can be obtained, perforated
in all directions by little tubes filled
with bottle-green glass, formed from
the fused rock. There is a small speci-
men in the National museum which
has the appearance of having been
bored by the terebo, the holes made
by the worm subsequently filled with
glass."

"Some wonderful fulgurites were
found by Humboldt on the high Nevada
de Toluca in Mexico. Masses of the
rock were covered with a thin layer
of green glass. Its peculiar shimmer
in the sun led Humboldt to ascend the
precipitous peak at the risk of his life."

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

A Farmer Who Didn't Want Any
Soap.

"You can either beat a farmer as
sick as greese or you can't beat him
at all," said the patient day-fork man
as we were talking about his adven-
tures in the rural regions. "That is,
he is either glibble or over-suspicious.
I will refuse a good thing and
some will swop at a swindle. I think

I can illustrate my declarations right
here; or at least one of them. 'The
man in the seat over there is a farmer.'"

"I should say so."

"And he's one of the sort who sus-
pects every stranger. Watch me try
him."

He took a cake of toilet soap from
his satchel and going over to the
farmer saluted him in a pleasant
manner, and added:

"I have a new make of soap here
which I am introducing to the public.
It is worth fifteen cents a cake, but I'll
make the price only five."

"Don't want it," was the gruff re-
ply.

"With every cake goes a \$5 green-
bank, a gold bracelet, the deed of a
town lot in Kansas, a pocket-knife, a
pair of eye-glasses, and a solid gold
ring."

"Don't want 'em sir!"

"As I want your opinion of the
soap I will give it to you."

"I won't take it!"

"But, sir, in order to introduce it
into your neighborhood I will give
you 100 cakes free and at the same
time leave five watches and five deeds
to town lots."

"Look-a-her!" shouted the farmer,
as he jumped up and spat on his
hands. "You go away from me or I'll
smash you! I'm on to your tricks,
old man, and if you think you have
picked up a hay-seed, you are barking
up the wrong tree."

And the hay-fork man had to move
lively to escape the blow leveled at his
nose.—New York Sun.

Crotchets.

My friend P. would always have it
that the rulers of men do do not
care for music, that Napoleon only
knew one air which he hummed as he
jumped into his carriage for his last
campaign in Belgium, "Malbroek
s'en va-t-en guerre, miraton, ton ton,
ton taine." Others have urged Gam-
betta as another instance of this de-
ficiency, who, when some delicious
music was pending, urged Rossini, of
all men, to come into the next room
and take a hand at billiards, so little
cared he for the crown of all the arts.

I have wondered whether there
was anything in this charge against
the completeness of great men, and
whether harmony in a man's char-
acter disqualified him for the mastery
of his fellow-creatures, or whether
after all there is nothing in it and that
some rulers of men have liked music
and others not, and have only reckon-
ed it as a "measured malice" as Lamb
calls it.

I have sat through an Italian opera till,
for sheer pain and inexplicable anguish,
I have rushed out into the noisier places
of the crowded streets to solace myself with
sounds which I was not obliged to follow.
I take refuge in the unpretend-
ing assemblage of honest common life
sounds and the purgatory of Hogarth's
Enraged Musician becomes my paradise.

Thus Charles Lamb, who employed
his time at an oratorio, watching its
effect on the faces of the audience, and
contrasting their seriousness with
Hogarth's laughing audience.

Talfourd, in his "Memorials of
Lamb," (why is there not a Charles
Lamb society?) remarks that ex-
quisite humorist

"was entirely destitute of what is common-
ly called a taste for music. A few tunes
ran in his head, and then the expres-
sion of a sentiment, though never of song,
touched him with rare and exquisite de-
light. . . . but usually music only
confused him, and an opera was to him a
maze of sound in which he almost lost his
wit."

Whatever Lamb thought of music,
his friend Coleridge said that good
music never tired him. "I feel phys-
ically refreshed and strengthened by it,
as Milton said he did." Heliked Beeth-
oven and Mozart, but loved Purcell,
and was I suppose, a melodist rather
than a harmonist.—Temple Bar.

The Paradise Fish.

The paradise fish, like the German
canary, is a product of cultivation, as
there is no place where it is found in a
wild state. It is a native of China.
There they are cultivated and kept in
aquaria, as ornamental fish only.
The male is larger of the two sexes,
measuring when full grown, from the
mouth to the end of the caudal fin,
three and one-half inches. The body
is shaped very much like that of the
pumpkin seed sunfish. Its colors
surpass in brilliancy any fish heretofore
cultivated for the aquarium.

The head is ashy gray, mottled with
irregular dark spots. The gills are
azurine blue, bordered with brilliant
crimson. The eyes are yellow and red,
with a black pupil. The sides of the
body and the crescent shaped fin are
deep crimson; the former having 10 or
12 vertical blue stripes, while the lat-
ter is bordered with blue.

The "under surface of the body is
continually changing color—sometimes
it is white, at others gray or black.
The dorsal and anal fins are remark-
ably large, hence the generic name of
the fish—*macro*, large; *pomus*, the foot
or fin. Both fins are shaped alike.
They are striped and dotted with
brown and bordered with blue. The
dark-colored ventral fins are protected
by a brilliant scarlet-colored spine, ex-
tending three-fourths of an inch behind
the fins. The pectorals, situated di-
rectly above the ventral fins, are well
shaped, but, being transparent, show
no color.

All these colors above described are
most brilliant when the fish is excited.
For instance, when engaged in combat
for the possession of a female fish, or
when courting he shows the most bril-
liant colors, in order to attract the at-
tention of his lady love, she being es-
pecially fond of bright colors.—Hugo
Mullert, in Nature's Realm.

CASTING BRONZE STATUES.

A Difficult Process that Involves Much
Time and Expense.

Several gentlemen were standing on
Pennsylvania avenue in front of the
president's house engaged in discussing
the advantages of the new site for the
Lafayette statue. The conversation
turned to other statues and one of the
gentlemen gave an interesting descrip-
tion of how the bronze statues of to-day
are molded and cast. He said that
compared with the improvements made
in other branches of art and mechan-
ical work very little progress had been
made in this direction, as the most suc-
cessful method of forming molds for
bronze statues now in vogue was in-
vented by the French sculptors of some 200
years ago. It is known as the wax
process. The expense, however, is so
great that it is seldom used for large
pieces.

The usual method of casting bronze
statues is to take from the sculptor's
clay model a mold of plaster. When
this is hard the clay is cleaned out and
plaster poured in its place. When the
molds are removed a plaster cast corre-
sponding to the clay model is left.
About the plaster cast a new mold is
formed, this one of fine sand, tamped
hard. The mold is removed from the
plaster, and in place of the latter is
inserted a sand core, not quite so large
as the plaster, so that when the molten
bronze is poured in it can run only be-
tween the surface of the mold and the
core, thus making the statue hollow.

For delicate work the objection to this
process is that by expansion and con-
traction of the plaster molds and casts,
and by the unequal pressure by the
tamping of the sand, the metal figure is
apt to vary somewhat from the
model. As the bronze cannot be altered,
the sculptor must be content to see his
idea interpreted in the metal with some
alterations of proportions.

It is to avoid this variation that the
wax process of molding is used. After
a plaster cast has been made the sur-
face of the latter is scraped off to a
depth of half an inch or more. It is
then replaced in the mold, which it no
longer fills, and melted wax is poured
into the vacant space. On taking off
the mold the statue is found to be
renewed, but with a surface of wax.
The artist is then called in, and by
working upon the wax he can remedy
any defects which may have been
caused; molding, adding, or changing at
will till the surface is as delicate and
perfect as his art can make it.

When the sculptor has finished with
it the statue is turned over to women,
who, with very small brushes, cover
the wax with a fine dust or powder of
special composition. This dust adheres
to the wax, and as soon as one coat has
been put on another is given to it. This
process is kept up for weeks, and as
these coatings of earthen powder are
repeated they harden, and when the
layers have been built up till they form
a covering over the wax of about half
an inch in thickness, the work can pro-
gress more rapidly, for after that a
trowel can safely be used. Thus the
wax model is safely inclosed in a mass
of hard earthen material.

The entire mold, with the figure and
wax inside, is then placed in a furnace
in which a great heat is developed,
sufficient not only to melt the wax, but
to burn out every trace of it. This
leaves a perfect mold in which to pour
the molten bronze for the final casting,
and when the latter comes out it is
found to be an exact duplicate in bronze
of the wax model, with every line
brought out to a nicety. On account
of the great labor required in covering
the wax with the powdered earth, the
process is very expensive and is only
occasionally brought into use.—Wash-
ington Post.

Foods of the Land Are Cheap.

For those who do not enjoy hotel life
there are boarding houses, furnished
rooms and apartments everywhere.
They vary in style and range in price
from a mere song to Broadway figures.
Any one with a smattering of the
language of the place can live upon
the shores of the Mediterranean for
less than half of what it costs in
England or America. He must follow
to a great extent the ancient adage of
doing in Rome as the Romans do. For
such home delicacies as good roast
beef, fresh butter and apples he will
have to pay roundly, but the popular
foods of the land will cost but little.
While prices vary from point to point
on the Mediterranean, the general
average is about as follows: Pigeons,
7 cents apiece; chickens, 18 cents;
young turkeys, 35 cents; eggs, 4 cents a
piece; fish, 3 to 5 cents per pound;
snipe, 25 cents a dozen; quail, 40 cents
a dozen; corn meal, 5 cents per pound;
bread, 5 cents per loaf; table wine, 8
cents per quart; sugar, 7 cents per
pound; flour, \$9 per barrel; fresh dates,
2 cents per pound; oranges, 4 and 1
cent each; lemons, 4 and 1; limes, 3
for a cent; native beef, veal, mutton
and lamb are of poor quality and bring
about two-thirds of what they do at
home.

The Horrors of War.

Miss Alice—"They say it's a treat to
hear you sing the regimental songs,
Captain Warhorse."

Captain Warhorse—"Come home
with us after the games, Miss Alice,
and you may judge for yourself. You
know my favorite—We drank from the
same canteen?"

Miss Alice—"Oh, I do love that song!
It gives one such a vivid realization of
the hardships of those terrible days, to
think that one canteen had to hold
enough for two Seventh regiment men."
—Life.

Medical Advice.

New York doctor to dyspeptics: "If
you are very careful what you eat, and
yet you suffer severely, take my advice
and stop being so all-fired careful. Eat
in and eat good, sturdy food, and stop
thinking about your stomach."

THE OMNIBUS.

An old settler—quicksand.
A regular figurehead—the account-
ant.
Hallstones should be classed as
shamrocks.

A boy can often make an ear-ring
with a whistle.

The more the girls pine for some
young men the more spruce they be-
come.

She—"Who gave the bride away?"
He—"Nobody; she brought a good fig-
ure."

The real estate agent never concedes
that there is such a thing as "sales of
commission."

RACE WITH A MAN-EATER

STARTLING ADVENTURE IN THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

While Enjoying the Pastime of Plank Tiding Through the Breakers an Enthusiastic Visitor Encountered a Savage Shark.

"I had been travelling around the world, after the fashion of Englishmen, and had stopped at the Samoan Islands on my way up from Australia to run them over and gain some information regarding the natives, their ways and customs, and as a result I became enamored of the place, climate and people, and remained there nearly a year.

"During that time I made myself familiar with nearly all the islands of the group, and one in particular had a peculiar fascination to me. It was called in our tongue Inaccessable, as during a majority of the time it was almost impossible to go ashore.

"We glided into a little bay and were soon on the beach, which led up to some high hills, well timbered with tropical trees and plants. I soon saw the cause of the trouble in landing. Once on the hill tops I looked down upon a long beach, upon which beat the finest surf I had ever seen. The waves were simply great rollers, which came in a slow, dignified fashion that was most impressive. The men, who had all been there before, ran down the shore, where I soon saw them hauling some planks from the bush, which I learned they had concealed on a former occasion. In short, the waves were utilized by them to enjoy one of the most exciting sports imaginable, and I was very quickly initiated into it.

"The men threw off what little clothing they wore. Then each seized a plank and attempted to launch it. This was easier said than done, and many were the ups and downs as the big rollers came in, but finally all of them got beyond the shore and beyond the point where waves broke, and then I saw where the sport came in. Turning in shore the men threw themselves upon the planks, and watching their opportunity, started them so that they held their position on the crest of the roller and came in with it. Once under way the natives skillfully raised themselves to their feet, and so standing upright came rushing in.

"I was younger in those days than I am now and soon convinced myself that I should enjoy this sport as well as the natives, and, securing a plank, I, too, pushed out from the shore. The first wave that struck me nearly drowned me, but I dived into the next and my plank bent me in about two minutes. I was not easily discouraged, however, and kept at it with a persistence worthy of a better cause and finally secured my position upon a wave and felt for the first time the thrill and excitement of the onward rush. There was a fascination about it that I cannot explain.

"During that visit I did not attain sufficient skill to enable me to take the rifle standing, but on subsequent occasions I became proficient, and then the sport for a time became a veritable craze with me, and one day when the sea was particularly high and rolling very heavily, I met with my adventure.

"There were six of us enjoying the sport, with as many natives. I had a plank especially made for the purpose, wide and stout enough to bear my entire weight, and by lying upon it I soon forced my way over the incoming rollers and floated in the comparatively smooth water beyond. Here I turned my plank shoreward and waited for a good roller. Every third one was, as a rule, large, and finally a big green-bellied one came whirling in, shutting out the horizon. As it came I caught it, and as I felt the transferred motion lightly sprang to my feet and stended myself on the monster that extended up and down the shore and was rushing in to its own destruction. The exhilaration amounted almost to intoxication. On I went, the big wave beginning to comb and hiss, leaving me on the edge of a watery precipice into which I would apparently be thrown.

"On I went, shouting gaily to a companion on the beach. Then I suddenly became aware that something was beside me. I gave a side glance and the reality almost made me lose my foothold upon the rushing plank. What I saw was the sharp dorsal fin of a man-eater shark cutting along through the water like a knife. The monster was thirteen or more feet long and was partly turned up toward me, showing the white gleaming undersurface.

"What passed through my mind in those few seconds can hardly be imagined. I gave myself up for lost, as I believed that the shark would soon rush at the plank, when over I would go, an easy victim. I do not know that I have more than ordinary nerve, but it flashed through my mind that possibly the shark was waiting for me to fall and would not make an attack unless I did, and in some unaccountable way I was enabled to retain my self-possession. Every second I was gaining; every second brought the big wave nearer the beach. Now it was on the verge of breaking; still the shark maintained its position; then I heard the welcome roar above me, and down it came like an avalanche, scintillating and gleaming, until with one mighty burst the aquatic monster broke. For a single second I stood in the gleaming mass and then was dashed upon the beach safe and sound.

"The shark did not come in, which was evidence to me that it had not been overcome by the rush of the water, but was simply following me with due regard to the cuisine. I need hardly say that this was my last experience riding breakers here. Upon inquiry I learned that natives had been attacked by sharks during the sport on several occasions. When I look back upon it and recall the sensation of

rushing onward high on the crest of a big wave I almost wish I could indulge in the sport again, though without the shark accompaniment."

THE POETRY OF ICE.

What May be Seen by Watching a Pan of Water While It Freezes.

A person who has never closely observed the operation of nature's great ice factory will be surprised to find how interesting it is. You need not go outside of a comfortably heated room to do this. Just place a pan of water on the window sill, when the temperature is below the freezing point, and you will soon see something that cannot fail to interest you. If you happen to have a magnifying glass, a single lens, so much the better, for the magnifying power will reveal much of the delicate work of ice making that is invisible to the naked eye. Anyway, as you closely watch the surface of the water you will soon see tiny little lances, very beautiful when seen under the microscope, shooting hither and thither on the surface of the water. If it is cold enough to make ice in the sunlight the crystal lances will glow with all the colors of the rainbow, and as they dart about the rapid changes of color will remind you of the wonders of the kaleidoscope.

As the water continues to chill the little lances will come together, and then smaller and still more delicate crystals will be seen forming between the lances and welding them together. This process goes on until the surface is covered with a beautiful film of ice hardly strong enough to bear the weight of a mosquito. But the process goes on under this superficial layer, and a smooth and solid surface is the result. Many people have the impression that the ice particles form at the bottom and float to the top of the water. If this were true our lakes and some of our large rivers would be glaciers, solid masses of ice all the year. At the surface, where the freezing process is going on, water is always colder than at any level below. In all our northern lakes and deep rivers the great body of water is from the five to eight degrees above the freezing point, even when heavy ice covers the surface.

Taught a Lesson.

A man with large business interests and a handsome income married a lady who, accustomed all her previous life to the luxuries of wealth, had never formed any clear conception of the worth and purchasing power of money. For some months the indulgent husband gratified his wife's every whim.

One day the lady, to carry out some caprice, asked for a check for so large a sum that the gentleman was disturbed. He saw that such prodigality, if persisted in, meant ruin; but not wishing to grieve his wife by a down-right refusal, he determined to give her a lesson in finance. He therefore smilingly remarked that he could not give her a check as usual, but would send up the money from his store.

About noon the promised money came, not in crisp bills, as was expected, but in silver dollars, the sum total filling several specie bags.

The wife was at first vexed, then amused and finally, as the afternoon wore away, became deeply thoughtful. When her husband came home to supper, she took him gently by the arm, and leading him into the room where the ponderous bags of specie were still standing, said:

"My dear, is this the money I asked you for this morning?"

"It is, my love," was the reply.

"And did you have to take this money all in, dollar by dollar, in the course of your business?" was the next question.

"Yes," he answered gently; "it represents the results of many weeks of hard labor."

"Well, then," she said, with tearful eyes, send a man to take it back to the bank in the morning. I can't use so much money for so trivial a purpose. I didn't understand about it before."

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

A Trifle Sarcastic.

"You drummers must have a nice time travelling over the country as you do," said a man the other day to a drummer.

"Yes, of course we do. It is just jolly to go to an average hotel in the country towns, sleep on hard beds and eat tougher victuals than you will find in a miners' or a railway construction camp. Why, I was up in Idaho the other week and was laid out at nearly all the side tracks because of late trains, wrecks, etc. One night I sat up till 4, first waiting for the train, and then waiting to get off, and getting in town there was not a place to sleep, and not even a chair in a warm room where I could keep from getting frozen. After daylight I got breakfast, and, being detained till dinner, a friend asked if I was going in to eat. Looking at him, I replied: 'Well, I don't think I have strength enough. It takes a good deal of courage to attack such meals as we get here.' Yes, we drummers have a jolly time in our business, and it don't take much labor to unpack and pack one dozen or so sample trunks at every town. You ought to join our army of drummers if you want to enjoy life."

To Magnetize a Knife.

Take a pocket or a table knife and lay its blade flat upon the back of a fire shovel. With a pair of tongs held firmly in the hand rub the blade vigorously and always in the same direction, from point to base. Turn the blade over now and then, so that the friction may be applied to both sides. After a rubbing of from forty to fifty seconds the blade will be magnetized, and will be capable of lifting a needle with which it is placed in contact, point to point. The magnetization will last a long time. This experiment which is not put down in works on physics, is very interesting and worthy of study.

—NATURE.

SEEK BUT NEVER FIND.

MEN WHO HUNT PERPETUAL MOTION.

There Are a Number of Frauds Seeking to Do the Utterly Impossible, Yet Many Here Are Lunatics—It is a Very Ancient Hoax.

As is generally known, a perpetual motion machine is one to be moved by a power furnished by the machine itself and not from any source outside of it. A mill or a clock run by the incessant rise and fall of the tide is not perpetual motion. Neither is a machine that runs by the power of terrestrial or other magnetism, or of the wind, or of variations in the weight of the atmosphere, or by electricity coming from outside of the machine, or by the force of heat coming from the sun. A wheel that could always of itself keep more weight at one side than at the other and thus turn so long as its materials lasted would be perpetual motion, and such has been the form of most of the machines invented for the purpose.

It may be safely said that there are to-day as many minds afflicted with this mild form of insanity as there have been at any time in the past. Every city, town and hamlet possesses its would-be inventor who is striving to achieve the end that is to startle the world. Many who will not openly admit that they believe perpetual motion is possible are secretly thinking upon the matter and entertaining the hope that they may yet do what so many have failed in doing. No other fallacy has been so popular or has so long withstood the light of reason as has perpetual motion. Alchemy and the transmutation of metals, which for a season so occupied the minds of men, passed away to return no more. The philosopher's stone and the elixir vitae were believed in and earnestly sought after by the really scientific men of a few generations, but the search was finally given up. The phantom of perpetual motion, however, will not down, but beckons men on and on, leading them all to the same inevitable result—total failure. Men are as far from the discovery of the secret to-day as they were seven centuries ago, and they will get no nearer to it until a weight placed upon the ground can lift itself up, or, as the idea is sometimes more strikingly presented, until one can lift himself off the floor by pulling his boot straps.

More than a century ago the Academie Royale des Sciences at Paris passed a resolution that they would no longer entertain communications about discoveries of perpetual motion. Men had worked for centuries on the theory that the discovery of perpetual motion was possible, nor did this authoritative opinion to the contrary alter their views. And they are still at it, and probably will to the end of time. Hundreds of patents have been granted for machines for the purpose, and the widespread and continued existence of the fallacy is clearly shown by the scores of designs and incomplete models in the patent office at Washington.

Henceforth, a French architect of the thirteenth century, left a drawing of a wheel that was to solve the problem, with this memorandum: "Many a time have skillful workmen tried to contrive a wheel that shall turn of itself. Here is a way to make such a one, by an uneven number of mallets or by quicksilver." But, unfortunately, he did not leave the wheel.

From this time on seekers after perpetual motion have been numerous, many of them supposed to be very respectable and intelligent men. Among the receivers of twenty-six English and twenty-three French patents taken out for perpetual motions between 1860 and 1869 were a colonial bishop, a professor of philosophy, one of languages, two barons, a Knight Templar, a doctor of medicine, two civil engineers, several mechanical engineers, etc.

Arkwright, the celebrated English inventor (in his younger days), and even Sir Isaac Newton, beloved perpetual motion might be discovered. All so-called perpetual motion machines that have run have been impostures with secret clockwork or some other hidden source of propulsion. Fulton one time went to see a "perpetual motion" machine, having a friend with him. After sitting and listening and looking intently for a few minutes Fulton's sensitively accurate ear and eye told him that the machinery showed the recurring alternation of comparative speed and slowness which always comes from a crank turned by hand. In spite of the opposition of the enraged exhibitor, Fulton and his friend seized the machine, jerked away the table it stood on, found that a cord led through one leg and away under the floor, and following the track into the back yard they found the "motion"—a venerable beggar seated on a stool, munching a crust and grinding away at a crank.

And so it has been in a score of other cases in which men have presumed, by the aid of lovers, bulls rolling on an inclined plane, the wheel and axle, the Archimedes screw, the pump, the syphon, the hydrostatic bellows, the hydraulic ram, etc., to have discovered perpetual motion. An authority in the study declares: "From the infant machines projected in the thirteenth century to the last hydraulic pump, the weighted and

lever-worked protensions patented as motions, no motion whatever has resulted from the one or the other to the present day. Not a solitary discovery is on record, not one absolutely ingenious scheme projected or one simple self-motive model accomplished."

Isn't it about time for some people to cease wasting time and money in seeking to discover perpetual motion and for those who persist in it to be placed in an asylum, if one large enough to contain them can be built, where they can laugh at each other's absurdities and be united in their purpose to achieve what reason and history declare is "The thing that can't be done?"

CATCHING AT STRAWS.

The Old Saying Realized in Every-Day Life on the Great Lakes.

"Yes," said an old lake captain in an interview last night, "a drowning man will catch at a straw. I have seen many illustrations thereof. Most people think the old proverb is a mere figure of speech, but it is a living truth."

"Is it true, captain," was asked, "that the first thing a rescued man thinks of is his hat?"

"Yes, sir," replied the captain, his face lighting up, "that is a fact, too. I have seen it emphasized many times in the course of my experience. Over and over again I have been called to the assistance of a drowning man; I would plunge in and rescue him just let us say, at the last instant. Dragged on the dock, gasping for breath, his voice choked with water, the man, if he follows his instincts, will, as soon as he gains the least degree of strength, suddenly rise from his prostrate posture and stretch his arms toward his head, then missing his hat (usually lost in the struggle), he will cry out desperately, pointing to his hat floating down the river, 'oh, save my hat! save my hat!'"

"And he will never think of himself, captain?"

"Just seldom, sir," was the reply. "A rescued man is the most obstinate and headlong being imaginable. He wants to do all sorts of foolish things. He generally wants to rush up and be away before he has had time to recover his strength; or some bystander will insist on giving the man several large gulps of whiskey. This generally has the effect of turning the patient's stomach. But as I said before, a man under these circumstances seldom thinks of himself, much less the one who rescued his life. He means well enough, no doubt, but he nearly always forgets to present his obligations in tangible form."

Myths of the Sea's Saltiness.

There are hundreds of queer myths and traditions given to account for the fact that the sea is salt, says the St. Louis Republic.

The Arabs say that when the first pair sinned they were living in a beautiful garden on a tract of land joined to a mainland by a narrow neck or isthmus. When it became known to the Holy One that his people had sinned he went to the garden for the purpose of driving them out and across the narrow neck of land into the patch of thorn and brambles on the other side. Anticipating what would be the consequence of their heinous crime, they had prepared to leave their beautiful garden, and had actually gone so far as to send the children and the goats across into the thicket.

When the Holy One appeared on the scene the first pair started to run, but the woman looked back. For this the man cursed her, and for such a crime was almost immediately turned into a huge block of salt. (Compare with Genesis xix, 24.) The woman, more forgiving than her husband, stooped to pick up the shapeless mass of salt, when immediately the narrow neck of land began to crack and break. As she touched what had once been her companion she, too, was turned to salt just as the neck of land sank and the waters rushed through.

From that day to this, the Arabs say, all the waters of the ocean have rushed through that narrow channel at least once a year, constantly wearing away the salt of what was once our first parents, yet the bulk of the two salty objects is not diminished in the least.

Tons Raised by a Touch.

A powerful crane, capable of raising into the air, in response to the touch of an electric button, a locomotive weighing ninety tons has been put in operation at the Baldwin locomotive works. The huge engine rides smoothly on a heavy track elevated twenty-eight feet above the level of the floor of the main shop.

Formerly the work of raising from the ground a locomotive in the process of construction was accomplished with great difficulty by the aid of hydraulic jacks. At present the locomotive whose wheels, or other parts, are to be adjusted is grasped in a wrought-iron yoke, and, with surprising ease, lifted, in obedience to the engineer's touch, into mid-air, and shifted to any desired position in the shops. —Philadelphia Record.

A Pointer for Country Store Patrons.

Abraham Lincoln used to tell a story about two men who made a fortune in Kentucky. One of them minded his own business and the other let other people's business alone. Both of them got rich, lived long and died happy.

ARCTIC ANIMALS' FOOD.

THEY TAKE WHATEVER THEY CAN GET.

Frederick Schwatka, the Renowned Arctic Explorer Talks Interestingly on the Subject—The Whale and the Bear.

Everybody is interested in all talks referring to the polar regions—the vast extent of mystery land, water and ice embraced within the Arctic circle. Frederick Schwatka, in a recent letter on the subject of Polar Animals, and What They Live on in Summer and Winter, says:

"And why not tell how they live in the fall and spring?" one may ask, but when I say that in the coldest parts of the polar regions there is hardly any fall or spring, but summer rushes into winter at a rate we can hardly comprehend, while winter jumps with a suddenness that would sprain the back of the clerk of the weather if he attempted to follow its changes in these cold regions; when I explain this fact it is clear to see that no one would be called on to give a spring and fall catalogue of Arctic diet for its wild and savage denizens.

In the summer, as would be expected, the polar beasts and birds would have the easier time in procuring their food compared with winter.

The polar fox then finds an abundance of elder duck and dovekie eggs, and occasionally catches the birds themselves, while in the winter time he has to skirmish around pretty lively among the ptarmigans and polar hares to keep his appetite down to zero. If a "fenced" whale, or one that has had its blubber stripped from it by the crew of a whaling ship floats ashore, then Reynard is sure to be for a royal feast, while he is usually surrounded by a perfect polar menagerie of white bears, wolves, wolverines, and others, all living in comparative harmony, for the simple reason that in the huge carcasses there is enough for all and ample to spare. But, as a usual thing, if such an enormous chunk of meat as that floats ashore in the Eskimo country the people are remarkably diligent about camping alongside of it, for then the problem of dog food for the winter is settled, while if a tight pinch comes in their own diet they are not averse to whale meat in the least. But usually when the Arctic whale is "fenced" of its blubber, or fat of a foot or two in depth it sinks and only floats ashore when the gases of putrefaction are developed and then its flesh is decidedly gamey, if not worse.

The polar whale, on its part, lives on a small marine creature not longer than a grain of corn, millions of which are needed to make a meal or even a mouthful for this monster. This minute elio borealis, as the scientists call it (not near so long as its name), or "white grit," as the whalers, less poetically, style it, often abounds in such enormous quantities as to change the color of the sea to a deep olive green. Through this mass the whale lashes its way, right and left, the back part of its teeth (which furnishes the whalebone we are so used to seeing) being covered with a sort of hair that interlaces to form a sieve or net when the huge beast ejects an enormous mouthful of water filled with grit, thus catching the elios by the myriads at each suction and ejection of the water in its mouth. This is its food in the fall, winter, spring and summer; but what the elios lives on no one has yet informed us.

The fox, on its part, occasionally furnishes food for the Eskimo; but as an Eskimo is not an animal we are not called on to show how he is fed, either in the summer or winter. Still, it may be interesting to note that no less a distinguished Arctic explorer than Sir John Ross has partaken of the polar fox and pronounced the meat of delicate flavor and excellent quality.

The polar bear, besides refreshing himself on an occasional whale, does a good deal of fishing on a smaller scale, and in the summer months when the salmon are running up the Arctic rivers to spawn this boreal brute can frequently be seen where the shallow rapids and riffles are located fishing with his paws for the salmon that have to run the gantlet here. He is a very great depredator on the reindeer enclosures or cairns of the natives, or where those people have hidden the meat of the slaughtered reindeer under huge stones. They—the Eskimo hunters—get as big ones as they can carry, and when there are several of them, in the party these are pretty large, but the big polar bear is usually more than a match for all of them and can nearly always tear down the cairns if he can scent or smell the meat. To prevent their doing this the native hunter piles snow over the stone cache and converts it into ice by pouring water over it all, thus not only destroying or effectually imprisoning the smell of the meat but also furnishing a glacial mortar for the stonework that most thoroughly resists the stout claws of this huge beast. Still with all their precautions the Eskimo hunters lose caches of reindeer, seal, walrus, and musk-ox meat through the depredations of polar bears, wolves, wolverines, and even the weaker but more cunning animals as the foxes, snakes, etc., etc., and thus contribute in no small measure to the winter food of the Arctic animals.

The Wonder of Wonders.

When Mr. Loughton was Spanish consul at Boston he was one day standing near where some ballast-stones were being thrown overboard from a vessel that had recently arrived from a European seaport. Among this rubbish was a flint pebble somewhat larger than a hen's egg, which, when it struck one of the larger stones, reparted in the middle. Mr. Loughton stooped and picked up the two halves. On each half, in marks made by the

natural growth of the stones, were two perfect human heads in profile, all of the outlines of features and hair being perfectly distinct, the natural portrait being much darker than the surrounding stone. The most surprising part of the whole incident is the fact that, even though the two halves fit together exactly, one of the faces was clearly that of a male, the other that of a female. Even the putting up of the hair was appropriate to the sex; yet, in the stone, they were face to face.

STARVING TO DEATH.

The Pangs of Hunger, as Described by One Who Has Suffered.

For the first two days through which a strong and healthy man is doomed to exist upon nothing his sufferings are, perhaps, more acute than in the remaining stages; he feels an inordinate, unspeakable craving at the stomach night and day. The mind runs upon beef and other substance, but in a great measure the body retains its strength, says a writer in the Yankee Blade.

On the third and fourth days, but especially on the fourth, this incessant craving gives place to a sinking and weakness of the stomach, accompanied by nausea. The unfortunate sufferer still desires food, but with a loss of strength he loses that eager craving which is felt in the earlier stages. Should he chance to obtain a morsel or two of food he swallows it with wolfish avidity, but five minutes afterward his sufferings are more intense than ever. He feels as if he had swallowed a living lobster, which is clawing and feeding upon the very foundation of his existence.

On the fifth day his cheeks suddenly appear hollow and sunken, his body attenuated; his color is ashy pale and his eyes wild, glassy and cannibal like. The different parts of the system now war with each other. The stomach calls upon the legs to go in quest of food; the legs, from weakness, refuse.

The sixth day brings with it increased suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in an overpowering languor and sickness. The head becomes giddy; the ghosts of well-remembered dinners pass in hideous procession through the mind.

The seventh day comes, bringing increased lassitude and further prostration of strength. The arms hang lifelessly; the legs drag heavily; the desire for food is still left to a degree, but it must be brought, not sought.

The miserable remnant of life which still hangs to the sufferer is a burden almost too grievous to be borne, yet this inherent love of existence induces a desire still to preserve it if it can be saved without a tax on bodily exertion. The mind wanders. At one moment he thinks his wearied limbs cannot sustain him a mile; the next he is endowed with natural strength, and if there be a certainty of relief before him dashes bravely and strongly forward, wondering whence proceeds his now and sudden impulse.

The Whankidoodles.

Of a word comes softly swelling Even in the busiest time; What it means there is no telling; Not for reason, 'tis for rhyme. 'Tis a name without a being. Yet when evening light gleams low You may fancy that you're seeing Where the Whankidoodles grow.

They are grouped along the edges Of the strangely tilted sedges, Near Forgetful River, flowing through the Land of Dreams. Where the Whick-wicks gaily wander And the Bilboks oft meander, And the Zingees, too, disports him in that peace-fullest of streams.

Parasites in What You Eat.

There is a man at a small stand in the lobby of an uptown hotel, says the New York Sun, who is doing a thriving business by illustrating to customers the truth from Butler's "Hudibras," which I cannot quote exactly at the moment, to the effect that great men have lesser men to bite 'em, and the lesser ones still smaller things, ad infinitum. He does it by displaying under a small but powerful microscope a piece of food—almost any kind of solid food—about the size of an ordinary pinhead. The revelation is startling to all who care to subject such supplies as cheese, for instance, to inspection. On a piece of Stilton cheese no larger than a pin's head I counted seven living and lively parasites, the largest apparently the size of my little finger nail. I may add in the interest of home manufacturers that a similar piece of Brie cheese of American make did not appear to disadvantage under the microscope, which I immediately secured for home use. This patriotic illustration of the microscopist, oft repeated, sells many an instrument and booms cheese made of American cream from an American dairy.

The Oldest Tree on Earth.

The oldest tree on earth, at least as far as anyone knows, is the "Boo" tree in the sacred city of Amarapura, Burmah. It was planted, the record says, in the year 238 B. C., and is, therefore, nearly 2,200 years old. Its great age is proved according to historic documents, says Sir James Emerson, who adds: "To it kings have dedicated their dominions in testimony of a belief that it is a branch of the identical fig tree under which Buddha reclined at Urumu, when he underwent his apothecosis." Its leaves are carried away by pilgrims as relics, but as it is too sacred to touch with a knife these leaves can only be gathered after they have fallen.

Can This Be So?

"Nothing wears a railroad traveler more than a straight track," says an old railroad man. "Any road with fifty miles of straight track would be shunned for one with three or four curves in that distance. I know legions of people who put themselves out to go by roads which wind and curve and give a new bit of scenery every few minutes."

MARJORIE.

Dimpled, and fair as a lily,
With curls of the golden red's hue,
And eyes like shy myosotis,
Reflecting the sky's deep blue;
A voice like the song of a wild bird,
Clear and sweet from the top of its tree,
Unlike the caged one's throaty
Of longing once more to be free;
A laugh like the soft gurgling ripple
Of the brook in the meadow, that flows
In sinuous curves thro' the willows,
And murmurs a song as it goes;
A mouth like a red rose half opened,
To whisper of love and caress,
Has this wee, winsome, rare little maiden,
Sent by heaven to comfort and bless.
—Inogene Pope.

WHAT WAS IT?

A number of years ago there was employed in one of the large wine manufacturing houses at Egg Harbor City a steady young fellow of German descent, named Joseph Zeigler. But as sometimes happens to German young men as well as to those of strict American parentage, Joseph was in love.

Two or three evenings every week would this devoted young Deutscher walk four miles out into the bush to call upon a pretty, yellow-haired Fraulein who answered to the name of Minna Vanzandt, and to whom he expected to be married as soon as he was able to support a family. So it is not a great source of wonderment that it was often well along toward morning before he finally entered the little room at Egg Harbor where at present he was lodging.

Thus it came about that Joseph was once trudging on along through the sand of a narrow and bush-bordered road, among the wee small hours at the little end of the day. He had just left the Vanzandt homestead and the charming and ample Minna; and naturally enough, he was a happy man.

More than two miles of dusty highway lay before him before the next clearing would be reached, and large tracts of land thickly covered with scrub oak and pine crowded close upon the roadside. Occasional paths and openings led out into the woodland on either side, but in spite of these the walk was decidedly lonesome, and so thought the young fellow in question in spite of pleasant thoughts of the fair-haired *Madchen* whom he had just left. So he rather wished he could have company, though the evening was a bright and moonlit one.

Suddenly, and without the slightest previous warning, Joseph became conscious that he was not alone. An old man, with long gray beard was walking along by his side, though seemingly ignorant of his proximity.

The young man wondered much at his presence there at that hour, but his company was decidedly welcome; for, if the truth be told, Joseph was feeling a trifle tired.

"Good evening, sir; if it is not too late," said he to the stranger with a view to being sociable.

The old man paid not the slightest attention to the salutation; he did not appear as if he had even heard it, for he kept walking along in the same absorbed and silent manner.

"Wie gehts, mein Freund," said Joseph in a little louder tone, thinking his companion might not understand English or was somewhat deaf; but still there was no sign that he was heard. The old man only walked along as quietly and unobscuredly as ever.

Joseph looked at him even more sharply than before, but he could not see anything about him to occasion the least alarm. The silent old man not only made no offer to molest him in any way, but he paid no more attention to him than he would to a fencepost, if one had been there.

Evidently he was not a tramp, for he was well-dressed, and the glitter of a gold chain crossed his vest-front. Zeigler also observed that he walked with a stout staff, whose head was grotesquely carved into the semblance of a human skull, and that his features were pale, even to ghastliness.

The taciturn stranger walked along by his side for nearly a mile, and, though Joseph spoke to him several times in both German and English, he could not even attract his attention. Then he suddenly turned down a narrow by-path that led off among the bushes on the right, and disappeared in the shadows.

Much mystified, Zeigler walked rapidly homeward, and when he again called upon his beloved a few evenings later, he made some inquiries in regard to the matter. But Herr Vanzandt knew of no one answering at all to the young man's description. No one lived out in the bush in that direction, and there were no paths there except cattle-tracks, leading nowhere in particular.

The fair Minna soon engrossed Joseph's attention, however, so the queer old man was entirely forgotten. He thought no more about the affair till he set out on his return that night or rather the next morning, for it was considerably past midnight.

At about the same spot Zeigler was thunderstruck by suddenly discovering that the mysterious old man was again walking at his side. How and whence he came, Joseph could not explain; the first he knew the old man was there. As before, all efforts to attract his attention were useless.

At the same rift through the bushes

the old man suddenly stopped, and for the first time looked at his somewhat alarmed companion. It was a piercing glance, if only a momentary one, and Joseph noticed that his eyes had a dim phosphorescent light as of smouldering fire lurking in their depths. Then he turned on his heel, walked rapidly off through the bushes and disappeared as before.

For reasons that Zeigler could not have explained even to himself, he said nothing to anyone of this second encounter with the gray-bearded stranger. But when next he returned from Vanzandt's he kept close watch in order to see where the old man came from should he again intrude upon him. It was all in vain.

Before he knew it, his silent companion was once more at his side and he was none the wiser as to whence he came. In spite of his watchfulness the first thing he knew the old man was there.

Thoroughly terrified Zeigler broke into a sharp run in order to leave him in the rear. The old man never turned his head and apparently was perfectly ignorant of his unwilling companion's existence, yet he still kept his place beside him. Joseph stopped short in the road; the old man did the same.

Finding he could not get rid of his remarkable companion Joseph made the best of him, but his steps were rapid for he was much alarmed. He did not like the singular manner of the stranger and at once decided that he must be insane.

As on the former occasion, the old man stopped and gave Joseph a piercing look from his glowing eyes; he turned off into the woods; but this time he did more than that. He motioned with great earnestness for his companion to follow him. Finding he would not do so, he then turned slowly away and vanished among the bushes.

It was more than two weeks before Joseph called upon Minna again. The risk of encountering that silent, uncanny old man again was too much for his rather limited amount of courage.

But when the moon was nearing its full once more he summoned up all his determination and went. He felt that he must see Fraulein Vanzandt again in spite of all the crazy people in New Jersey.

He dreaded his lonely walk a good deal, however, and it was not much to be wondered at that he fortified himself with more than the usual amount of Herr Vanzandt's home-made wine. He also started for home at a much earlier hour.

It was the same story over again. The old man was apparently on the lookout for him, as he suddenly appeared at his side. He still carried the singular staff in his hand, and still refused to be distracted or to reply to any remark addressed to him. As he turned off from the road he beckoned even more urgently than before for his young companion to follow him.

Herr Vanzandt's wine was having considerable effect on Joseph's courage, and he felt as bold as a lion. So he unhesitatingly stepped out of the highway in obedience to the invitation, and followed the singular madman along through the bushes; but the hand in his coat-pocket gripped firmly the butt of a revolver with which he had taken the precaution to arm himself.

The path conducted the strangely assorted pair some ten or fifteen rods into the thicket, and finally ended in a little opening among a cluster of low, dark pines. There the remarkable guide came to a halt.

He turned around and faced his companion where the moonlight fell most strongly upon his form and features, and removed the broad-brimmed hat that he wore. As he did so the young man started back with an exclamation of horror.

The thick, gray hair was matted and fairly soaked with blood, and a thin dark stream of it was beginning to trickle down across the pallid features. It was a ghastly sight.

Joseph Zeigler had scarcely noticed all this when it seemed to him as if the old man's flesh suddenly dropped away from him and dissolved in the pale moon-beams before his very eyes. For a brief instant a bleached and whitened skeleton stood there in the flood of moonlight, then the separating bones fell in a confused heap at his feet with a sharp, dry rattle.

The ghastly courage born of Herr Vanzandt's wine vanished in an instant at the horrible sight. With a shriek of terror Joseph turned and fled from the grisly phantasm, and he never slackened his headlong pace till he found himself on one of the silent streets at Egg Harbor City.

The next morning he headed a little exploring party, and conducted them through the bushes till they reached the little circle of pines that had shut in the horror of the night before. Lying there among the leaves and rubbish they found the bleaching bones of a man's skeleton; and close beside lay a walking stick whose heavy knob was a mimic skull, and to an angle of which still clung a few gray hairs.

The cranium had been crushed in on one side as if by a terrible blow from a bludgeon, and there was no trace of the glittering gold chain worn by Zeigler's strange companion of the preceding evening. The staff, a few shreds of cloth, and the trees, were all that remained to tell of something that had been a man.

The remains were taken away and given a decent burial, but nothing further was ever discovered in regard to them. Whose they were could never be ascertained.

Whether an insane murderer had taken this awful way to guide the world to his victim's body, or whether the spirit of the murdered man himself had returned from its abode in the unknown and myttery-shadowed future to point out his mortal remains for interment, will probably never be known. Joseph tried in vain to find out the identity of the singular man who conducted him to that midnight scene of horror on that pleasant moonlight night; and if it was not a man, what was it?

IMAGINATION KILLED HER.

A Dream of Death Accurately Carried Out to the Letter.

A remarkable instance of the hold superstition has upon the mind of even the educated and religious, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, was recently exhibited in the case of Mrs. Rebecca Byrnes of Helena, Ark., a lady noted for her intellectual attainments and pious life. One morning, arising in what seemed her usual health and spirits, she summoned her children to come to her.

One son was residing in Topeka, Kan., one in New Orleans, two daughters were married and living in Sedalia, Mo., but, obedient to their mother's call they came at once, though ignorant of the reason of their summons. When all were about her the lady informed them that she had had a dream, in which her husband, who had been dead for nearly fifteen years, had warned her that she had only two days more of life. She sent for her children to bid them good-by, which she proceeded to do with much calmness, but with the air of one who had not the slightest doubt that she was already dying.

Herr Byrnes attempted to reason with her and to point out the folly of placing such perfect confidence in a dream, but all to no purpose, for the lady persisted in asserting that she would depart from earth on such a day and exactly at a certain hour.

Herr Byrnes remonstrated with her, and even brought the severest censure to bear on her superstitious credulity, and at last Mrs. Byrnes ceased to speak of the matter, so that her family had begun to think that she had conquered her fancy. She continued in excellent health and pursued her daily life, but just before the hour she had predicted she sought her children and bade them good-by, then, seating herself quietly in an arm-chair, expired just as the hour was struck. The physicians declare that her death was due solely to her imagination.

A Story About Moody.

Those who have heard Mr. Moody tell the story of his life will appreciate this from the Boston Transcript: "The picture of the small boy, Moody, leaving his home because the funds of the family were too straightened to support them all comfortably; his departure for the place in the country which his brother had obtained for him, there to do the work needed on a farm, his homesickness and despair, and his sitting down by the way to have 'a good cry'—these are the shadows."

The light thrown on the canvas came from the kind-hearted man who made a point of giving a cent to every new boy who arrived in the town. The cent was given, one of the old-fashioned, generous ones, and so bright and shining that it looked to the child's eyes like gold.

"But better far than the coin was the act of this same man, when he gently lifted the boy's cap and laid his hand upon his head, giving him a hearty 'God bless you.' The action of mind on mind is mystical, infinite. Who can compute the result of that blessing on the youthful head? Mr. Beecher has well said, Men need brotherhood and sympathy as much as they need the loaf. The soul is often hungrier than the body, and no shop can sell it food."

A Queer Bird.

During a visit to New Zealand Dr. Fristled, succeeded in obtaining a specimen of the quaint and almost extinct kibi bird. The bird is somewhat like an ostrich, but only the size of a crow; it has no wings at all, and is covered with fur-like, short-striped feathers. Another peculiarity about the kibi is the fact that its egg is larger than one-third of its body. He also succeeded in bringing home some Maori skulls, which are difficult to obtain, on account of the manner in which the natives bury their dead. When the bodies have been so long in the ground that all the flesh has fallen from the skeleton, they unearth them and carry them into the interior of the forest, where they are deposited in natural caves, which are very difficult to find. Any one discovered with one is sure to be killed.

Down on Cus.

A young woman of Athens, Ga., detects the presence instantly of any fellow that enters the room where she is. She need not see or hear the animal when it enters, but has intimations of its disagreeable presence by strange sensations that she invariably experiences when she is brought into contact with a cat, and she entertains an unconquerable repugnance to these animals.

THOUGHTS FOR EASTER.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON ON THE GREAT CHURCH FESTIVAL.

The Significance of Christ's Resurrection in the Lives of His Followers.

New York, March 29.—Dr. Talmage preached an Easter sermon to his audiences today. Both at the morning service in Brooklyn and at New York in the evening the Academies of Music were bright with a profusion of flowers, Easter lilies being conspicuous. A selection of music appropriate to the festival was beautifully rendered at each service. The text of the preacher's discourse was Matthew 28:9, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

Visiting any great city we are not satisfied until we have also looked at its cemetery. We examine all the styles of cenotaph, mausoleum, sarcophagus, crypt and sculpture. Here lies buried a statesman, yonder an orator, here a poet, out there an inventor, in some other place a great philanthropist. But with how much greater interest and with more depth of emotion we look upon our family plot in the cemetery. In the one case, it is a matter of public interest; in the other, it is a matter of private and heartfelt affection. But around the grave at which we halt this morning, there are gathered all kinds of sentimental interest. At this sepulchre, I have to tell you, in this sepulchre there was buried a King, a Conqueror, an Emancipator, a Friend, a Brother, a Christ. Monarch of the universe, but bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, and sorrow of our sorrow, and heart of our heart. "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

It has for surroundings, the manor in the suburbs of Jerusalem, a manor owned by a wealthy gentleman by the name of Joseph. He was one of the court of David, and he was a devoted Christian, but I think he had valued in the negative, being a timid man, had been absent at the time of the casting of the vote. He had laid out the parterre at great expense. It was a hot climate and I suppose there were broad-brimmed trees and winding paths underneath them, while here the waters rippled over the rocks into a fishpool, and yonder the vines and the flowers clambered over the wall, and all around there were the beauties of the Jerusalem court-yard, how refreshing to come out in these suburbs, botanical and homological. I walk a little further on in the parterre and I come across a cluster of rocks, and I see on them the marks of a sculptor's chisel. I am still closer and I find that there is a subterranean recess and I walk down the marble stairs, and come to a portico, over the doorway—an architecture of fruits and flowers chiseled by the hand of the sculptor. I go into the portico and on either side there are rooms, two, four or six rooms of rock. In the walls are niches, each niche large enough to hold a dead body. One of these rooms of rock is especially wealthy with sculpture. It was a beautiful and charming spot. Why all this? The fact was that Joseph, the owner of the parterre, of that wealthy manor, had recognized the fact that he could not always walk those gardens, and he sought this as his own last resting place. What a beautiful plot in which to walk for the resurrection!

Mark well the mausoleum in the rock. It is to be the most celebrated tomb in all the ages; Catacombs of Egypt, tomb of Napoleon, Mahal Taj of India, nothing compared with it. Christ had just been murdered and his body must be thrown out to the dogs and the ravens as was customary with crucified bodies, unless there be prompt and effective hindrance. Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum, begs for the body of Christ, and he takes and washes the poor and mutilated frame from the blood and the dust, and shrouds it and perfumes it.

I think embalment was omitted. When in older times they wished to embalm a dead body, the priest with some pretension of medical skill would show the point between the ribs where the incision was to be made. Then the operator would come and make the incision, and then run for his life also he would be slain for violating the dead body. Then the other priests would come with salt nitre and essences and wine of palm tree, and complete the embalment. But I think in this case embalment was omitted lest there be more excitement and another riot. The funeral advances. Present: Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum; Nicodemus, who brought the flowers, and the two Marys. Heavy burden on the shoulders of two men as they carry the body of Christ down the marble stairs and into the portico and lift the dead weight to the level of the niche in the rock, and push the body of Christ into the lovely pleasant resting place he ever had. The police men coming forth close the door of rock against the rovers. The government, afraid that the disciples would steal the body of Christ and play resurrection, put upon the door the seal of the Sanhedrin, the violation of that seal, like the violation of the United States government, or of the British government, always followed with severe penalties.

A regiment of soldiers from the Tower of Antonia is detailed to guard that mausoleum. At the door of that tomb a light looks place which decided the question for all grave-yards and cemeteries. Sword of lightning against sword of steel. Angel of God against the military. The body in the crypt begins to move in its shroud of fine linen and slides down upon the pavement, moves through the portico, appears in the doorway, comes up the marble steps. Christ having left his mortuary attire behind him, comes forth in the garb of a workman as I take it, from the fact that the women mistook him for the gardener. There and then was shattered the tomb so that it can never be rebuilt. All the troves of earthly masonry cannot mend it. Forever and forever it is a broken tomb. Death that day taking the side of the military received a terrible cut under the angel's spear of flame, and must himself go down at the last—the King of Terrors disappearing before the King of Grace. "The Lord is risen." Hosanna! Hosanna!

O weep no more, your comforts slain. The Lord is risen, hallelujah again. Again! Standing in this place where the Lord lay, I am impressed with the fact that floral and sculptural ornamentation are appropriate for the places of the dead. We are all glad that in the short time of the Saviour's inhumanity he lay amid flowers and sculpture. I cannot quite understand what I see in the newspapers where amid the announcements of obsequies the friends request "send no flowers." Why, there is no place so appropriate for flowers as the casket of the departed. If your means allow—I repeat, if your means allow—let there be flowers on the casket, flowers on the bier, flowers on the grave. Put them on the brow; it means coronation. Put them in the hand; it means victory. Christ was buried in a garden. Flowers are types of resurrection. Death is and enough anyhow. Let conservatory and arboretum do all they can in the way of alleviation. Your little girl loved flowers while she was alive. Put them in her hands, now that she cannot go forth and pluck flowers for herself. On sunny days twist a garland for her still heart. Brooklyn has no grander glory than her Greenwood, nor Boston than her Mount Auburn, nor Philadelphia than her Laurel Hill, nor Cincinnati than her Spring Grove, nor San Francisco than her Lone Mountain.

Standing in this place where the Lord lay, I am also impressed with the dignity of unpretending obsequies. Joseph that day was mourner, sexton, liverman—had the entire charge of all the occasion. Four people only at the burial of the King of the universe. Let this be consolatory to those who through small means or lack of large acquaintance, have but little demonstration of grief at the grave of their dead. It is not necessary. Long line of glittering equipages, two rows of silver handles, casket of costly wood, pall-bearers scarfed and gloved are not necessary. Christ looks out from heaven on a burial, where there are six in attendance and remembers there are two more than he had at his obsequies. Again standing in this place where the Lord lay, I am impressed with the fact that you cannot keep the dead down. The seal of the Sanhedrin, a regiment of soldiers from the tower of Antonia to stand guard, floor of rock, roof of rock, wall of rock, niche of rock, cannot keep Christ in the crypt. Come out and come up he must. Came out and came up he did. Prefiguration. The first fruits of them that sleep. Just as certainly as you and I go down into the grave, just so certainly we will come up again. Various scriptural accounts say that the work of grave-breaking will begin with the blast of trumpets and shoutings; whence I take it that the first intimation of the day will be a sound from heaven such as has never before been heard. It may not be so very loud, but it will be penetrating. There are mausoleums so deep that undisturbed silence has slept there ever since the day when the sleepers were left in them. The great noise shall strike through them. Among the corals of the sea, mid deep, where the shipwrecked rest, the sound will strike. No one will mistake it for thunder or the blast of earthly minstrelsy. There will be heard the voice of the uncrowned millions of the dead who come rushing out of the graves of eternity, flying toward the tomb, crying, "Make way! Oh, grave give us back our body! We gave it to you in corruption; surrender it now in incorruption." Snap! the iron gates of the modern vaults. The country graveyard will look like a rough ploughed field as the mounds break open. All the kings of the earth; all the senators; all the great men, all the armies—victors and vanquished; all the ages—barbaric and civilized; all those who were chopped by guillotine, or slimmered in the fire, or rotted in dungeons; all the infants of a day; all the octogenarians—all! All! Not one straggler left behind. All! And now the air is darkened with the fragments of bodies that are coming together from the opposite corners on the earth. Last limbs finding their mate—bone to bone, sinew to sinew—until every joint is reconstructed, and every arm and its socket, and the amputated limb of the surgeon's table shall be set again at the point from which it was severed.

Wake up, my friends, this day, this glorious Easter morning, with all these congratulations. If I understand this day it means peace toward Heaven and peace toward earth. Great wealth of flowers! Bring them flowers. Wreath them around the bier, about the casket, plant them in the desert until it shall blossom as the rose, braid them into the mane of the war charger as he comes back. No more dahlia of human blood. Give us white lilies of peace. Strew all the earth with Easter garlands, for the resurrection we celebrate this morning implies all kinds of resurrection, a score of resurrections. Resurrection from death and sin to the life of the Gospel. Resurrection of commercial integrity. Resurrection of national honor. Resurrection of international good-will. Resurrection of art. Resurrection of literature. Resurrection of everything that is good and kind and generous and holy and beautiful. Nothing to stay down, to stay buried, but sin and darkness and pain and disease and revenge and death. Let those tarry in the grave forever. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."

Christ, the Lord, is risen today, Sons of men and angels say.

Sing, ye heavens, and triumph high, Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply. Love's redeeming work is done, Fought the fight, the battle won. Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er; Lo! he sets in blood no more.

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THE OMNIBUS.

Women are wedded to fashion and they love, honor and obey it cheerfully.

There is no difference between a dead mine and a live one, for in either case his dead of life is ore.

The "self-made man" is very likely to feel that he has a complete corner on the chaff business.

Henpecked husbands without distinction of party are a unit in favor of the closure rule. Closure means shut up.

A veteran of the war studied for a horse doctor, but his practice showed that though a veteran—nary surgeon was he.

She (pique)—I don't know exactly what to make of you, Mr. Bland! He (eager to suggest)—Er—why not try a husband?

Six hundred fathers have named their babies after Chauncy M. Depew. But for a while they will be chiefly before dinner speakers.

She (out of breath)—Doesn't it make you dizzy to wait? He—Yes, but one must get used to it, you know. It's the way of the whirled.

Teacher—"To what circumstance is Columbus indebted for his fame? Tommy—"To the circumstance that America was not already discovered."

Uncle George—And so you go to school now, Johnny? What part of the exercises do you like best? Johnny—"The exercises we got at recess."

Jake Simpson—What is your favorite tree, Miss Cora? Cora Bellows (at 11 p. M.)—"The maple. 'Why is it?'" "Because (yawning) it leaves early."

Young Wife—John, mother says she wants to be cremated. Young Husband—"Tell her if she'll put on her things I'll take her down this morning."

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

The late Charles Bradlaugh played a strong game of chess, and ranked among the best players of England. He was also skilful in checkers and other similar games.

Joel Chandler Harris, the clever writer of southern dialect sketches, first developed his peculiar talent while a printer on a country newspaper in Georgia. Mr. Harris is forty-three years old.

Probably the largest fee ever received by a lawyer in this country was that paid to John E. Parsons, of New York, who is said to have received \$400,000 for services rendered in organizing the Sugar Trust.

United States Senator Gorman, of Maryland, was when a boy a page in the senate, and, as he grew up, became its postmaster. Later he earned a wide reputation as a clever base-ball player, and the fine physical health which his active life gave him is still preserved.

Professor Theodore W. Dwight, who has recently retired from the head of the Columbia law school, has been with the college since 1858, and is perhaps the most noted teacher of law in this country. He is sixty-nine years old, and a grandson of Timothy Dwight, a former president of Yale.

James Redpath, who died in New York from injuries received by being knocked down by a horse-car, was one of the best-known newspaper men and writers in this country. He was a warm friend of John Brown, and as a newspaper correspondent, was with him during the Kansas troubles, and afterward at Harper's Ferry. Mr. Redpath was at one time the head of a successful lecture bureau, and during his life had been associated with a number of magazines and newspapers. Although born on the border between England and Scotland, he was an ardent home-ruler; and he was also vice-president of the Anti-Poverty society in New York.

The president of Brazil has a long name and persons who send dispatches by cable from that country have a habit of splitting it up and using one end or the other in their messages. When he was elected again the other day, says a New York paper, dispatches announcing the fact were received by a good many down-town houses which are interested in the South American trade. Late in the day one cablegram arrived which caused a stir, for it read: "Deodoro elected." If he had got in, the receiver reasoned, the other fellow, who had been reported successful, must have been defeated. So pretty soon a story was flying about that Fonseca had lost the election. Half an hour later the rumor was called in. It has been discovered that both Deodoro and Fonseca appeared on the card of the Brazilian president.

A Gentle Answer.

A man who was old enough to know better brought up the subject of her bad read one day when his wife was mixing the sponge. He was angry and wanted to pick a fight.

She didn't say a word, but slapped him right over the mouth with the dough. He turned and fled.

This incident is a further proof that a soft answer turneth away wrath.

Keep His Appointment.

Mrs. Blifkins (time, midnight)—Horror! Husband! Husband! I hear some one burrowing through the wall.

Mr. Blifkins—Well, well! It must be that book agent. I know we'd all be in bed by 11 o'clock and I told him to come at half-past.

A Modern Improvement.

"How's this, Dauter! You've painted Father Time with a mowing machine instead of a scythe!"

"That's all right. We artists of the modern school keep up with inventive progress."

Students who smoke, chew, or snuff tobacco are denied admission to the University of the Pacific.

Seventy-one American colleges were represented by 185 students at the University of Berlin, the past season.

Some one has figured out that there are at present over one hundred thousand students attending colleges and universities in this country.

The Squire—"Good morning, Miss Violet. Bent on an errand of mercy?" Miss Violet (the rector's daughter, modestly)—"Oh, no! I am just taking a few little pieces of my own making round to the cottagers."

The removal of warts is most easily effected by means of caustics, such as silver nitrate, nitric acid, or arsenic vinegar. Great care, however, must be taken in using them.



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